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MENDELSSOHN

(1809-1847)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

FELIX, the son of Abraham Mendelssohn and grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher, was born at Hamburg, Germany, February 3, 1809. "Formerly," said Abraham Mendelssohn, after Felix became famous, "I was my father's son; now I am my son's father."

Notwithstanding his Jewish descent, Felix was baptized into the Lutheran community and educated as a Protestant. His father after much hesitation had embraced the Christian faith and at the same time, in accordance with German custom, taken an additional surname, that of Bartholdy.

Unlike many great musicians, Mendelssohn had none of the evils of poverty to contend with. Everything was in his favor; for his father was a wealthy banker, his mother (Leah Salomon) a highly-gifted and distinguished woman. Under her tender influence little Felix was educated, and it was she who gave him his first music-lessons. She proved an excellent teacher. The first lessons were short, for she was careful lest by overdoing her part she might check the inclination of her little son for musical study. But the lessons gradually became longer; he was soon so far advanced that his mother put him through a complete course of instruction, and before he was ten

years old he was well acquainted with some of the best works.

About the year 1817 his father moved from Hamburg to Berlin, and in a year or so after he placed little Felix under the care of Berger, for the pianoforte, and under the learned Zelter, Sebastian Bach's great disciple, for the theory of music. He entered upon his studies in high spirits, and was not long in unraveling the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. With the pianoforte also he made wonderful strides, and before long he accompanied regularly at the Friday practices of the Singakademie at Berlin, where Zelter conducted.

Sir Jules Benedict, in his charming sketch of his friend's life, relates his first meeting with Felix, and says: "It was in the beginning of May, 1821, when walking in the streets of Berlin with my master and friend, Karl Maria von Weber, he directed my attention to a boy, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, who, on perceiving the author of 'Freischütz,' ran toward him, giving him a most hearty and friendly greeting. 'Tis Felix Mendelssohn,' said Weber, introducing me at once to the prodigious child, of whose marvelous talent and execution I had heard so much at Dresden. I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding that beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets round his shoulders, the ingenuous expression of his clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candor on his lips. He would have it that we should go with him at once to his father's house; but as Weber had to attend a rehearsal, he took me by the hand and made me run a race till we reached his home. Up he went briskly to

the drawing-room, where, finding his mother, he exclaimed, 'Here is a pupil of Weber's, who knows a great deal of his music of the new opera. Pray, mamma, ask him to play it for us'; and so, with an irresistible impetuosity, he pushed me to the pianoforte, and made me remain there until I had exhausted all the store of my recollections. When I then begged of him to let me hear some of his own compositions, he refused, but played from memory such of Bach's fugues or Cramer's exercises as I could name."

By this time Felix had improved amazingly in his studies, and already the music-meetings held at his home had been graced more than once with a sketch from his pen. His first symphony, that in C minor, was composed for one of these. After returning from his visit to Weimar in 1821, where the talented youth was introduced to the great poet Goethe, the meetings were resumed with more than their usual briskness, and for them he composed two or three one-act operas.

The year 1825 was an eventful one for Felix; for he then accompanied his father to Paris, to see Cherubini, whose counsel was sought to ascertain if the boy had a decided genius for music. This severe judge spoke in very flattering terms of his promise, and so his future career was decided upon. Felix's new opera, "The Wedding of Camacho," had for some time been finished, and had been produced at the home performances, and soon after his return from Paris it was brought out at the Berlin Theater Royal. The public were favorably disposed toward it, but the critics cut it up unmercifully. Mendelssohn used to

say, "The opera was not bad enough to deserve such very scurvy treatment." Its composer was but sixteen years old.

The overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was his next creation, and it marks a most important period of his life, for in it his genius frees itself from the fetters of the school he had studied in, and we first get the charming Mendelssohn in its buoyant music. For the next two years Felix was a student at the University of Berlin, attending many lectures and working at his studies, likewise finding time to compose many new pieces.

Early in 1829 Moscheles advised the father to allow Felix to visit England, and accordingly preparations were made for this journey; but before leaving there was one favor his friends begged of him. For some time Bach's Matthew Passion had been brought out at the Saturday vocal practices at Mendelssohn's home, and the singers, wishing to revive it in public, sought his assistance as conductor. He was loath to attempt so important an undertaking, but his friend Devrient soon won him over and with him went to the Singakademie on a visit to Zelter, whose aid was needed in order to obtain the use of the large concert-room and the services of the singers of the Academy.

"Now mind," said Felix, on arriving at the door, "if he grows abusive I shall go—I cannot squabble with him."

They found the gruff old giant hid in a thick cloud of smoke from his long pipe. He was in his drab-colored knee-breeches, and thick woolen stockings, sitting before his favorite old instrument, a two-manual harpsichord. The old theorist *did* grow

abusive. He paraded the room, pouring volley after volley upon the half-frightened enthusiasts. Felix more than once pulled Devrient by the sleeve, but he eventually brought the old musician round. Zelter promised the required assistance, and on March 11, 1829, Bach's immortal masterpiece was resuscitated under the direction of Mendelssohn with ever-memorable success, after having lain dormant for one hundred years. To him, then, the world must ever be indebted for bringing to light this *chef-d'œuvre* of a master, alas! even now too little known.

A day or two after this event Felix sailed for England. He arrived in London on April 20, and was received with open arms at the house of his lifelong friend Moscheles. On May 25, at one of the Philharmonic concerts, he made his first bow to an English audience, and on this occasion the baton was intrusted to his care, while the programme included two of his own works—the C minor symphony, and the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The bewitching music of this celebrated overture electrified the vast audience, and nothing was heard of for days but the successful début of the young composer.

Before returning to Berlin, Mendelssohn accompanied his friend Klingemann on a tour amidst the romantic scenery of Scotland. How his richly cultivated mind was fed by the impressions it received during this tour, is best told by the masterly overture to "Fingal's Cave," and the splendid Scottish symphony, both so full of what he saw, and of the charming atmosphere he breathed.

Mendelssohn soon undertook another journey—the eventful visit to Italy. Full of life and spirits, he set

out in May, 1830, on what proved a delightful tour to this "cradle of art." "Italy at last," he writes on October 10, "and what I have all my life considered as the greatest possible felicity is now begun and I am basking in it." Arrived in Rome, he found himself surrounded and courted by a brilliant assemblage of talent and rank.

In this sunny climate he painted Goethe's "Walpurgis Night" with brilliant and harmonious coloring that can never fade. Besides this inspired music, there was the "Reformation" symphony, the bright "Italian" symphony in A, and the three exquisite motets for treble voices, written especially for the nuns of the convent Trinità del Monto at Rome. The "Italian" symphony did not come to light till it was interpreted by the Philharmonic band, in London, on May 13, 1833, under the composer's direction. What a bright and happy effort it is! so teemful of the balmy southern atmosphere, and all the gay images which had settled on the composer's mind—an undying record of his Italian impressions.

Returning by way of Florence and Milan, Mendelssohn passed into Switzerland, enjoying its wonderful scenery. "Nowhere," he writes to his parents, "has Nature in all her glory met my eyes in such brightness as here, both when I saw it with you for the first time and now."

Early in December, 1831, Felix was again in Paris, where he passed three delightful months amidst its pleasures. During this exotic life he composed very little, but his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was performed at one of the concerts of the Conservatoire, and also his A minor quartet, "which,"

as Mendelssohn wrote, "they played with such fire and precision that it was delightful to listen to them."

Toward the end of April he arrived in London. He had only been there a week when he strolled in unawares at one of the Philharmonic rehearsals, and he had been in but a few minutes when one of the orchestra espied him, and cried out, "There is Mendelssohn!" on which they all began shouting and clapping their hands, so that he was obliged to cross the room and clamber into the orchestra to return thanks to the delighted musicians.

He soon received an invitation to perform at one of the Society's concerts, where he produced and played his brilliant "G minor concerto." It created an extraordinary impression, and he was obliged to repeat it at their following concert—an occurrence without precedent. Nor was his production of the "Hebrides" overture less eventful. This masterly work, replete with exquisite touches of feeling, and so thoroughly characteristic of the glorious Highland scenery which suggested it, was given during the same season.

In July, 1832, Mendelssohn returned to his home in Berlin. His cheerful and intellectual circle were delighted to see him back again—the same warm-hearted merry Felix. Devrient relates that the children were as familiar as ever with him; he made the old, unforgotten jokes, insisted on their calling him "Mr. Councilor," while they likewise *would* call him "Mr. Horrid."

In April, 1833, Felix again visited London, accompanied by his father, but it was not for long, for in the following month he conducted at the Düsseldorf Festival. This was attended with such remarkable

success that the directorship of the concerts and theater of that city was offered to him. This post he accepted for three years, and threw his life and soul into his new work, bringing the musical performances there to such a degree of perfection as to draw all Europe to hear them. To Church music especially did he zealously apply himself, and it was in furtherance of this that he set about his great and beautiful work "St. Paul." Apart from that, he composed many beautiful songs, and also much music for the pianoforte, including many of the charming "Songs without Words," referring to which, Sir Jules Benedict says: "Mendelssohn, who never would sacrifice to the prevailing taste, took, in this new species of composition, quite an independent flight; his aim was to restore the ill-treated, panting pianoforte to its dignity and rank; and in this view he gave to the world those exquisite little musical gems."

In the spring of 1835 Mendelssohn was in Cologne, arranging for the approaching festival there. Among the works he produced were Handel's oratorio "Solomon," the "Morning Hymn" of Reichardt, and Beethoven's Eighth symphony. Sir Jules Benedict was present at one of the rehearsals of this latter work when Mendelssohn conducted, and in his sketch of his friend's life he relates: "The admirable allegretto in B flat of this symphony not going at first to his liking, he remarked, smilingly, that he knew every one of the gentlemen engaged was capable of performing and even of composing a scherzo of his own; but that *just now* he wanted to hear Beethoven's, which he thought had some merits." It was cheerfully repeated. "Beautiful! charming!" cried Mendelssohn; "but still

too loud in two or three instances. Let us take it again from the middle." "No, no," was the general reply of the band; "the whole piece over again for our own satisfaction"; and then they played it with the utmost delicacy and finish, Mendelssohn laying aside his baton and listening with evident delight to the now perfect execution. "What would I have given," he exclaimed, "if Beethoven could have heard his own composition so well understood and so magnificently performed!"

On arriving home he found awaiting him an invitation to take the conductorship of the celebrated Gewandhaus concerts, at Leipzig. This important post which Sebastian Bach, whom he revered so much, had filled a hundred years before, Mendelssohn accepted. On October 4, 1835, he was rehearsing his new orchestra for their first concert under his direction; and in writing home he speaks of his "good and thoroughly musical orchestra," and of the friendly disposition the people in Leipzig show for him and his music.

In the midst of his sunny life at Leipzig came tidings of the death of Mendelssohn's beloved father. His grief was intense, and so depressed did he become, that all grew anxious for the once light-hearted Felix. Writing to his friend Pastor Schubring, Mendelssohn says: "It is the greatest misfortune that could have befallen me, and a trial that I must either strive to bear up against or utterly sink under. A new life must begin for me, or all must be at an end—the old life is now severed." Yet he found a solace in his music. "I shall," he writes, "work with double zeal at 'St Paul,' for my father urged me to it in the very

last letter he wrote to me, and he looked forward very impatiently to the completion of my work." Soon it was finished, and its first performance took place at Düsseldorf on May 22, 1836.

"How shall I give you an idea of the beauty of the work?" writes a distinguished friend of Mendelssohn's. "I shall keep to that word—Beauty; it best conveys the character of the music, which never makes an effort, never is strained to produce uncommon sensations or novel effects, but only develops quietly, honestly, devoutly, the grand subject it treats." "The room," he says, "the garden surrounding, the people flowing in to hear, inside or outside, as they might—all this in a bright May day was festive and cheering. . . . You can have no idea of the splendor of the performance."

It is, indeed, a beautiful work—truly a masterpiece. Whether in its choruses, airs, or recitatives, there is still that sweetness so characteristic of this master. "Stone him to death!" "Oh! great is the depth," and its final one, are three of its finest choruses; while the oratorio abounds in treasures for tenor and bass voices. Its recitatives—these predominate somewhat—have never been excelled, and some of its airs are most exquisite. "But the Lord is mindful of his own"; the fine bass song, "I praise thee, O Lord my God," and that heavenly tenor aria, "Be thou faithful unto death," are among these. In "St. Paul" its composer left a work worthy to be classed with the great oratorios.

Mendelssohn spent the summer of 1836 at Frankfort, and here it was that he first met his future bride, Cécile Jeanrenaud, the daughter of a Protestant

clergyman. In the spring of the following year they were married at Frankfort, and after a delightful wedding-trip along the Rhine, they set out for Birmingham, where Mendelssohn was to conduct his "St. Paul." His reception at Birmingham was most enthusiastic. "St. Paul" was produced, and Mendelssohn wrote: "The applause and shouts at the least glimpse of me were incessant, and sometimes really made me laugh."

After a long and uncomfortable journey, Mendelssohn and his wife arrived at their home in Leipzig, and amidst its repose and pleasant surroundings he poured out many fine compositions, the most notable of which are the majestic inspiration, "When Israel out of Egypt came," the "Ruy Blas" overture in C minor, with its vigorous and gorgeously rich instrumentation; and the trio in D minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.

With the new year (1840) came "Lobgesang" (Hymn of Praise), written for the celebration of the fourth centenary of the invention of printing, held at Leipzig June 25, 1840. Soon after its performance on this occasion, this splendid work was repeated at the Birmingham Festival. Truly is this an outpouring of thanks and praise for the blessing yielded to the world in the form of the great discovery it was written to celebrate.

In the spring of 1841 Mendelssohn visited Berlin, whither he had been summoned by the King of Prussia, to undertake the directorship of the music class of the Academy of Arts, and to conduct the great instrumental concerts held at Berlin. After a long correspondence Mendelssohn accepted the offer.

His inaugural address to the court of Berlin came in the shape of the incidental music to "Antigone," first performed on November 6, 1841, at the new palace at Potsdam, and the successful and learned manner in which Mendelssohn treated this tragedy of Sophocles was such as to gain the commendations of that great scholar, Bökh, who said he "found the music perfectly in harmony with his conceptions of Greek life and character, and with the muse of Sophocles."

The celebrated symphony in A minor, known as the "Scottish," is a masterly record of the impressions Mendelssohn received amid the wild scenery of Scotland in 1829. It did not appear till the beginning of 1842, when it was produced at one of the Berlin concerts. It next appeared at one of the Philharmonic concerts—that of June 13, 1842, and the applause it elicited completely drowned the music. This was especially the case after the conclusion of its charming scherzo movement—a form of composition in which Mendelssohn was always peculiarly happy—when, in accordance with the composer's intent, the next—the adagio—movement was to be immediately taken; but the audience had been worked up to the highest pitch of excitement and their acclamations were so deafening that, notwithstanding the orchestra was far advanced in the adagio, Mendelssohn was compelled to repeat the merry scherzo, and allow his delighted audience once more to hear the beautiful movement, with its familiar tones of the bagpipes.

Another composition produced in this year was the vigorous sonata in D major for pianoforte and violoncello, a work in which his genius shines out, whether in the exalted joy of its allegro movements,

or in the sublime adagio, with its earnest solemnity.

One more event to make this year memorable was the death of Mendelssohn's mother, in the month of December. His grief was inconsolable at this sudden and unexpected calamity. "Now," he wrote to his brother, "the point of union is gone, where even as children we could always meet, and though we were no longer so in years, we felt that we were still so in feeling"; and so it was—with her gone, the parental home was no more.

Early in the new year Mendelssohn was busy arranging for the opening of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and on April 3, 1843, this now world-famed institution was inaugurated. The prospectus displayed a brilliant staff of teachers, including Mendelssohn and Schumann for pianoforte and composition, Hauptmann for harmonium and counterpoint, David for the violin, Becker for the organ, and Polenz for singing. Mendelssohn also found time to produce many fine compositions this year.

In the following season he again visited London. During this visit he conducted six of the Philharmonic concerts and a performance of "St. Paul," besides appearing at Moscheles's farewell concert, at which an extempore cadenza was given by Mendelssohn, which, for grandeur of conception as well as for the power with which its prodigious difficulties were overcome, exceeded any parallel effort in the recollection of living musicians.

This long-continued stream of excitement was not without its effect upon Mendelssohn, and he felt that he must take repose. Accordingly he repaired to Soden, near Frankfort, where his family had been

staying during his visit to London. "I found them all well," he wrote to a friend. "Cécile looks so well again. . . . The children are as brown as Moors, and play all day long in the garden." Here he had the whole day free, lying under apple-trees and huge oaks. "Oh!" he says, "if this could go on for ever!"

His compositions for this year are by no means few. Besides many beautiful songs, there are the two fine Psalms, the forty-second and forty-third, for eight-part choirs, four of his grand organ sonatas, the overture to "Athalie," and also the violin concerto in E minor, composed for his friend Ferdinand David.

Passing over the year 1845, spent chiefly at Leipzig, we come to the production of the cantata "Lauda Sion," composed for a festival held in the Church of St. Martin, Lüttich, which was followed by his great masterpiece, the "Elijah," first performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1846.

On the morning of August 26, the noble town hall of Birmingham was crammed by some thousands of anxious listeners eager to hear this latest work from the master's pen. Exactly at the appointed time, Mendelssohn was seen approaching his seat, and instantly from the assembled thousands came a deafening shout of applause, such as he had never before heard. The melodic work was gone through amid repeated bursts of enthusiasm from the audience after each number. In respect of the chief artists, the composer labored under some disadvantage; but "the orchestra," writes a discerning critic, "was throughout zealous and attentive to Mendelssohn's direction, and the chorus was upon the whole excellent; the freshness of the female voices especially telling to the ut-

MENDELSSOHN

most advantage in the grand and thrilling finale of the first part, 'Thanks be to God—he laveth the thirsty land,' one of the most marvelously characteristic specimens of descriptive writing ever imagined and worked out."

No sooner was the "Elijah" performed than the freshness and originality of its grand descriptive music, so religious in sentiment, laid hold of the public, and ever since it has continued one of the most favorite oratorios, a happy medium between the popular and the classical. It is so well known, that any mention of its merits seems superfluous; yet one is loath to pass from so strong a creation without some eulogy.

All its choruses are tuneful and masterly in the extreme, eminently displaying the learning, the vast imagination, and the peculiar characteristics of Mendelssohn's genius. What could be more impressive than the appeal of the Baal-worshipers in those three splendid choruses, commencing, "Baal, we cry to thee"? There are others equally masterly, especially "Be not afraid," and the majestic one which concludes the oratorio, "Then shall your light." The whole part of Elijah, which is allotted to a bass voice, is exquisitely written, and notably so the energetic aria, "Is not his word," and Elijah's impressive request that he might die, contained in the fine adagio movement, "It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life." The two airs "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous" have become universal favorites among tenor singers; while that pure melody "O rest in the Lord," for contralto, is equally well known and admired. Another number that must not be passed over is the terzetto "Lift thine eyes," the song of the three

angels who appeared to Elijah under the juniper-tree in the wilderness; and surely, for sweetness, grace, and beauty of expression, this exquisite trio is unsurpassed. From beginning to end the oratorio is a succession of gems, while the immense power and imagination wherewith the composer has grasped the scene on Mount Carmel will insure a hearing for this work as long as music has a place among the arts.

On the 8th of May following, Mendelssohn turned his steps toward Frankfort. This last visit to London had quite overpowered him. He had tried his strength too much. At Frankfort he was once more surrounded by his happy family; but no sooner had he arrived than came the news of the sudden death of his sister Fanny. With a cry Mendelssohn fell to the ground, nor did he ever quite recover from the shock of this irretrievable loss. His wife took him to Switzerland, where he seemed improved in health and spirits. Yet he would not entirely give up work, for the sudden death of his father and mother, and now of his beloved Fanny, had possessed him with the presentiment that death was hanging over him.

Still he applied himself to composing with more activity than ever. Two great works were commenced—an oratorio entitled "Christus," and the opera "Lorelei," but they were never to be finished.

In September Mendelssohn returned to Leipzig, where he continued to work upon these and some smaller pieces. Among these latter was the "Nachtlied" (Night Song); and on the 9th of October he took this to the house of Frau Frege, a distinguished amateur singer, who was generally the first interpreter of his inspirations. While accompanying her, a de-

lirium came over him, and soon he was insensible. He was borne to his home in the König-Strasse, where he lay for some days, till about the 18th he was sufficiently restored to speak of his future plans. A second attack soon followed, but he struggled over it till about October 30, when he was seized for the last time. He remained unconscious up to the 3d of November, when he spoke a little. "Tired, very tired," he answered to Cécile's anxious inquiry as to how he felt. The next day it was seen that he could last but a short time longer, and at its close, surrounded by his wife and children and a few of his most intimate friends, he passed peacefully away.

The body was placed in a costly coffin, surrounded with tall shrubs and flowers, awaiting the day of the funeral. Then, amid many thousands of spectators, the grand funeral procession passed through Leipzig to the church of the University, where an impressive service was performed. That same night his remains were carried to the family grave at Berlin, and with the early morning sun shining over the coffin it was lowered to its resting-place beside that of his beloved sister.

We have not qualified our affectionate admiration for Mendelssohn and his works. If any qualifications appear necessary, they easily suggest themselves even to the most ardent admirers of the man and of his musical creations. Few instances can be found in history of a man so amply gifted with good qualities of mind and heart; so carefully brought up among good influences; and so thoroughly fulfilling his mission. Never, perhaps, could any man be found in whose life there were fewer things to conceal and regret.

Is there any drawback to this? Does his music suffer from what he calls his "habitual cheerfulness"? It may be that there is a drawback, arising more or less directly from his best characteristics. It is not that he had not genius. His great works prove that he had it in large measure. No man could have produced his best work without genius of a high order. But his genius had not been subjected to those fiery trials which seem necessary to insure its abiding possession of the depths of the human heart. Mendelssohn was never more than temporarily unhappy. He did not know distress as he knew happiness. He was so practical that as a matter of duty he would have thrown it off. In this as in most other things he was always under control. At any rate he was never tried by poverty, or disappointment, or ill-health, or a morbid temper, or neglect, or the perfidy of friends, or any of the other great ills which crowded so thickly around Beethoven, Schubert, or Schumann.

Who can wish that he had been? that such a spirit should have been dulled by distress or torn with agony? It might have lent a deeper undertone to his songs, or have enabled his adagios to draw tears where now they only give a saddened pleasure. But let us take the man as we have him. Surely there is enough of conflict and violence in life and in art. It is well in these agitated modern days to be able to point to one well-balanced nature, in whose life, letters, and music all is manly and refined, clever and pure, brilliant and solid. For the enjoyment of such shining heights of goodness we may well forego for once the depths of misery and sorrow.

SCHUMANN

(1810-1856)

ROBERT SCHUMANN

I

IN a letter to his mother, written at the age of twenty, Schumann describes his life as having been so far "a twenty years' war between prose and poetry." The poetry we may take to have been supplied spontaneously by his own personality, the prose to have been partly forced upon him by circumstances and partly inherited from his parents. Except for a strain of truly Teutonic sentimentality, his mother appears to have been a completely commonplace person; his father, a prosperous bookseller, was a man of some culture, not without an appreciation of music, but with no ability in that direction and a greater leaning toward the drier paths of literature.

Robert Alexander Schumann, fifth son of the family, was born at Zwickau, Saxony, June 8, 1810. The first eighteen years of his life were spent at home. He received a good general education, and an unrestricted browsing on the pasturage of his father's store of books imbued him with a strong taste for poetry and transcendental ethics in general and a fervid admiration for Jean Paul Richter's works in particular. At the same time his musical predilections very early made themselves evident.

He began to play the piano when six years old, and a little later found one of his chief delights in the

management of amateur musical performances, at which his earliest efforts in composition met with a ready hearing. His father sympathized with his tastes, and gave them all the encouragement in his power. It was even proposed that he should have musical instruction from Weber, then kapellmeister at Dresden, but the arrangement in some way fell through. He enjoyed, however, a fairly adequate musical training at Zwickau, and had his father's life been prolonged the young musician's course of instruction would probably have been uninterrupted.

As it was, his father's death in 1826 was the signal for the temporary abandonment of all such plans. His mother was determined that he should be a lawyer; and, feeling now the necessity of making his own way in the world, Schumann dutifully acquiesced, and in 1828 matriculated at Leipzig University as a law student.

Steady application to legal studies proved, it must be confessed, impossible to one of his temperament. He had not been long at Leipzig before he wrote to a friend that he was "not attending a single lecture," but was playing the piano a great deal and writing poetry. The coarseness of much of the student life was even less congenial to him than his studies, but he found some compensation in the friendship of the composer Marschner, and Friedrich Wieck, another musician. Wieck (the father of Schumann's future wife) gave him lessons on the piano, and between them they got together a little coterie of musical spirits, who met periodically for the performance of chamber music. Clara Wieck, though then barely ten years old, took part in these with such success as to

warrant her appearing in public soon afterward. Bach and Schubert were Schumann's twin musical divinities at this time, and the death of the latter was very keenly felt by him.

His mother, however, by no means approved of this neglect of the law, and suggested that he should remove to Heidelberg University, that being considered a better field for legal studies. His innate lack of determination caused Schumann to agree quietly to this proposal; and to Heidelberg he went in 1829, nominally to study law, but with a secret determination to seize any opportunity for a musical career that might present itself. He was improving rapidly as an executant, so much so that he appeared on one occasion in public while still a student, playing some compositions of Moscheles with considerable success.

At Heidelberg he patiently remained for over a year, but a legal career was becoming more and more impossible to him. His time there was very happily spent, in spite of endless debts and difficulties. He played the piano a great deal, composed a little—a polonaise and some of the "Papillons" dating from this period—and in some way or other managed to make a trip into Italy, where he heard Paganini. His study of the technique of the piano was unremitting, his idea being that he would make a name for himself as a performer rather than a composer, for regarding his inventive powers he was very diffident. Even on his travels he was in the habit of taking a dumb keyboard with him for purposes of practice.

The year 1830 was momentous for him, for it decided his career. He had at last made a desperate effort to interest himself in law, but was so overcome

by distaste for it that he endeavored to gain his mother's consent to its abandonment. She was loath to comply, but eventually agreed to leave the decision of the question to Wieck, who decided for music, but warned Schumann that six years' hard work would be necessary before he would be able to enter the musical lists as a pianist.

Accordingly, for two years Schumann studied with Wieck at Leipzig; but after that time, being dissatisfied with his progress, he returned to Zwickau, and secretly pursued a plan of study of his own, with disastrous results so far as his becoming a pianist was concerned. Objecting to the natural weakness of the third finger, he used to suspend it in a strained position by means of a string fastened above his head while he practised assiduously with the others; his idea being to gain by this extraordinary means an equality of touch in the rest of the hand. The natural result was that the finger was lamed and his right hand practically crippled.

To this incident, however lamentable to him at the time—for it put an end to his prospects as a pianist —music probably owes a great deal; for it was the means of his devoting himself heart and soul to the theoretical branch of his art, which he had previously disliked and almost despised. His fame was to be made as a composer, and he set to work in good earnest. The "Papillons," begun in the previous year, were completed in 1833; in the same year a concert was given by Clara Wieck at Zwickau, at which part of a symphony of his (which has never been published) was performed.

In March of this year he returned to Leipzig. There

he lived on his means, which were small but sufficient, and led a quiet life in the midst of a little circle of musical friends, hearing music and composing. His retiring habits, his morbid love of solitude, his silent and abstracted bearing even among convivial friends, seem to mark a first indication of the trouble that was eventually to overwhelm him. In the autumn of 1833 he suffered from a terrible attack of mental excitement, induced by the news of the death of a sister-in-law to whom he was greatly attached; it is even said that he endeavored to end his life.

The gloom fortunately passed off, and in the following year we find him busy, with two or three of his friends, projecting a new musical periodical which was to revolutionize musical criticism. Such a proceeding was indeed needed, fulsome adulation or bitter invective being the only forms of comment adopted in the press of the time. German music at this juncture did not reach a very high standard; and the prevailing undiluted admiration for mediocre work, and contempt for anything new, inspired Schumann and his fellow-enthusiasts with the idea of a criticism that should purify the national taste and direct its attention into worthy channels.

So, on April 3, 1834, the first number of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" was published. The chief contributors to this were Schumann, Karl Bauch, Julius Knorr, Clara Wieck, Henriette Voigt, Ernestine von Fricken, and Ludwig Schunke. All these friends of his (with Chopin, Berlioz, and others) Schumann honored with inclusion in the fold of a certain mysterious community called the "Davidsbund," which had no existence outside of his imagination.

The "Davidsbündler," known to him by fantastic names with which the headings to the various sections of his "Carnaval" have made us familiar, were supposed to be banded together to do battle against the forces of Philistinism in music. The "Neue Zeitschrift" was a great success, and became a power in the domain of musical criticism. Schumann—whose contributions to it included noteworthy articles on the works of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Henselt, Gade, Sterndale Bennett, Franz, and Brahms—edited it for ten years. After July, 1844, he only wrote criticism occasionally, almost the last of his essays dealing appropriately (and prophetically) with the new and unknown genius of Johannes Brahms, of whom he wrote to Joachim, in answer to a letter from the latter introducing the young composer, that he was "the man for whom the time was waiting."

The five years that followed this new departure were very prolific. The "Carnaval," "Études symphoniques," "Davidsbündlertänze," "Novelletten," "Kreisleriana," "Kinderscenen," "Humoreske," "Romanzen," and "Faschingsschwank aus Wien" all belong to a period during which he wrote (in 1839) to a friend: "I used to rack my brains for a long time when composing. Now I scarcely ever scratch out a note. It all comes from within, and I often feel as if I could go on playing without ever coming to an end." His compositions were well received by musical experts, but coldly by the general public, who found them "eccentric." One of the leading critics of the time spoke of them as "pretty and interesting little pieces, wanting in the necessary solidity but otherwise worthy of notice." This period is also

marked by the beginning of a close intimacy with Mendelssohn, for whose work Schumann had the highest admiration.

Meanwhile Schumann had fallen deeply in love with the accomplished Clara Wieck, whose father, without absolutely forbidding his suit, refused to encourage it in the uncertain state of the composer's means of income. The latter paid a visit to Vienna in 1838 in hopes of establishing his paper there, as no musical paper of the kind existed in that city; but though the Viennese were known as lovers of music, they refused to take the art seriously, and his project failed completely. He returned to Zwickau the following year, and thence to Leipzig.

His assaults upon the obduracy of his beloved Clara's father eventually took the somewhat unusual form of a lawsuit, the upshot of which was that Wieck's objections to their union were declared to be frivolous and baseless; and on September 12, 1840, the pair were married. There had been in the meanwhile, on Sterndale Bennett's suggestion, some talk of Schumann's visiting England; but the step was never taken.

The four or five years that succeeded his marriage were full of quiet happiness for him, and comprise much of his best work. The peaceful routine was only broken by concert tours undertaken with his wife in Austria, Bohemia, and Russia. The year 1840 saw his first serious efforts in vocal composition. Of this he wrote to a friend: "I can hardly express how delightful I find it to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what an inward stir I feel as I sit down to it. I have produced some-

thing quite new in this line." In 1841 he wrote his first symphony, in 1842 the best of his chamber music, and in 1843 his "Paradise and the Peri," his first attempt in concerted vocal music. In 1844 another abortive scheme of a visit to England was formed; and in the same year he began his "Faust" music, but was forced by ill health to abandon it for a time.

In that year he deserted Leipzig for Dresden, his condition of health necessitating his giving up his post in the Leipzig Conservatorium and removing to a city where he could lead a less active life as far as musical performances were concerned. He lived in Dresden for six years, the first three of which were passed in the strictest seclusion. By the end of 1847 his health had improved, and he was able to enjoy the society of a circle of friends that included Hiller, Weber, and Wagner (then kapellmeister at Dresden). The concert tours were resumed; 1848 saw the production of his "Faust" music, 1849 the composition of a number of smaller works, and 1850 the performance of his opera "Genoveva."

His friend Hiller having given up the position of kapellmeister at Düsseldorf in favor of a similar appointment at Cologne, Schumann accepted the vacant post at Düsseldorf, and removed thither in September, 1850. His nervous affections unfortunately asserted themselves once more. His irritability and incapability of concentration increased, until it became evident that his powers were not equal to the demand made upon them in his new capacity; his finished works were coldly received; others were begun, and dropped before he could complete them. Eventually, after his last concert tour in 1853, his

mental condition became very grave. In the following year, in an attack of melancholy, he made an attempt to drown himself; and the last two years of the life of this brilliant genius were spent in a private asylum near Bonn, where he died on July 29, 1856.

In personal appearance Schumann is described as "of moderately tall stature, well built, and of a dignified and pleasant aspect." His dreamy and abstracted expression would kindle into animation at a word of sympathy, but he lived, at all events until his marriage, in a world of his own as far as concerned his ideas and aspirations. One of the most curious and apparently contradictory traits recorded of him is that he would often compose in the midst of the merriest and most uproarious company, sitting apart wrapped in his own thought, but acknowledging by a smile or a look any sentiment which awoke his quick sympathies.

II

Schumann's career as a musician, in spite of the enormous influence he has exerted upon the subsequent developments of his art, is to a certain extent unsatisfactory. He attempted a great deal, but save in the smaller kinds of music, such as his songs, pianoforte pieces, and chamber music, he rarely touched complete success. There is much that is wonderful in his symphonies and his choral works, even in his one opera "Genoveva," but as a whole they are too often baffling and elusive. Sometimes it is difficult not to feel that Schumann was more of a poet than a

musician, and that he would have said what he had to say more impressively in words than in notes. His grasp of the greater forms of music often seems nerveless and incomplete, and thus his most exquisite ideas often miss their due effect by reason of the insufficiency of their presentment.

His natural gifts were marvelous in their richness and variety. No musician was ever endowed with a more delicate and poetical imagination. Great he cannot be called in the sense that Bach, Beethoven, and Handel are great, nor, though in nature he was more akin to Mozart, had he anything like Mozart's wide humanity. But in his own sphere he is unequaled. He had a mind of exquisite sensibility, a touching and childlike purity of thought and aspiration. Schumann's music is the very antipodes of vulgarity and self-seeking. Never was there a more whole-hearted artist, nor one more sincere in the expression of his own thought and feeling. Schumann lived in a world of his own into which no suspicion of the struggle for existence intruded. His love for Clara Wieck was the moving impulse of his life. It molded his genius, and gave birth to much of his best music. Apart from this, as is apparent from the preceding sketch, there is but little in his uneventful career that need be taken into account in considering his music.

Schumann was preëminently a poet-musician. In his music the poetic basis is all-important, not merely in his larger works, but in the slightest of his pianoforte pieces, in which we find perhaps his most individual expression. Even when no title is affixed to these, we have the composer's authority for attribut-

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ing them to a definite poetical inspiration; as, for instance, in the case of the "Novelletten," which he described as long romantic stories, though he declined to label them with their respective meanings. It is this that gives to Schumann's music its characteristic note—its suggestiveness. His music may or may not suggest the actual picture that was in the composer's mind when he wrote, but it is alive with meaning.

Schumann's music is brimful of ideas—of poetical ideas, that is to say, as opposed to purely musical ones. But the depth of his poetic expression always wins absolute triumph even over defective technique. Schumann's symphonies, for instance, by the side of Beethoven's, apart from their poor, clumsy scoring, are sadly amateurish from the technical point of view. Beethoven's symphonies can be heartily enjoyed without any knowledge of what they are about. The mere construction of them, the development of the themes, the treatment of the melodic and harmonic material are in themselves a delight. With Schumann it is not so. He demands in his hearer a mood corresponding to his own. You must read the story he has to tell or his music will fail to charm you. This is why he was so long in coming to his own. He had to train the world to appreciate his point of view. In his day the poetic basis of music was little understood. It was enough that it should furnish a concourse of sweet sounds, arranged according to established principles. In bringing about the desirable change in this respect, Schumann himself was the prime agent. He is the apostle of modern music in a sense that perhaps applies to no other composer—not, it need scarcely be said, with regard to technique, for in handling his material he

was always something of an amateur, but in his conception of music, of its mission and its capability. This is the real importance of Schumann, and it is this that gives him the right to a place beside the greatest masters of music.

Schumann's musical history is a curious one, being divided into sharply defined periods, during which he devoted himself almost entirely to one species of composition. It is not easy to say in which department of his art he most excelled. Whatever he wrote showed the workings of a singularly original mind. Of all the great masters of music he owed least to his predecessors. Speaking in general terms, he is the inheritor of the romantic spirit of Beethoven and Schubert; but, judged in detail, he owes little to either. Much of Beethoven's and Schubert's music is purely personal in tone. We seem to hear the men speaking in music, pouring forth their joys and sorrows in the language they knew best. Schumann's genius, on the other hand, is far more objective in quality. His imagination is fanciful rather than profound, delighting in subjects of fantastic grace and delicacy, which he knew how to sketch with a marvelously light and vivid touch. His earlier piano works, such as "Papillons," "Carnaval," and "Kinderscenen," brought an entirely new note into music. These wonderful little series of vignettes, delicate and tender as the creations of Watteau, opened new worlds of beauty to art. In works like the great fantasia in C and the sonata in F sharp minor a deeper note is touched, but the prevailing characteristic of Schumann is always romantic grace rather than profound tragic power.

Similarly in his songs, although passion is treated with infinite variety, it is rather in the tenderer and more plaintive aspects of love that he excels. He sometimes rises to grandeur of expression, but many of his love-songs have more than a touch of morbid feeling. No one has ever shown a subtler art in transferring the shades of feeling into music, as for instance in the song-cycle "Dichterliebe"; but, though he stands, as we may say, next to Schubert, Schumann has no pretense to Schubert's singable vein, he is much deeper, but less vocal than his more prolific predecessor. His symphonies are handicapped by dull and ineffective scoring, which makes against an adequate comprehension of their beauty; but in fundamental brain-work they are as fine as anything he wrote. That in B flat, which Schumann himself christened his "Spring Symphony," is the general favorite. It is full of the rapture and intoxication of the spring. It is, in the Meredithian sense, a "reading of earth" more definitely than anything previously written in music. Even less than Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony is it a mere piece of scene-painting, though it has many touches that speak of an exquisite feeling for natural beauty. It has a delicious, almost fragrant freshness of atmosphere. It sings of the rising sap, of the swelling bud, of wild bird-raptures in the clear March heavens, and of the passionate sense of unfolding manhood. All that spring has ever meant to a poet is here sung in accents that thrill the soul with a strange enchantment. The symphony in B flat was written at the happiest period of Schumann's life. He had just married Clara Wieck, and life seemed to be opening brightly before him. His joy is divinely

mirrored in this work. Gay it cannot be called, even in its lightest moments, for gaiety rarely if ever came to Schumann. Ardor is rather its prevailing note, touched from time to time with seriousness, and even solemnity, for Schumann's joy was a passion rooted deep in his being, not the light-hearted laughter of men like Mendelssohn.

The symphony in C is a strange and striking contrast to that in B flat. Schumann has told us himself in what circumstances it was written: "I sketched it out while suffering severe physical pain; indeed, I may well call it the struggle of my mind which influenced this, and by which I sought to beat off my disease." Truly the hand of disease is heavy on this work. There is something hectic, something feverish about it. It always seems to tell us some such story as that of John Keats the poet, with his passionate struggle for fame, and his wild, rebellious beating against the dungeon-bars that imprisoned his genius. The slow movement is a love-song of such intense and consuming fervor as music has rarely known. Schumann has been called morbid, and such movements as this give color to the accusation. It has more than a suggestion of unhealthiness, even of debility. There are certain phrases in Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, his "swooning admiration" for her beauty, or such a passage as this: "I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death. O that I could have possession of them both in the same minute"—which appear to ring with the same diseased note as this love-song of Schumann's. Their beauty cannot be disputed, but it is the beauty of decay. The symphony closes in a wild tempest of pas-

sion, frenzy, and despair, and even in places suggests the insanity which was destined to cloud the close of Schumann's life. It is, if not the greatest of Schumann's works, one of the most personal and interesting—terribly so, indeed, to the student of his mind.

More attractive to the general hearer are the symphony in D minor, so singularly suggestive in the delicate flavor of its romantic atmosphere, and the "Rhenish" symphony in E flat, which is frankly a piece of programme music, but programme music of the noblest, loftiest kind. It was inspired by the river Rhine, and depicts the emotions engendered by the contemplation of that historic stream. The broad flow of the river itself, the rich meadow-lands along its banks, the rustic merrymakings of the dwellers on its shores, and the solemn splendor of the great cathedral at Cologne—of these Schumann has woven a symphony of epic grandeur which, though lacking the personal interest of the symphonies in B flat and C, is one of the noblest and most dignified musical compositions given to the world since the death of Beethoven.

Space forbids us to discuss in detail the piano quartet and quintet or the piano concerto, three works which many critics would select as the most perfect that Schumann ever produced. Technically they are far more accomplished than the symphonies, while in different ways they are all three markedly characteristic of his tender and romantic genius. Historically, too, they are as important as anything he wrote, since the influence of the quartet and quintet, at any rate, on subsequent writers of chamber music, notably upon Brahms, can hardly be overestimated.

Schumann is curiously difficult to sum up in a word; he is so various, he counts for so much. Perhaps the chief reason of his supreme importance in the history of nineteenth-century music lies in what may be called the poetical character of his music, to which we have already referred. As a poet handles the various forms of poetry, writing now an ode, now a sonnet, now a lyric, and rising at times to a drama or an epic, using the form that instinct or experience tells him is best suited to express his thought, so Schumann ranged through the various forms of music, passing in turn from pianoforte music to songs, from chamber music to symphonies. This sedulous care in adapting means to end, in selecting the form most congenial to the expression of each mood and emotion in turn, was not, of course, altogether a new thing to music, but until Schumann's day its artistic importance had not been fully recognized. Schumann's legacy to the world is priceless in many ways, but this is on the whole his most individual contribution to the building of the shining citadel of art.

CHOPIN

(1809-1849)

FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN

SO closely is Chopin's personality bound up with his work that it is impossible, without a certain familiarity with his music, to have any intimate knowledge of the composer himself. Only in his compositions does he relax a habit of restraint induced by a repugnance to any extreme of emotion, which in its turn was the result of an inherited delicacy of constitution. Not that he was altogether the lifelong invalid depicted by Liszt or George Sand; he was never robust, but it was not until the last ten years of his life that disease gained an irrevocable hold on him, and then its course was accelerated by the nervous excitement of the artistic life in Paris. As a young man he appears to have been always ready to take his share in any fun that was toward, and his physical strength was at any rate sufficient to enable him to stand long journeys in German stage-coaches—a mode of traveling scarcely possible to a confirmed invalid.

Chopin's real delicacy lay in his nervous organization. There his nature was so highly strung that he carried sensitiveness and refinement almost to a fault. Anything that jarred upon his fine temperament caused him positive pain; and it was no doubt the instinctive avoidance of any such possibility that led him

into a reserve of manner through which he rarely broke.

Though Polish life and music were from first to last such an integral part of Chopin's existence, it was only on one side, his mother's, that he could boast of Polish blood, for his father, Nicolas Chopin, was a Frenchman, born at Nancy, in Lorraine, who when a young man had gone as a tutor to Warsaw, where, with but few absences, he remained to the end of his life, prosperous and honored as one of the most accomplished and upright of the professors in the Academy there. Frédéric François Chopin was born on March 1, 1809, at Zelazowa Wola, a little village near Warsaw. (But the date, even the year, of his birth has been disputed.)

The child very early showed his sensitiveness to music, and prevailed upon his parents to allow him to share the lessons given to his eldest sister by Albert Zwyny, an excellent music-master in Warsaw. Many are the tales of his performances as a child, but, perhaps, the best is the one related by Karasowski, his biographer, of his appearance at a public concert for the benefit of the poor, when he was not quite nine years old. He was announced to play Gyrowetz's pianoforte concerto, and, a few hours before, he was put on a chair, and there dressed with more than ordinary care, being arrayed in a new jacket, with an ornamented collar, specially ordered for the occasion. When the concert was over, and Frédéric returned to his mother, who had not been present, she asked him what the people had liked best. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "every one was looking at my collar!"

His boyhood passed happily; sometimes merry,

sometimes moody and abstracted, he absorbed eagerly all the musical instruction he could get, and already attempted to compose. When he was quite a little fellow he would sit and play out his thoughts upon the piano, while his master indulged him by writing down what he played; after which the boy would, with great pains, go through the composition, altering here and there, and exerting all his powers, even at this early age, to make his work as artistic as he possibly could. At times, we are told, he would wander about silent and solitary, wrapped in his musical meditations. He would sit up late, if he were allowed, busy with his music; and often after lying down, would jump out of his bed to strike a few chords, or try a short phrase on the piano—to the horror of the servants, whose first thought was of ghosts, the second that their dear young master was not right in his mind.

When he was nineteen, he went, already a finished pianist, to Berlin, where he found, in the various musical libraries and collections, an inexhaustible fund of interest. He appeared several times in public during the year, and made a great impression by the poetic quality and unconventional style of his playing.

From his twentieth to his twenty-second year Chopin was a rover, visiting Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Breslau, Warsaw, and other cities, everywhere charming his hearers by his playing, and composing fitfully when the mood took him. Finally, in 1831, he traveled to Paris, nominally on his way to England. The attractions of Paris, however, and its musical life were stronger than any inclination to go farther, and for the rest of his life it was his headquarters. "I am passing through Paris!" he would jestingly say, when

asked of his intended movements. It was about this time that some of his compositions were first published, and his fame was further assisted by an exceedingly discriminating review written of one of his compositions by Schumann, who may be said to have "discovered" Chopin to the world with the same prophetic insight that enabled him in subsequent years to be the first to recognize the genius of Brahms.

For five or six years he spent a retired life in Paris, composing now more regularly, and performing at concerts on rare occasions. His unrivaled position as a public performer no doubt gratified him, but his fastidiousness and dread of possible non-appreciation made him shrink more and more from appearing in public. "I am unsuited for concert-giving," he said to Liszt; "the public intimidate me, their breath stifles me." He would take but few pupils, being unwilling to teach except where he could be sure of a complete sympathy and exceptional ability in performance.

In this repugnance to a cheap notoriety, Chopin's instinct was right. His music can only be appreciated where it evokes sympathy, and this it can only do in natures which have a quick perceptiveness and that species of refinement which constitutes musical tact. Fortunately there were in Paris musicians to recognize this, for only so could he maintain in the musical world that curiously aristocratic attitude which, as it chanced, brought him nothing but praise and admiration. Much was written of him and of his music in the French musical journals of this period. "It is only rarely," wrote Liszt in the "Gazette musicale," "at very distant intervals that Chopin plays in public; but what would have been for any one else an almost cer-

tain cause of oblivion is precisely what has assured him a fame above the caprices of fashion, and kept him from rivalries, jealousies and injustice. . . . Moreover, this exquisite, altogether lofty and eminently aristocratic position has remained unattacked. A complete silence of criticism already reigns round it, as if posterity were come."

Chopin's playing has been compared to the conversation of one accustomed to the society of clever people, in that it was never marred by exaggeration or over-accentuation. Performing his works, as he always did, practically for himself and not for the audience, it was impossible for one of his temperament to vulgarize his style in order to compel attention. Consequently, unless he could be sure of at once establishing a sympathetic communication with his audience, it was useless for him to play. "When you do not at the outset gain your public," he once said to Liszt, "you have to force, to assault, to overwhelm, to conquer them. That I cannot do."

Liszt describes Chopin as of middle height, slim, with flexible limbs which appeared almost fragile; delicately shaped hands and very small feet; an oval face of pale, transparent complexion, crowned with long silky hair of light chestnut color; tender, dreamy, brown eyes, which lit up strangely when he spoke; a finely cut aquiline nose; a sweet smile, and graceful gestures; a soft and usually subdued voice; and a general distinction of manner which caused him involuntarily to be treated *en prince*. The nature of his personal charm is felicitously told by George Sand. "The delicacy of his constitution," she says, "rendered him interesting in the eyes of women. The full

yet graceful cultivation of his mind, the sweet and captivating originality of his conversation, gained for him the attention of the cleverest men; while the less highly cultivated liked him for the exquisite courtesy of his manner." Moscheles said of Chopin's personal appearance that it was "identified" with his music.

From 1836 to 1847 lasted the great incident of Chopin's life, his connection with Madame Dudevant, or "George Sand," to use her famous *nom de plume*. This strange woman—with her ultra-masculine horror of the usual forms and conventions of society, her blind craving for an impossible social ideal, her quick, imperious mind—seemed to find the necessary complement to her character in the almost feminine nature of Chopin. It is no meaningless phrase to say that in her Chopin found at once the blessing and the curse of his life. While their love lasted she surrounded him with every care and attention, especially at the time when his fatal illness began unmistakably to assert itself. But it seemed as though the vigor of her nature was too powerful for that of Chopin, or rather as if the intensity of the love she evoked from him consumed his being in spite of himself. It cannot be denied that to her, the first intoxication of affection once over, this episode was no more than an experience like many others. "This many-sided woman," as one biographer writes of her, "at this point of her development found in the fragile Chopin a phase of her nature which had never been expressed, and he was sacrificed to the demands of an insatiable originality which tried all things in turn, to be contented with nothing but an ideal which could never be attained."

How completely any true sympathy which she had

felt for Chopin vanished after the rupture of their connection, can be clearly traced from the portraits she gives of him in her later writings; notably in one of her novels, a character in which is obviously intended as a reproduction of Chopin, portraying him as a tiresome, invalided sentimentalist, which he was not. Once she realized that this was but another disappointment in her restless search for her ideal, George Sand regarded Chopin merely as a psychological specimen to be studied. Her love for him had been an infatuation, which, though violent, was not lasting, for it was based on purely self-regarding feelings. With the perverted instinct of the individualist, the sole end of life to her was what she chose to conceive as her own development. Chopin's love was to aid this; it failed in realizing her extravagant expectations, and was dropped—almost with the scientific indifference of a chemist who throws aside even a valuable ingredient if it have disappointed his expectations in some absorbing experiment.

Chopin, on the other hand, gave his whole life to this love, which was to him a deep reality. As long as it was returned, the femininity of his character found support in the stronger nature of George Sand: and had she been as sincere as he, the two might have completed one another's lives in an unequaled manner. He did not long survive the blow which the rupture caused him. During the last two years of his life he paid a visit to London—where he gave one or two concerts, and was received with the greatest admiration—and also made a short journey into Scotland. But his spirit was broken, and his failing health rapidly giving way before the terrible progress of consumption.

He returned to Paris in 1849, to receive a fresh shock from the news of his father's death, and, as it proved, to spend his own last days. He became weaker and weaker, with difficulty able to get about and unable to play in public or to compose. "It was a painful spectacle to see our beloved Chopin at that time," writes one of his pupils; "he was the picture of exhaustion—the back bent, the head bowed forward—but always kindly and full of distinction." By the time the autumn came it was evident that the end could not be far off; and at last, after weeks of struggle, he died quietly and painlessly, surrounded by his friends, early on the morning of October 17, 1849.

As one would expect from a genius of so peculiar a temperament, Chopin confessed that he was to such an extent identified with his own music that he could feel very little real delight in that of other composers, except in the rare cases where it was perfectly sympathetic to him. Mozart held the first place in his affections, and, next to him, Bach. Of Beethoven he had no thorough appreciation, and Mendelssohn's music he disliked intensely.

If one may be permitted the somewhat fantastic idea of a sex in music, that of Chopin may be taken to represent the feminine, and this in no derogatory sense. The distinction is one rather to be felt than expressed, but any one familiar with music can appreciate it. It has often been remarked that after a course of Chopin one feels an irresistible attraction to purely formal music, such as that of Bach; and it is interesting to note that Chopin himself felt this to a certain extent. He seems to have recognized that his music was a passionate exposition of one

CHOPIN

phase of life, and that after exclusive devotion to this one side of human nature the introduction of an opposing element was necessary to balance the extreme ideality of his disposition. And so, before playing in public, it was his habit never to practise his own compositions, but for a fortnight before the concert to shut himself up in his room during the greater part of the day and play nothing but Bach.

From the musician's point of view Chopin's devotion to Bach was most fortunate. It was his appreciation of the symmetry of that master's compositions that helped him to keep always before him the necessity of basing his own poetic fancies, even in their freest flights, upon a strict regard for form. There is no surer sign of decadence in an art than to allow the love of color or ornament to obscure the sense of form; and it is characteristic of Chopin's refinement that his music, so original in its inspirations, so fanciful and elaborate in its ornamentation, never becomes formless. Its "femininity" was no doubt the secret of the extraordinary influence he exerted over women, and of his keen sympathy with everything that concerned them; but it never would have compelled, as it did, the instant admiration of musicians of every shade of sensibility had it not possessed the far higher quality of absolute conformity to artistic good taste.

With regard to Chopin's music no error—as has been remarked by his most competent biographer, Frederick Niecks—is more widespread than the idea that it universally represents the languor and melancholy supposed to be the characteristic of the composer, and consequently to lack variety. Nothing

could be farther from the truth. Chopin's music constituting his autobiography, it is inevitable that there should be a vein of sadness underlying its various moods; but sadness is not necessarily melancholy. In the courtly grace or impetuous vigor of his polonaises, the coquettish witchery of his mazurkas and waltzes, the tender beauty of his ballades, nocturnes and impromptus, the kaleidoscopic brilliancy of his studies, preludes and scherzos, Chopin accomplished the apotheosis of the national music and national spirit of his beloved Poland; and inasmuch as his music not only represents this strong national instinct, but is also the record of the changing emotions of a sensitive nature, any who can appreciate Chopin's work will easily disprove to themselves the charge of a want of variety.

This double nature of Chopin's music is cleverly discriminated by Niecks in a chapter in which he deals with its qualities as an expression of its composer's inner life. The passage demands quotation. "We have to distinguish in Chopin," he says, "the personal and the national tone-poet, the singer of his own joys and sorrows and that of his country's. But, while distinguishing these two aspects, we must take care not to regard them as two separate things. They were a duality, the constitutive forces of which alternately assumed supremacy. The national poet at no time absorbed the personal, the personal poet at no time disowned the national. His imagination was always ready to conjure up his native atmosphere—nay, we may even say that, wherever he might be, he lived in it. The scene of his dreams and visions lay oftenest in the land of his birth. And what did the

national poet see and dream there? A past, present, and future which never existed and never will exist—a Poland and a Polish people glorified. . . . No other poet has, like Chopin, embodied in art the romance of the land and people of Poland. And, also, no other poet has like him embodied in art the romance of his own existence. But, whereas as a national poet he was a flattering idealist, as a personal poet he was an uncompromising realist."

Chopin's works can, fortunately, never become "popular"; for a perfect interpretation of them is the hardest task a performer can set himself. That requires—apart from the question of technique—unerring taste, and a quick sympathy which perceives that to vulgarize them is an outrage equivalent to the willful distortion of a man's most sacred and most intimate feelings.

Chopin was, as Balzac truly said of him, less a musician than a soul who made himself felt. To all who study him, then, Chopin is inseparable from his music, which constitutes one of the most interesting psychological portraits in existence. His life, as we have seen in our brief sketch, was without extraordinary incident, and he was much given to retirement. Only in his music does he seem to live fully. To say that his compositions were spontaneous is as if one were to say that the beauty or the perfume of the flower is spontaneous; the outcome of the organization was as inevitable in the one case as it is in the other. His music being a revelation of himself, he could not have written otherwise than he did; and moreover, being endowed with an exquisite sense of fitness, he never allowed his compositions to become mere undisciplined

emotional utterances, but, with patient skill and an artistic avoidance of anything that could lead to commonplace or vulgarity, fashioned them into a symmetry and expressive beauty rarely equaled and never excelled in the range of pianoforte music. ..

To be emotional without being sensational, to be sad without morbidity, to use familiar forms of expression without descending to the commonplace, to invent new forms without being betrayed into extravagance—this requires a genius of no usual order. In his poetic sketch of Chopin as a composer, Liszt says of his work: "In it we meet with beauties of the highest kind, expressions entirely new, and harmonic material as original as it is thoughtful. In his compositions boldness is always justified; richness, often exuberance, never interferes with clearness; singularity never degenerates into the uncouth and fantastic; the sculpturing is never disordered; the luxury of ornament never overloads the chaste tenderness of the principal lines. . . . Daring, brilliant, and attractive, they disguise their profundity under so much grace, their science under so many charms, that it is with difficulty we free ourselves sufficiently from their magical enthralment to judge coldly of their theoretical value."

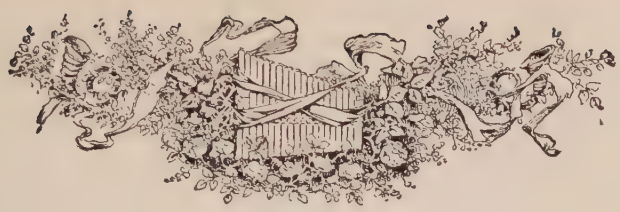
Chopin wrote scarcely anything but piano music, and nothing in which the piano did not bear its part. He probed the secrets of the piano as no one before him had done, and he left nothing to be discovered regarding its legitimate use as a means of expression. After his day, as we know, piano technique advanced upon a path which carried it toward a more orchestral style, but although new and splendid possibilities have

thus been placed within the reach of modern pianists, they are only to be attained by the sacrifice of what is distinctive in the instrument. Chopin's perfect taste assured him that the piano was as a matter of fact more effective when it was content to be a piano and did not try to imitate an orchestra.

The generation that knew Chopin has passed away, but his music, even without the charm of his personal fascination, is more widely appreciated than ever before.

BERLIOZ

(1803-1869)



HECTOR BERLIOZ

WHETHER or not a prophet have honor in his own country depends (provided the prophet be genuinely inspired and no impostor) mainly upon the fitness of his country to receive his message. Should it fall upon unreceptive ears and minds unresponsive, be the voice never so authoritative it will produce no effect. Such was the case with Berlioz and his fellow-countrymen. A genius of enormous if somewhat undisciplined power lived to find its worth recognized everywhere except in the quarter where it most hungered for recognition. Frenchman to the backbone, Berlioz was in his lifetime utterly unappreciated in France; and for this neglect no foreign honors could in his estimation compensate.

Hector Berlioz was born at La Côte-Saint-André, a small town in the department of Isère, France, December 11, 1803. As a boy he displayed no particular precocity, but a decided taste for music. By the time he was twelve he could read music easily, sing fairly well, and play the flute and guitar. His book-learning was erratic. What he liked he learned rapidly, and everything that savored of the romantic took a firm hold on his mind, but the classics fared badly; and to the disgust of his father, who was an enthusiastic phy-

sician, so did all attempts at medical study. While the worthy doctor regarded his son's efforts in musical composition merely as an outlet for an overvivid imagination, the young Hector found pleasure only in this work, and disgust in the more serious matters of the dissecting-room.

His father had made up his mind that Hector was to follow in his steps in the choice of a profession, but it was not long before he was made aware that nothing was farther from his son's intentions. He had determined that he would at all costs become a musician, and he took his future upon himself. A cantata gained him admission to the Paris Conservatoire, where he became an enthusiastic disciple of Lesueur, now a forgotten musician, but a man of importance in his day. In a short time Berlioz had turned out various compositions of no particular merit, and even succeeded in inducing a wealthy amateur to produce one of them, but the début passed unnoticed.

Trying to fly too high before his wings were fully grown, Berlioz then competed for the Prix de Rome. This prize was a valuable honor, for it carried with it an annuity of three thousand francs for five years and provided for two years' residence at the Conservatorio in Rome. Great was Berlioz's disappointment to find that his composition was not even judged worthy of mention; and still greater was his disgust when his father peremptorily ordered him home, determined that his son should not swell the ranks of mediocre musicians but should devote himself to the honorable profession of medicine.

The result of this was to plunge Berlioz into such

depths of despondency that his father at last so far abandoned his position as to consent to his son's going to Paris to study music for a definite period, at the end of which, if his attempts should produce no better results than the former, the would-be composer was to admit that Nature did not intend him for a musician and finally adopt his father's calling.

This proposal put Berlioz on his mettle. In 1826 he returned to Paris, where he lived with a friend in the Quartier Latin. For a time he was, in his way, happy. He worked feverishly at his music, always with the hope of fame before him, and enthusiastically blind to his many privations and discomforts. Unfortunately trouble soon began to wear only too real an aspect. In consequence of his having entangled himself in debts, his father refused to continue the allowance he had hitherto sent him; his friend had not enough for two, and starvation seemed to stare Berlioz in the face. The year 1827 was a terrible one for him; but, with the help of a miserable pittance he received as a member of the chorus in a second-rate theater, he managed to weather the storm.

The next year brought encouragement. He again competed for the Prix de Rome, and this time his composition was not rejected as worthless, but declared to be impossible of acceptance inasmuch as it was impossible of performance. Berlioz, who was beginning to find out his powers, and had lavished all his strength on this work, was furious at the result. He was scarcely in a condition to appreciate the dismay caused among his academic judges by his novel and daring method of writing. His composition, no doubt, bristled with unusual difficulties, for he was

at the beginning of his development into one of the greatest masters of the art of orchestration that the history of music has known, and his writing at this period betrayed an exaggeration seldom absent from the work of a young and extraordinary genius.

He declared, however, that the work *should* be performed, and with some difficulty gained permission to give a concert at the Conservatoire. The result was fairly satisfactory. The performance was not without its disastrous incidents, but it had at any rate the good effect of directing attention to Berlioz, who was now regarded as a possible personage in the musical world, though it was true he was generally thought of as a headstrong pupil, whose one view of rules was that they should, if possible, be broken. At last even his academic critics were forced to admit his genius; for, two years later, when he again competed for the Prix de Rome, he gained it. His composition was a cantata on the subject of "Sardanapalus."

He at once (in 1830) left for Italy to take up his residence in Rome for the allotted two years; but Rome presented very little attraction to him. Italian music, which he detested, had sunk to a level of complete vapidity; except for the company of Mendelssohn and Liszt, there was in Rome no musical society to his taste. He hankered after the excitement of the artistic struggle in Paris, and was driven to spend most of his time in excursions to romantic spots in the neighborhood in the hope of dissipating his ennui.

There was, it is true, one sufficiently sensational incident to break this monotony. Berlioz imagined that he had been despitefully treated at the hands of a cer-

tain fair Parisienne, and in his Roman solitude brooded over his wrongs until his volcanic temperament incited him to a desperate resolve. He left Rome one night, bound for Paris, in a white heat of vengeful despair; armed with pistols, two small bottles of poison, and a female costume—in which last he proposed to disguise himself and, having thus gained access to his faithless fair, to kill first her and then himself. Between Florence and Genoa he managed to lose the costume, and at Genoa every dressmaker in the town firmly refused to let him have another. Nothing daunted, he went on; but as he approached the frontier it occurred to him, in a lucid moment, that if he left Italy without permission his name would be struck off the list of students at the Conservatoire and his annuity be forfeited. He therefore made a halt for reflection at a small coast town, where in a moment of amatory abstraction he fell from the town walls into the water. This finally cooled his ardor, and he returned crestfallen to Rome.

In the spring of 1832 he was free to return to Paris, as he was eager to do, and to throw himself once more into the thick of the musical battle. "I left Rome without regret," he wrote to Ferdinand Hiller; "the confined life of the Villa Medici was becoming more and more insupportable to me." By the time of his return to Paris he had gained notoriety, if nothing more, and this was of value to him in his project of concert-giving. His compositions were, however, too highly charged with color and imagination to suit a taste which found all that it required in *opéra comique*. Among French musicians, too, his methods evoked as much ridicule as admiration. Every pronounced style

is easily open to parody, and travesties were not wanting in Berlioz's case.

His enormously clever "Symphonie fantastique," for instance—in which he represents an episode in the life of an artist who, being in the despair of love, dreams that he has murdered his loved one, and is being taken to the scaffold—displayed a hitherto unapproached resource of orchestral effect in the expression of emotions by means of instrumental combinations which were as daring as they were novel. Such a work naturally raised a storm of criticism, the bitterest part of which, to Berlioz, was, as always throughout his life, that the readiest recognition of his genius came not from his own countrymen but from abroad. "Paris, Paris!" was always his cry; "let Paris hear of my triumphs!" In the most brilliant of his subsequent honors in other countries this thought was always uppermost. But Paris was heedless; and it will always remain an artistic disgrace to the French that they willfully ignored the presence among them of one of the most remarkable and original, if not one of the greatest, figures in music.

The courtship and marriage of Berlioz with Henrietta Smithson, the English Shakespearian actress, was very characteristic of him. Miss Smithson had come to Paris with a company of English actors, and, strangely enough, their interpretation of Shakespeare met with great sympathy, especially at the hands of the Parisian students. Berlioz first saw his future wife in the part of Ophelia. He was profoundly impressed by her personal charm, and still more by her power as an interpreter of an entirely new range of poetic emotion. "The effect of her prodigious talent, or

rather of her dramatic genius, upon my heart and imagination," he says in his "Mémoires," "is only comparable to the complete overturning which the poet, whose worthy interpreter she was, caused in me. Shakespeare thus coming on me suddenly, struck me as with a thunderbolt. His lightning opened the heaven of art to me with a sublime crash, and lighted up its farthest depths; I recognized what real dramatic grandeur, beauty, and truth were. I measured at the same time the boundless inanity of our French notions of Shakespeare, and the pitiful poverty of our old poetry of pedagogues and ragged-school teachers."

His identification of this beautiful girl with his poetic ideal kindled all the passion of his nature; and after many desperate shifts, and days and nights of self-torture, he succeeded in gaining her acquaintance, and at last made his love known to her. She would at first hardly credit the existence of this adoration at the hands of an unknown admirer, and Berlioz's vehemence rather frightened than attracted her. Her departure from Paris caused him a terrible access of melancholy; but, to his great joy, when he returned from Rome he found Miss Smithson again in Paris, this time about to attempt the management of a theater where English performances of Shakespeare should be the attraction. More ardently than ever he pressed his suit, and at last she yielded to his importunity and promised to be his wife.

The course of their courtship was, as any who knew Berlioz would expect, no placid one. He was alternately in the heights of happiness or the depths of despair, according as he seemed to deserve the smiles or frowns of his lady-love. The following letter was

no doubt written in one of his most agitated moods, and the result of some lover's quarrel.

"To Miss Henrietta Smithson,
Rue de Rivoli, Hôtel du Congrès.

If you would not see me dead, in the name of pity —I dare not say of love—let me know when I can see you. I ask for mercy, pardon at your hands, on my knees and in tears! Miserable being that I am, I cannot believe that I deserve my present sufferings; but I bless the blows which come from your hands. I await your reply as I would the sentence of my judge. H. Berlioz."

The prospect was not reassuring. Their respective families were resolutely opposed to the marriage, and Miss Smithson was beginning to realize disastrously that the apparent rage for Shakespeare had been nothing more than an ephemeral fancy of the fickle Parisians, and that she was rapidly losing all she had in the world. To add to her misfortunes, she fell as she was getting out of her carriage at the theater door, and fractured her ankle so seriously that it was evident a permanent lameness was inevitable.

At this crisis Berlioz, in a most chivalrous spirit, offered, though he had but little money himself, to pay her debts and marry her at once, which he did. "On the day of our marriage," he wrote, "she had nothing in the world but debts, and the fear of never again being able to appear to advantage on the stage. My property consisted of three hundred francs, borrowed from a friend, and a fresh quarrel with my parents.

But she was mine, and I defied the world!" Poor Berlioz! The inevitable disillusionment came when, after a few years of infatuated happiness, he realized that his ideal was only a very human woman, fast becoming a fretful and imperious invalid, with little sympathy for his aspirations and little patience with his enthusiasm. He eventually separated from her; but to the last he shared with her his small income as generously as lay in his power, and for their son Louis he cherished the warmest affection. Louis entered the navy, and his loss at sea, when still a comparatively young man, was a terrible blow to his father and hastened his death.

His enemies having prevented his appointment to a professorship at the Conservatoire, Berlioz was obliged to eke out the small sum his compositions brought him by writing musical criticism and epigrammatic and trenchant articles upon musical matters, in which he satirized his enemies with no lenient hand. Full of the artist's desire to produce noble work, he was exasperated to the last degree at the necessity for occupying his time in such a manner as this. "I would be willing to stand all day," he wrote, "baton in hand, training a chorus, singing their parts myself, and beating the measure till cramp seizes my arm; I would carry desks, double basses, harps; remove platforms, nail planks like a porter or a carpenter, and then spend the night in rectifying the errors of engravers or copyists. That I have done, do, and will do. That belongs to my musical life, and I would bear it, without thinking of it, as a hunter bears the thousand fatigues of the chase. But to scribble eternally for a livelihood——!"

The last thirty years of his life were a perpetual conflict. The neglect of his music in Paris—owing mainly to the cabals formed against him by his enemies and the bitterness with which they pursued him, but owing also to the insipidity of the prevalent French taste—kept him constantly on the verge of poverty; and to avoid that he was forced to give up a great part of his time to the hated "scribbling," while longing for the leisure to compose works worthy of his imagination.

At the same time, though his large works were few they were unmistakably great. The "Symphonie fantastique" already mentioned, the two symphonies "Harold en Italie" and "Roméo et Juliette," and above all his dramatic legend "La Damnation de Faust" are examples of a genius of no common order. Berlioz thrice attempted opera in his mature years. In 1838 he produced an opera on the subject of "Benvenuto Cellini"; and, though it was disastrously received, Liszt, Paganini, and Spontini believed in it, and encouraged Berlioz in spite of its fate. He made the attempt again, a few years before his death, with "Les Troyens" and "Béatrice et Bénédict," but the result was no happier. He died in Paris, March 9, 1869.

The secret at once of Berlioz's weakness and of his strength lies in the essence of his own genius—he was as much a poet as a musician. His imagination was literary rather than musical. He did not conceive in terms of music but in terms of literature, and afterward translated his conception into the language of sound. This does not affect the value of his work in the extension of musical form and in orchestral technique, but it seriously affects the value of his own pro-

ductions. It is this that gives Berlioz's orchestral music what we may call its experimental character. He does not give the impression of recording emotion in music as Beethoven and Schubert do; he is always trying to find the right musical equivalent for ideas that presented themselves to his mind in a different medium. This is by no means the same thing as saying that Berlioz worked from a poetic basis; but, striving to put his literary ideas into a musical form he was continually outraging music, neglecting her limitations and forcing her to express things that by her nature she cannot express.

Some writers on music still continue to affirm that music cannot express definite emotions, and quote the works of Berlioz as an instance. Had Berlioz contented himself with making music express definite emotions his works would have been a triumphant refutation of this proposition. It was because he tried to make music express physical facts that he failed. Music, like all other arts, has limitations. Its province is to depict emotions, not to record facts. It was because Berlioz with his poet's imagination did not recognize these limitations, which a true musician instinctively feels, that so much of his orchestral music must be written down a failure. But even in his failure he accomplished great things. He brought new elements into music and gave her new resources. He was a true child of the romantic renaissance, a scorner of boundaries and a leaper over the fences of tradition. If some of his experiments recoiled upon his own head, others bore lasting fruit in the subsequent history of music.

To call him the creator of programme music, as

some have done, is erroneous. Programme music there had been before him in many senses. What he did that was new was to take a definite poetic narrative and translate it into the language of sound, following the development of the story step by step, as though he were writing a poem or painting a picture. Even this had been attempted by Weber, but Berlioz carried the idea much further, using infinitely more elaborate technique.

But though Berlioz's own works are marred by grave defects and do not appear to have in them the seeds of immortality, his influence upon those who came after him can hardly be overestimated. He enlarged the boundaries of musical form, he opened new vistas of expression to the world. Not merely by his sublime disregard of tradition and by his restless search for new means of expression is he the herald of the revolution in music that the nineteenth century witnessed, but his extraordinary mastery of the orchestra practically revolutionized the whole system of instrumental music. Berlioz handled the orchestra as nobody had handled it before his day. He is the first of the great colorists; indeed, to him color was at least as important as design. He knew every secret of instrumental effect, wielding his orchestra as a painter wields his brush and palette. His famous "Traité d'instrumentation" marks an epoch in the history of music. The book is like a romance. To Berlioz's eye the orchestra was a land of fairies peopled with beings whom his magic touch could call into life. He talks of musical instruments almost as if they were alive, dilating upon the special qualities of each, and its capacity for expressing certain shades

of emotion, with a knowledge and sympathy that seem to have been born in him.

Berlioz has often been compared to Victor Hugo, another child of the romantic movement. What Victor Hugo did for poetry Berlioz did for music; the verbal magic of the one, his delight in the sheer beauty of words, and his power of drawing sudden loveliness from their combined harmonies, recalls the marvelous orchestral touch of the other and his rapture in the mere glory of orchestral color.

The essential qualities of Berlioz's genius made it only natural that his best work should be found in his vocal compositions. There are marvelous things in the "Symphonie fantastique" and "Harold en Italie." The unmistakable seal of genius is upon them, but neither is satisfactory as a whole. Berlioz is himself, of course, the hero of both works, but is it the real Berlioz we find there? Is it not rather Berlioz as he wished to appear to the world, Berlioz seen through Byronic spectacles? Even in his "Roméo et Juliette," that strange and unsatisfactory compound of symphony, cantata, and opera, the Byronic Berlioz is still with us. Berlioz was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare and had saturated himself with Shakespeare's plays, but in his Romeo there is a great deal more of Byron than of Shakespeare. Berlioz's love-music is nearly always maudlin and affected, and the love-scene in "Roméo et Juliette" has not a suggestion of the virile passion of Shakespeare.

To say that Berlioz's music is best when it is least subjective is almost the same thing as saying that he was a great artist but not a great man—and this is perhaps the truth about him put as briefly as possible.

Berlioz's personality, to be perfectly frank, is not engaging. It is possible to sympathize with his trials and disappointments—and he had many—without feeling any overmastering admiration for the man himself. He was naturally self-conscious, and his self-consciousness was increased by his lifelong struggle to win recognition from the world in which he lived. He was emphatically not one of those men to whom art is enough. Success was the breath of life to him, and he fought for it with all his strength. His constant endeavor to impress the world with a sense of his greatness undoubtedly affected his music. It led him into extravagances and sensationalism, which possibly in his later days he may have deplored.

A man of this type is found at his best in works which lead him away from himself, and thus we find Berlioz's strongest and finest music not in those works, such as the "Symphonie fantastique" and "Harold en Italie," in which, roughly speaking, he is writing about himself, but in his "Te Deum," his "Requiem," and his "Damnation de Faust," in which a fine subject appeals to his imagination, and takes him into a new world of thought and emotion. In his two great ecclesiastical works we have him at his best. Berlioz worked best with a vast canvas and a broad scheme of color. The "Te Deum" and "Requiem" are colossal in conception, and carried out with splendid mastery of detail. There is a primitive grandeur about this music of his, which has rarely been reached by other composers.

Heine said of Berlioz: "He makes me think of vast mammoths and other extinct animals, of fabulous empires filled with fabulous crimes, and other enormous

possibilities"—a happy description of the dim, cloudy grandeur of such splendid achievements of musical imagination as, for instance, the "Judex crederis," a conception of the Last Judgment which may well be ranked with that of Michael Angelo. In the "Damnation de Faust" the scheme is less grandiose, but the color is richer, and the emotion more profound.

Berlioz sent the kernel of his work—the eight scenes from "Faust" which he wrote in 1828—to Goethe, but the offering was never acknowledged. Probably the sedulous Zelter, whose life was devoted to keeping all other musicians outside the Olympian circle, intercepted it or at any rate prevented Goethe from studying it. Whether Goethe would have approved of it as an interpretation of his own poem may be doubted, but he would have appreciated the earnestness of the musician. Berlioz's Faust is a very different person from Goethe's, and the work as a whole is somewhat unsatisfactory, being too dramatic in style for the concert-room and not dramatic enough for the stage, as recent attempts to play it as an opera have conclusively proved; but Berlioz put his best and most living work into it, and if not altogether successful as a transcription of Goethe's "Faust," it is unquestionably the finest piece of music inspired by the poem that has been given to the world as yet. Berlioz's operas show as plainly as does his "Faust" that he had not the dramatic gift. His "Troyens" has many noble pages, often showing unmistakable traces of the enthusiasm for Gluck that was one of Berlioz's earliest and most lasting emotions, but the atmosphere of the work is epic rather than dramatic, and on the stage "Les Troyens" leaves the spectator cold.

Of all great composers, few have left behind them less music that can sincerely be called great, and as time goes on it is probable that Berlioz will figure less and less actively as a direct influence in music. An indirect influence he must always be. The man who gave us the modern orchestra and showed us how to use it must always be a historical figure of supreme interest, even when, as Wagner aptly said, the musician in him is buried beneath the ruins of his own machines.

Apropos of the performance of selections from Berlioz by the Symphony Society of New York, on February 6, 1910, a writer in "The Sun" made these interesting observations:

"The music of Berlioz, like the man that created it, occupies a place by itself, being singular, piquant, utterly sincere, and largely autobiographic. Volumes have been written about these scores, and it has been truthfully said that the letters and journals left by the brilliant Frenchman contain at least as much of human interest as the music to which he dedicated his chief activities. The programmes upon which Berlioz based his scores do not properly end with the titles and subtitles appearing on the printed page. These are only the external symbols of what the composer put into his works. The real programmes are to be found in the autobiographic fragments contemporary with them in Berlioz's own stories of his hopes and passions.

"Look through his letters to Humbert Ferrand and others describing the shocks and ecstasies, the strains and agonies that made up his soul life. Hear him recount his fantastic and humorous adventures, note his

courageous way of meeting an enemy or demanding a loan, and after thus gaining a literary acquaintance with the man listen to his music. His themes will have gained nothing in intrinsic beauty; their saline character will remain unchanged; yet the hearer can scarcely fail to derive added pleasure from these scores, because they will round out for him the true portrait of an exceptional and fascinating man and a resolute fighter."

LISZT

(1811-1886)

FRANZ LISZT

FRANZ LISZT was one of the favorites of fortune, and his success is perhaps unequaled, certainly unsurpassed in the history of art. At his first public appearance at Vienna, January 1, 1823, his genius was acknowledged with an enthusiasm in which the whole musical republic, from Beethoven down to the obscurest dilettante, joined unanimously. His concert tours were so many triumphal progresses through a country which extended from Madrid to St. Petersburg, and in which he was acknowledged as the king of pianists; and the same success accompanied all that he undertook in life. When, tired of the shallow fame of the virtuoso, he devoted himself to composition, he had, it is true, at first to encounter the usual obstacles of popular indifference and professional ill will. But these were soon overcome by his energy, and Liszt lived to see his works admired by many and ignored by none. As an orchestral conductor also he added laurels to his wreath.

Liszt was born October 22, 1811, at Raiding, in Hungary. He was the son of Adam Liszt, an official in the imperial service, and a musical amateur of sufficient attainment to instruct his son in the rudiments of pianoforte-playing. At the age of nine young Liszt made his first appearance in public at Oldenburg with such success that several Hungarian noblemen guaran-

teed him sufficient means to continue his studies for six years. For that purpose he went to Vienna, and took lessons from Czerny on the pianoforte and from Salieri and Randhartinger in composition. The latter introduced the lad to his friend Franz Schubert.

His first appearance in print was probably in a variation (the 24th) on a waltz of Diabelli's, one of fifty contributed by the most eminent artists of the day, for which Beethoven, when asked for a single variation, wrote thirty-three (Op. 120). The collection, entitled "Vaterländische Künstler-Verein," was published in June, 1823. In the same year he proceeded to Paris, where it was hoped that his rapidly growing reputation would gain him admission at the Conservatoire in spite of his foreign origin. But Cherubini refused to make an exception in his favor, and he continued his studies under Reicha and Paer. Shortly afterward he also made his first serious attempt at composition, and an operetta in one act, called "Don Sanche," was produced at the Académie Royale, October 17, 1825, and well received.

Artistic tours to Switzerland and England, accompanied by brilliant success, occupy the period till the year 1827, when Liszt lost his father and was thrown on his own resources to provide for himself and his mother. During his stay in Paris, where he settled for some years, he became acquainted with the leaders of French literature, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and George Sand, the influence of whose works may be discovered in his compositions. For a time also he became an adherent of Saint-Simon, but soon reverted to the Catholic religion, to which, as an artist and as a man, he ever after devoutly adhered. In 1834 he be-

came acquainted with the Comtesse d'Agoult, better known by her literary name of "Daniel Stern," who for a long time remained attached to him and by whom he had three children. Two of these, a son and a daughter, the wife of M. Ollivier, the French statesman, are dead. The third, Cosima, is the widow of Richard Wagner.

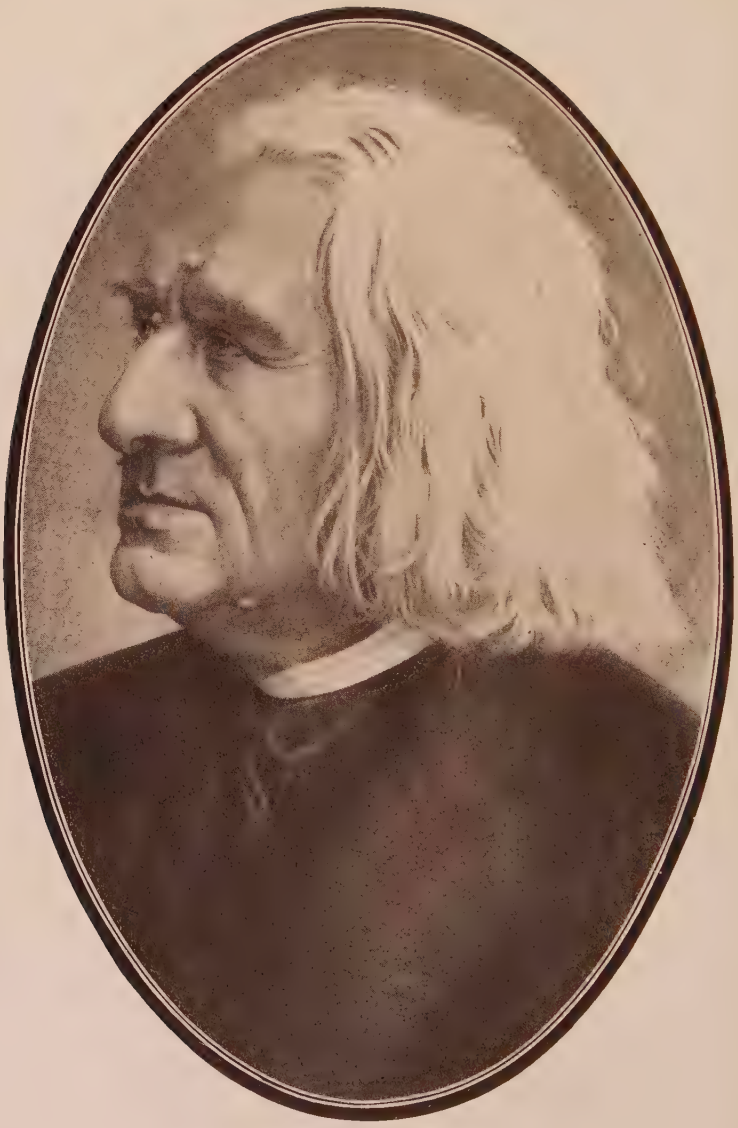
The public concerts which Liszt gave during the latter part of his stay in Paris placed his claim to the first rank among pianists on a firm basis, and at last he was induced, much against his will, to adopt the career of a virtuoso proper. The interval from 1839 to 1847 Liszt spent in traveling almost incessantly from one country to another, being often received with an enthusiasm unequaled in the annals of art. In England he played at the Philharmonic concerts of May 21, 1827, May 11, 1840, June 8, 1840, and June 14, 1841. His reception seems to have been less warm than was expected, and Liszt, with his usual generosity, at once undertook to bear the loss that might have fallen on his agent. Of this generosity numerous instances might be cited. The charitable purposes to which Liszt's genius was subservient are legion, and in this respect as well as in that of technical perfection he is unrivaled among virtuosi.

The disaster caused at Pesth by the inundation of the Danube (1837) was considerably alleviated by the princely sum—the result of several concerts—contributed by this artist; and when two years later a considerable sum had been collected for a statue to be erected to him at Pesth, he insisted upon the money being given to a struggling young sculptor, whom he moreover assisted from his private means. The poor

of Raiding also had cause to remember the visit paid by Liszt to his native village about the same time. It is well known that Beethoven's monument at Bonn owed its existence, or at least its speedy completion, to Liszt's liberality. When the subscriptions for the purpose began to fail, Liszt offered to pay the balance required from his own pocket, provided only that the choice of the sculptor should be left to him.

From about 1840 dates Liszt's more intimate connection with Weimar, where in 1849 he settled for the space of twelve years. This stay was to be fruitful in more than one sense. When he closed his career as a virtuoso, and accepted a permanent engagement as conductor of the Court Theater at Weimar, he did so with the distinct purpose of becoming the advocate of the rising musical generation, by the performance of such works as were written regardless of immediate success, and therefore had little chance of seeing the light of the stage. At short intervals eleven operas of living composers were either performed for the first time or revived on the Weimar stage. Among these may be counted such works as "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "The Flying Dutchman" of Wagner, "Benvenuto Cellini" by Berlioz, Schumann's "Genoveva" and music to Byron's "Manfred." Schubert's "Alfonso and Estrella" was also rescued from oblivion by Liszt's exertions.

For a time it seemed as if this small provincial city were once more to be the artistic center of Germany, as it had been in the days of Goethe, Schiller, and Herder. From all sides musicians and amateurs flocked to Weimar, to witness the astonishing feats to which a small but excellent community of singers and



LISZT

instrumentalists were inspired by the genius of their leader. In this way was formed the nucleus of a group of young and enthusiastic musicians, who, whatever may be thought of their aims and achievements, were at any rate inspired by perfect devotion to music and its poetical aims. It was, indeed, at these Weimar gatherings that the musicians who formed the so-called School of the Future, till then unknown to each other and divided locally and mentally, came first to a clear understanding of their powers and aspirations. How much the personal fascination of Liszt contributed to this desired effect can scarcely be overstated. Among the numerous pupils on the pianoforte to whom he at the same period opened the invaluable treasure of his technical experience, may be mentioned Hans von Bülow, the worthy disciple of such a master.

But, in a still higher sense, the soil of Weimar, with its great traditions, was to prove a field of richest harvest. When, as early as 1842, Liszt undertook the direction of a certain number of concerts every year at Weimar, his friend Duverger predicted his development from the character of a virtuoso into that of a composer. This presage was verified by a number of compositions which, whatever may be the final verdict on their merits, have at any rate done much to elucidate some of the most important questions in art. From these works of his mature years his early compositions, mostly for the pianoforte, ought to be distinguished. In the latter Liszt the virtuoso predominates over Liszt the composer. Not, for instance, that his "transcriptions" of operatic music are without superior merits. Every one of them shows the refined musician, and for the development of pianoforte tech-

nique, especially in rendering orchestral effects, they are of the greatest importance. They also tend to prove Liszt's catholicity of taste; for all schools are equally represented in them, and a selection from Wagner's "Lohengrin" is found side by side with the Dead March from Donizetti's "Don Sebastian."

To point out even the most important among these selections and arrangements would far exceed the limits of this sketch. More important are the original pieces for the pianoforte also belonging to this earlier epoch and collected under such names as "Consolations" and "Années de pélerinage," but even in these, charming and interesting in many respects as they are, it would be difficult to discover the germs of Liszt's later productiveness. The stage of preparation and imitation through which all young composers have to go, Liszt passed at the piano and not at the desk. This is well pointed out in Wagner's pamphlet on the "Symphonic Poems":

"He who has had frequent opportunities," writes Wagner, "particularly in a friendly circle, of hearing Liszt play—for instance, Beethoven—must have understood that this was not mere reproduction, but real production. The actual point of division between these two things is not so easily determined as most people believe, but so much I have ascertained beyond a doubt, that, in order to reproduce Beethoven, one must be able to produce with him. It would be impossible to make this understood by those who have, in all their life, heard nothing but the ordinary performances and renderings by virtuosi of Beethoven's works. Into the growth and essence of such renderings I have, in the course of time, gained so sad an

insight, that I prefer not to offend anybody by expressing myself more clearly. I ask, on the other hand, all who have heard, for instance, Beethoven's Op. 106 or Op. 111 (the two great sonatas in B flat and C) played by Liszt in a friendly circle, what they previously knew of those creations, and what they learned of them on those occasions? If this was reproduction, then surely it was worth a great deal more than all the sonatas reproducing Beethoven which are 'produced' by our pianoforte composers in imitation of those imperfectly comprehended works. It was simply the peculiar mode of Liszt's development to do at the piano what others achieve with pen and ink; and who can deny that even the greatest and most original master, in his first period, does nothing but reproduce? It ought to be added that during this reproductive epoch, the work even of the greatest genius never has the value and importance of the master works which it reproduces, its own value and importance being attained only by the manifestation of distinct originality. It follows that Liszt's activity during his first and reproductive period surpasses everything done by others under parallel circumstances. For he placed the value and importance of the works of his predecessors in the fullest light, and thus raised himself almost to the same height with the composers he reproduced."

These remarks at the same time will to a large extent account for the unique place which Liszt holds among modern representatives of his instrument, and it will be unnecessary to say anything of the phenomenal technique which enabled him to concentrate his whole mind on the intentions of the composer.

The works of Liszt's mature period may be most

conveniently classed under four headings. First: works for the pianoforte with and without orchestral accompaniments. The two concertos in E flat and A, and the fifteen "Hungarian Rhapsodies" are the most important works of this group, the latter especially illustrating the strongly pronounced national element in Liszt. The representative works of the second or orchestral section of Liszt's works are the "Faust" symphony in three tableaux, the "Dante" symphony, and the twelve "Symphonic Poems." It is in these "Symphonic Poems" that Liszt's mastery over the orchestra and his claims to originality are chiefly shown.

It is true that the idea of programme music, such as we find it illustrated here, had been anticipated by Berlioz. Another important feature, the "leading motive" (i.e., a theme representative of a character or idea, and therefore recurring whenever that character or that idea comes into prominent action), Liszt has adopted from Wagner. At the same time these ideas appear in his music in a considerably modified form. Speaking, for instance, of programme music, it is at once apparent that the significance of that term is understood in a very different sense by Berlioz and by Liszt. Berlioz, like a true Frenchman, is thinking of a distinct story or dramatic situation, of which he takes care to inform the reader by means of a commentary; Liszt, on the contrary, emphasizes chiefly the pictorial and symbolic bearings of his theme, and in the first-named respect especially is perhaps unsurpassed by modern symphonists. Even where an event has become the motive of his symphonic poem, it is always from a single feature of a more or less musically realizable nature that he takes his suggestion,

and from this he proceeds to the deeper significance of his subject, without much regard for the incidents of the story. It is for this reason that, for example, in his "Mazeppa" he has chosen Victor Hugo's somewhat pompous production as the groundwork of his music, in preference to Byron's more celebrated and more beautiful poem. The symbolic element imported into the story by Hugo, far-fetched though it may appear in the poem, is of incalculable advantage to the musician. It gives esthetic dignity and higher significance to the realistic incidents of the subject, and makes the whole to represent, not an individual passing through one dramatic adventure, but man himself in his divine career—man gifted with genius destined for ultimate triumph.

A more elevated subject than the struggle and final victory of genius an artist cannot well desire, and no fault can be found with Liszt, provided always that the introduction of pictorial and poetic elements into music is thought to be permissible. Neither can the melodic means employed by him in rendering this subject be objected to. In the opening *allegro agitato* descriptive of Mazeppa's ride, strong accents and rapid rhythms naturally prevail; but together with this merely external matter occurs an impressive theme (first announced by the basses and trombones), evidently representative of the hero himself, and for that reason repeated again and again throughout the piece. The second section, *andante,* which brings welcome rest after the breathless hurry of the *allegro,* is in its turn relieved by a brilliant march, with an original Cossack tune by way of trio, the abstract idea of triumphant genius being in this manner ingeniously identified

with Mazeppa's success among "the tribes of the Ukraine."

From these remarks Liszt's method, applied with slight modification in all his symphonic poems, is sufficiently clear; but the difficult problem remains to be solved, How can these philosophic and pictorial ideas become the nucleus of a new musical form to supply the place of the old symphonic movement? Wagner asks the question "whether it is not more noble and more liberating for music to adopt its form from the conception of the Orpheus or Prometheus motive than from the dance or march?" but he forgets that dance and march have a distinct and tangible relation to musical form, which neither Prometheus nor Orpheus, nor indeed any other character or abstract idea, possesses. The solution of this problem must be left to a future time, when it will also be possible to determine the permanent position of Liszt's symphonic works in the history of art.

The legend of St. Elizabeth, a kind of oratorio, full of great beauty, but sadly weighed down by a tedious libretto, leads the way to the third section—the sacred compositions. Here the "Graner Mass," the "Missa Choralis," the mass for small voices, and the oratorio "Christus" are the chief works. The 13th Psalm, for tenor, chorus, and orchestra, may also be mentioned. The accentuation of the subjective or personal element, combined as far as possible with a deep reverence for the old forms of Church music, is the keynote of Liszt's sacred compositions.

We finally come to a fourth division not hitherto sufficiently appreciated by Liszt's critics—his songs. It is here perhaps that his intensity of feeling, em-

bodied in melody pure and simple, finds its most perfect expression. Such settings as those of Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume," or Redwitz's "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein" are conceived in the true spirit of the Volkslied. At other times a greater liberty in the rhythmical phrasing of the music is warranted by the meter of the poem itself, as, for instance, in Goethe's wonderful night-song, "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'," the heavenly calm of which Liszt has rendered by his wonderful harmonies in a manner which alone would secure him a place among the great masters of German song. Particularly, the modulation from G major back into the original E major at the close of the piece is of surprising beauty. Less happy is the dramatic way in which such ballads as Heine's "Lorelei" and Goethe's "König in Thule" are treated. Here the melody is sacrificed to the declamatory element, and that declamation, especially in the last-named song, is not always faultless. Victor Hugo's "Comment disaient-ils" is one of the most graceful songs among Liszt's works, and in musical literature generally.

The remaining facts of Liszt's life may be summed up in a few words. In 1859 he left his official position at the Opera in Weimar owing to the captious opposition made to the production of Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," at the Weimar theater. From that time he lived at intervals at Rome, Pesth, and Weimar, always surrounded by a circle of pupils and admirers, and always working for music and musicians in the unselfish and truly catholic spirit characteristic of his whole life. How much Liszt can be to a man and an artist is shown by what perhaps is the most important episode even in his interesting career—his friendship

with Wagner, whose eloquent acknowledgment of the debt he owed to Liszt is one of the most gratifying passages in modern biography. (See the sketch of Wagner.) Liszt died at Bayreuth, Bavaria, July 31, 1886.

If a given number of middle-aged amateurs were questioned as to who was the greatest musician of their time there would probably be almost as many opinions as men, but as to who was the most brilliant and charming hardly any doubt is conceivable. The name of Franz Liszt illuminates the greater part of the nineteenth century with a radiance that throws all lesser luminaries into the shade. In him a marvelous endowment joined with nobility and sweetness of temperament to form a personality of singular fascination. Liszt the pianist is already a matter of history; Liszt the composer is still a subject for debate; but Liszt the man is a living force of sovereign power. What the history of music in the nineteenth century would have been if Liszt had never existed it is difficult to say—probably something very different from what it is.

The career of Wagner, without Liszt's ever watchful care and constant friendship, might have ended in irretrievable disaster, and apart from his position as foster-parent to all that was best in contemporary music, the personal influence that he exerted upon generation after generation of pupils can hardly be estimated too highly in the history of musical development.

Liszt set his mark unmistakably upon piano music, founding in fact an entirely new school of technique, and one which has had an enormous influence upon all

piano literature since his day, and his compositions of other kinds are still in the standard repertoire. His own compositions were judged by his contemporaries to be at least as much in advance of their time as those of the young composers whom he befriended, and Liszt's reputation as a composer seems not to diminish with the passing years.

Besides commentaries on Wagner's works, "the convincing eloquence and overpowering efficacy of which," said Wagner, "remain unequaled," Liszt wrote numerous detached articles and pamphlets, of which those on Robert Franz, Chopin, and the music of the Gypsies, are the most important.

WAGNER

(1813-1883)

RICHARD WAGNER

I

THE subject of this sketch, Wilhelm Richard Wagner (to give his name in full), was born at Leipzig, Germany, May 22, 1813. His remarkable musical genius did not manifest itself by any precocity in his boyhood. At that period of his life, though he had a certain facility in music, he was most strongly attracted by tales of romance or anything that savored of the supernatural. Stories are told of his unconquerable habit, when a child, of peopling a dark room with every variety of blood-curdling apparition. In the dead of night he and his little half-sister Cecilia would lie awake for hours while he described the ghosts conjured up by his vivid imagination in all the corners of their bedroom, Cecilia impersonating the specters to the extent of "speaking their words."

At school, where he gained among his fellows a reputation as a writer of verse, his studies were none too zealously pursued except in the direction where his tastes lay—ancient history, mythology (especially the old Greek legends), and eventually, when he had mastered a smattering of English, the tragedies of Shakespeare. The result of all this was a most truculent tragedy, written when he was eleven. "It was a

kind of compound of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear,'" he says, "and the design was grand in the extreme. Forty-two persons died in the course of the play, and want of living characters compelled me to allow most of them to reappear in the last act as ghosts."

More significant is the fact that, shortly after this, Wagner was present at a performance of Goethe's "Egmont" with Beethoven's incidental music, which so impressed him that he resolved, with a delightful disregard of his ignorance of the art, to compose a musical accompaniment to his tragedy. His early discovery of the stumbling-blocks in the path of the would-be composer led him to begin a course of musical study, which he pursued enthusiastically, if somewhat spasmodically. He was at any rate wise in his choice of a model. "I doubt," wrote a friend of his, "whether there was ever a young musician more familiar with the works of Beethoven than was Wagner at the age of eighteen. He possessed most of that master's overtures and larger instrumental works in copies made by himself. He went to bed with the sonatas and rose with the quartets, he sang the songs and whistled the concerti."

As might have been expected, his early ambition in composition far outstripped his powers, and his first productions were more remarkable for the scale upon which they were planned than for any great merit. These various attempts served their purpose in emphasizing to him the fact that it was useless to start unequipped with a knowledge of those harmonic rules which, to his eager spirit, had seemed so artificial and so needlessly arbitrary. Of the performance of a "Grand Overture," his first orchestral work which saw

the light, he afterward wrote: "This was the culminating point of my absurdities. The public was fairly puzzled by it, and particularly by the persistence of the drum-player, who had to give a loud beat every four bars from beginning to end! The audience at first grew impatient, but in the end regarded the whole thing as a joke."

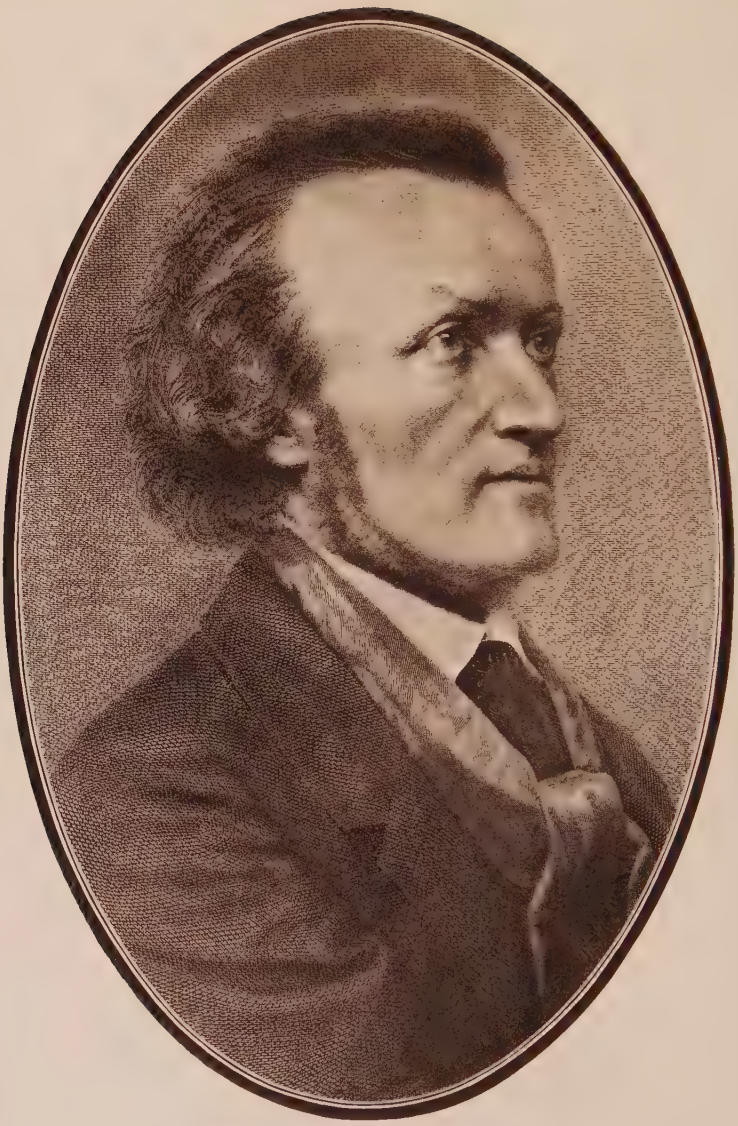
Thrown on his own resources at an early age, Wagner gladly accepted the humble post of chorus-master at the Würzburg Theater, where his brother combined the offices of principal tenor and stage-manager. This led to an appointment at Magdeburg as director of a small operatic company, and eventually to a similar position at Königsberg, where Wagner married one of the leading actresses. "The year was passed among the pettiest cares," he wrote, "utterly a loss to me as far as my art was concerned"; but he had at least gained much valuable experience concerning the management of an orchestra, though his restless and imperious disposition rendered him more and more impatient of a position socially as well as artistically beneath him.

Paris was at this time the focus of activity in the operatic world, and it was thither that Wagner's hopes turned. While at Königsberg, he had conceived the plan of a grand opera upon the subject of Lytton's "Rienzi," and in his dreams he pictured the enthusiastic reception of this at the Paris Opera and his own immediate enjoyment of fame and wealth. Full of confidence, he wrote to the famous dramatist Scribe proposing that the latter should undertake the preparation of the libretto of "Rienzi," and should, moreover, insure its acceptance at the Opera! This request

naturally produced no result; and Wagner, having completed the poetry himself and written the greater part of the music, set out with his wife for Paris, armed with a recommendatory letter from Meyerbeer and the firm determination that his "Rienzi" should be produced.

Unfortunately the whole journey was a failure. After a stormy voyage he arrived in Paris in the autumn of 1839, and at once submitted his work to the directors of the Opera. They would have none of it, and to gain a bare livelihood Wagner was driven to the drudgery of the meanest literary hack-work. His disappointment was intense, for he had imagined "Rienzi" to possess all the elements of a brilliant popular success that would put his name into the mouth of every one. "I had a splendid grand opera before me," he says, "and my ambition was not only to imitate, but with reckless extravagance to surpass, all that had gone before, in brilliant finales, hymns, processions, and musical clang of arms." But all his efforts to obtain a hearing in Paris were vain; and meanwhile his circumstances were going from bad to worse, and he could scarcely maintain a hand-to-mouth existence.

At last, in the spring of 1831, he gave up the Paris fight as hopeless, and went to live at Meudon, where he could at least exist in comparative quiet. Ever since his voyage he had been haunted by a singular impression made upon his fancy by the wildness of the North Sea; and the legend of "The Flying Dutchman," as he heard it confirmed by the lips of the sailors, took on for him a definite coloring such as only the experiences he had passed through could have given. And now, smarting under the disappointment of his hopes,



WAGNER

he was more than ever fascinated by the story of the ill-starred Vanderdecken, whose lot of friendless solitariness seemed to him to reflect his own.

The result was that he found, as many of the greatest musicians before him had found, consolation in his art; and, having given up the idea of writing operas with the sole aim of making a brilliant bid for fame, he began to write from his heart. The plan of "The Flying Dutchman" was sketched out, the libretto written, "and then," he says, "to compose the music I needed a piano; for, after a nine months' interruption of all kinds of musical production, I had to work myself back into the musical atmosphere. I hired a piano, but when it came I walked round and round it in an agony of anxiety; I feared to find I was no longer a musician. I began with the 'Sailor's Chorus' and the 'Spinning Song'; everything went easily, fluently, and I actually shouted for joy as I felt through my whole being that I was still an artist. In seven weeks the opera was finished."

An unexpected change of fortune was in store for him. "Rienzi" was accepted for performance at Dresden, and in 1842 he went thither to superintend its production. This was attended with brilliant success, and gained for the composer the welcome appointment of conductor to the Dresden Opera. "The Flying Dutchman" was performed shortly afterward, and in 1845 "Tannhäuser" was produced. The reception of this was by no means as unanimously favorable as that of its predecessor. In it Wagner finally broke away from the arbitrary traditions of previous opera, and inaugurated a species of musical drama which was destined to revolutionize the art.

What is incomprehensible to the ordinary spirit of the time is certain to meet with abuse, and the case of Wagner's operatic innovations was no exception to the rule. The attitude of the press and of the greater portion of the musical world was bitterly hostile, and we may well believe that it was in great measure his sense of undeserved isolation and his weariness of misunderstanding that drove Wagner to take the part he did in the abortive revolutionary movement of 1848.

His sarcastic pen was invaluable to the political agitators who fomented the insurrectionary spirit in Dresden; and so deeply involved with them did Wagner become that, when in the following year the Prussian authority was forcibly asserted, he was one of the first who were obliged to protect themselves by voluntary exile. In his place of refuge at Zurich we may be sure that he repented the lengths to which his impetuous resentment had carried him. He had cut himself off from friends and country, and (what was of still greater moment to him) from all chance of seeing his works performed where he would most have wished it.

He must have felt this the more as, not long before settling in Zurich, he had completed his opera "Lohengrin"—a work whose beauty, had it been possible to perform it at Dresden, might have gone far toward removing the prejudice which existed against his music. There, however, political and personal feeling was allowed so seriously to affect artistic judgment that, even had it been possible to produce it, it is doubtful whether he would have made the attempt. In some ways it was perhaps fortunate; for when "Lohengrin"

eventually saw the light two years later at Weimar, it was under circumstances more favorable than Wagner could have hoped for.

Its first performance is connected with the commencement of the lifelong friendship between Wagner and Liszt—a friendship which certainly was everything to Wagner, as we can read in the correspondence that passed between them, and which was on Liszt's part an unequaled example of generous self-abnegation in favor of a greater genius. At this crisis in his life Wagner was sorely in need of sympathy. "I was," he wrote at the time, "thoroughly disheartened from undertaking any new artistic scheme. Only recently I had had experience of the impossibility of making my art intelligible to the public, and all this deterred me from beginning new dramatic works. Indeed, I thought that everything was forever at an end with regard to my creativeness. From this state of mental dejection I was raised by a friend. By the most undeniable proofs he made me feel that I was not deserted, but, on the contrary, sympathetically understood by many who were otherwise most distant from me; in this way he restored to me my full artistic confidence. The man who has been this wonderful friend to me is Franz Liszt."

Wagner first met Liszt during his earliest visit to Paris, at the time when his fruitless efforts to gain a hearing at the Opera had filled him with bitterness and set his whole being in revolt against the artistic world. At their meeting Liszt appeared to Wagner the embodiment of all that contrasted most strongly with his own friendless and hopeless condition. In consequence, Wagner was inclined to look with sus-

picion upon this brilliant figure, the object of general love and admiration. Liszt's greeting of him was little more than perfunctory, nor was there, as Wagner afterward readily admitted, any reason why it should have been otherwise, as Liszt was in ignorance of the nature and aspirations of the unknown musician who was presented to him. Wagner, however, conceived an entirely unreasonable feeling of resentment, which he cherished for years, at what seemed to his tortured fancy to be Liszt's indifference to his struggles.

His violent expression of this sentiment reached Liszt's ears at the time when "Rienzi" was attracting the attention of the musical world at Dresden. Surprised to find himself so misunderstood by a man whom he scarcely knew, and full of a tender solicitude at the thought of having unconsciously hurt a sensitive character, Liszt made repeated and eager attempts to change Wagner's opinion of him, even before he knew anything of his work; and after witnessing a performance of "Rienzi" constituted himself openly a champion of its composer's fame.

When he next saw Liszt, Wagner was on his flight to Zurich. Halting for a few days in Thuringia, on his way into exile, he happened to pass through Weimar, where Liszt had settled. "The very day when my personal danger became a certainty," Wagner says, "I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my 'Tannhäuser,' and was astonished to recognize my second self in him. What I had felt in composing the music, he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down, he proclaimed in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend I gained, at the moment of becoming homeless, that

real home for my art for which I had longed and sought, always in the wrong place."

During his first days of exile, as Wagner sat, sick in mind and body, brooding over his fate, his eyes fell upon the score of his "Lohengrin," which in his distress he had totally forgotten. He relates how suddenly he "felt something like compassion that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper." He wrote at once to Liszt, begging for his aid, and received the answer that preparations should be made for the performance on the largest scale the limited resources of Weimar would permit. Wagner was enthusiastic over the manner in which Liszt worked to remove the errors and misconceptions which lay in the path of success, and had every reason to be gratified by the production of the opera, which took place in 1850.

It was naturally a source of much misery to Wagner that he had no opportunity of superintending or even witnessing the performance of his own works, and at the same time was perpetually goaded by the attacks which the German press never tired of directing against him. All the antagonism of his nature was aroused, and he attacked his enemies—authors, critics, and musicians—with a merciless pen. He was most unsparing in his denunciation of those who in his own art prostituted their powers for the sake of popular applause, making, to use his own expression, "a milch cow of the divine goddess." It is scarcely surprising under the circumstances that his invective was more distinguished by power than by discretion, and in consequence somewhat missed its mark.

At the same time it should be noted that Wagner,

when writing as theorist and not as critic or controversialist, was possessed of a considerable literary power, backed by a strong tendency toward philosophic speculation. His works on "Opera and Drama," "The Art-work of the Future," and "On Conducting," are full of earnest thought, and his theories are reasoned in the true philosophic spirit. His literary works include (besides the libretti of all his operas) treatises on theoretical music, politics, religion, history, and political economy, all these subjects being more or less treated as tending to a new phase of art, and of individual and national life as regenerated by it—this new art to consist in a perfect combination of music and poetry, interpreted by means of the stage. He even broached a theory of fashion; this, however, only concerns German ladies.

Convinced that, apart from the difficulties of his political position, he could not hope for a popular audience for his music, Wagner devoted himself more and more to his art for its own sake. It was during the first years of his exile that he framed the idea for his colossal work "Der Ring des Nibelungen," whose composition, with several interruptions, occupied him for more than twenty years. According to his first design it was to consist of an opera dealing with the legendary deeds of Siegfried, the hero of the earliest Teutonic myths, preceded by an introductory opera to be called "Siegfried's Youth." This scheme was gradually expanded, until it took the unprecedented form of a musical epic which should take four evenings in representation, consisting of an operatic prologue, "Das Rheingold," followed by the trilogy of operas "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung."

The libretto was finished in 1852, and during the three following years Wagner devoted himself entirely to the composition of the music.

This was delayed by his acceptance, in 1855, of the post of conductor to the London Philharmonic Society. This visit to London was, however, not a success. Though an admirable conductor, he did not seem able completely to gain the sympathy of the English orchestra, and his works found little favor in England at a time when Mendelssohn was the idol of musical amateurs. The press looked askance at this new genius, whose political as well as musical principles were revolutionary; and at the end of the season Wagner returned to his solitude in Switzerland.

During the next four years, though he never lost sight of the great tetralogy, he was mainly occupied in the composition of two operas of very different natures, "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg." The former of these, founded upon an old Celtic romance, is the most individual, as perhaps it is the most beautiful, of Wagner's works. Absolutely at variance with the traditional methods of opera, it possesses a poetic charm and a passionate reality never approached on the lyric stage. It is not too much to say that no composer has ever interpreted human passion as Wagner has done in passages of "Tristan und Isolde."

Nothing gives a more vivid impression of the versatility of his genius than to turn from this opera to "Die Meistersinger," in which the composer—by the mouth of the young knight whose singing, inspired by Love and taught by Nature, achieves a victory over the pedantic formalism of the meistersingers—pours

good-humored ridicule upon his opponents of the antiquated school. The opera is full of the joy of life, and contains lyrical passages of a graceful tenderness that Wagner has nowhere surpassed.

Early in 1860 Wagner gave three concerts in Paris. The chief outcome of these was an acrimonious battle in the newspapers between the mass of national and political prejudice on the one side, and on the other the convictions of a few musicians who, almost in spite of themselves, were forced to recognize Wagner's greatness. The chief object of this visit to Paris, however, was to arrange for a performance of "Tannhäuser" at the Grand Opera, which took place on March 13, 1861. The result was terrible. The opposition, whose origin was mainly political, was so riotous, and organized with such fatal success, that scarcely a note of the opera was allowed to be heard; and Wagner was once more obliged to accept defeat at the hands of the Parisians.

Meanwhile his fame had been spreading in other parts of the continent, and in 1863 he made a very successful concert tour through the principal cities of Russia. On his return he found a generous and devoted patron in the young King Ludwig II of Bavaria, who summoned him in 1864 to Munich, where in the following year "Tristan und Isolde" was produced, and also, three years later, "Die Meistersinger."

From this time Wagner devoted himself exclusively to the completion of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." As he worked he became even more possessed by the idea that to have its full effect it must be performed amidst surroundings which should enable him fully to realize

his ideals. He therefore appealed to all admirers of his music to aid him in setting on foot a scheme for building a special theater for the purpose, in a spot removed from the ordinary theatrical atmosphere, where his operas should be performed by selected singers, in the manner of a national festival. Utopian as such a scheme seemed, it was ultimately realized. The small town of Bayreuth was chosen as the favored spot; and there the foundation-stone of the Wagner Theater was laid in May, 1872. Four years later the theater was opened with performances of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," under the composer's superintendence.

In 1870, Wagner's first wife having died in 1866, he married Cosima, divorced wife of Hans Guido von Bülow and a daughter of Liszt. In 1877 Wagner paid a second visit to London, and was welcomed with an enthusiasm which in some measure compensated for the manner of his reception on the previous occasion. On his return to Germany he took up his permanent abode at Bayreuth with his second wife, who surrounded him with devoted care until the end of his life. His last opera, "Parsifal," which deals with the mystical subject of the Holy Grail and its knights, and in which his music reaches its highest point of spirituality, was produced at the Bayreuth Festival of 1882; and in the following year Wagner died, on the 13th of February, at Venice, whither he had gone in search of health.

He was buried, according to his wish, in the garden of his house at Bayreuth, where we may imagine his spirit presiding as genius of the place; while his monument is found in the great musical festivals held there

in his honor, at which the foremost feature is the performance of the work that formed the climax of his artistic life.

"In personal appearance," says Henry T. Finck, "Wagner was barely of medium stature; his head was large in proportion to his body, his forehead massive, his chin prominent, his lips refined, his eyes keen, yet kindly in expression. His life was full of disappointments, which left their traces in the lines of his face."

II

Wagner's actual share in the rising of 1848 has been much exaggerated. He viewed it primarily from the standpoint of a theorist. He saw that the art of his day was the outcome of the reactionary civilization in which his lot was cast, and he hoped to see an artistic and social revolution simultaneously accomplished. He has put his own views into admirably lucid words: "In my belief, it was only by a complete change in political and social relations, of which the degradation of art was a fitting manifestation, that an artistic revival, and especially a revival of the drama, was to be brought about. In civilization, as it then existed, the stage only played the part of a pleasant source of enlivenment for social ennui; yet even thus it seemed to me that if it were once under elevated and artistic guidance, it might have an elevating influence on a public, which by its means might be gradually led away from all that was evil, commonplace, frivolous and false. To prove that this was possible now became my task, as the possibility of a genuine change in the constitution of society suddenly seemed revealed to

me. As an artist, I felt myself impelled to represent, in this new aspect of affairs, the so easily forgotten or neglected rights of art. That my plan of reform, already thought out to the smallest practical detail, would only be received in scornful silence by the existing government of art-matters was of course evident to me. I turned, therefore, to the new movement that was so full of promise for my scheme."

During his twelve years' exile, removed from the whirlpool of active musical life, living for the most part quietly in Switzerland, Wagner had ample leisure for maturing the vast ideas which already peopled his imagination. Remote as seemed the chance of his winning the ear of Germany, he never faltered in his determination. In his book "Art and Revolution" his theories upon art are crystallized into literary form; in the mighty drama "Der Ring des Nibelungen," on which he was now launched, they took practical shape. How far theory influenced practice and practice vitalized theory it is not easy to say, but the result marks what is unquestionably one of the most far-reaching revolutions in the history of opera.

It was Wagner's aim to unite music, drama and painting in one art-form, in which each should contribute equally to the general effect. In theory he took his stand upon the Athenian drama of Periclean days. Revolting against the conventionalized expression of emotion which he saw upon the contemporary stage, he turned to the early myths as the simplest and most natural expression of human feelings and sympathies, and in the noble German legend of the Nibelungs he found the field he desired for the practical exposition of his developed theory of art.

The poem of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was, so to speak, written backward. Wagner began with the tragedy of Siegfried's death, and then, finding it necessary to add more and more preludial and explanatory scenes, gradually developed the whole series of dramas as we now have them. Thus "Das Rheingold," though musically the immediate successor of "Lohengrin," is a maturer example of Wagner's view of dramatic poetry than "Götterdämmerung," which indeed in many details has suggestions of Wagner's earlier period. It is easy to see, for instance, that the second act was originally planned in view of a big concerted piece, something after the "Lohengrin" pattern, though the music seems to belong to an utterly different world of expression. By the time he came to write the poem of "Das Rheingold" Wagner had entirely emancipated himself from the traditions of the past, and the gulf that separates "Lohengrin" from "Das Rheingold" is therefore almost wider as regards the poetical foundation of the drama than as regards the music. "Das Rheingold" has, in fact, that mark of crudity which is almost inseparable from an inexperienced use of new material.

Wagner, thus freed from the bondage of old convention, was defiant in his disdain of what had been regarded as the essential factors of opera. The older opera had been purely lyrical in fabric—the lifting of speech into song under stress of emotion, the orchestra being used for the most part merely as a discreet accompaniment. The backbone of Wagner's system was the equalizing of his vocal and instrumental forces. The formal song of the older opera was reduced to a free declamation, while the orchestral accompaniment

was raised to symphonic dignity. An inevitable concomitant of the latter was the creation of the system of "leading motives." It is impossible to write symphonic music without themes. Wagner took his themes not from the words spoken by his characters, as the older masters did, but from the characters themselves, their feelings, passions, and aspirations. In his earlier works Wagner had used leading motives with ever-increasing richness of resource, but still for the most part his orchestra was chiefly an accompaniment. In "Das Rheingold" we find for the first time the leading motive as the pivot of the drama. The persons of the drama, even such "properties" as rings and swords, to say nothing of abstract emotions such as jealousy, fear, pride, and so forth, all have their representative themes, subject fully as much as the characters and sentiments that they represent to organic change and development. Combined and contrasted with infinite art and science, worked up into a fabric of extraordinary complexity and elaboration, they furnish as it were the substructure upon which the drama is built.

In "Das Rheingold," as is only natural, the vast engine of musical expression which Wagner had practically invented is used with less convincing mastery of resource than in the later dramas. Some of the leading motives are merely labels, which crop up in the orchestra whenever their subject is mentioned, without much regard to dramatic or musical continuity. At the mention of a sword, for instance, a trumpet plays the motive afterward associated with Siegmund's sword; if Freia is referred to, you have the Freia motive in the orchestra, and so on. But this was a kind of musical trickery from which Wagner soon emanci-

pated himself. He found that his theory, like most other theories, had to be modified a good deal in practice, not only with respect to leading motives, but in other details also. For instance, when he set out to weld drama and music into one, he seems to have determined that because in drama two characters do not speak at the same time, they should not sing together in opera, and in the love-duet in "Die Walküre" he carefully abjured the delicious harmony of two voices. Fortunately, by the time he came to write "Tristan und Isolde" he thought better of his theory, to the great advantage of the marvelous love-scene in the second act.

But throughout his later works we find a gradual tendency toward lyrical expression, which is to some extent a negation of the theory with which he started upon the composition of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." He seems to have felt this himself, and it is interesting to read in this connection his own words with regard to "Tristan": "I readily submit this work to the severest test based on my theoretical principles. Not that I constructed it after a system—for I entirely forgot all theory—but because I here moved with entire freedom, independent of all theoretical misgivings, so that even while I was writing I became conscious how I had gone far beyond my system." These words are exceedingly interesting as a practical confession of what indeed is a self-evident proposition; namely, that Wagner's creative instinct gave the lie to his theoretical system. His theory crystallized his feelings of revolt against conventional opera. The opera of his day cried aloud for reform, and as a destructive principle Wagner's theory of the union of drama and symphony worked admirably. But as a foundation for creative

work it was insufficient, for the simple reason that the essence of opera is not dramatic but lyrical, as Wagner found in practice.

"Tristan" is not valuable to us as a union of drama and symphony, but as a supreme expression of lyrical feeling. It is indeed one of the most perfect conceivable examples of what an opera should be, since it is almost devoid of incident and deals entirely with emotion. This is the true province of music, which strictly speaking has nothing to do with incident. It cannot heighten the dramatic effect of a "situation"; it is merely a drag upon action, whereas its power of expressing emotion is unlimited. "Tristan" was written while Wagner was midway with his great Nibelung drama. In his Swiss retreat, far from friends and possible patrons, he seems to have despaired of ever seeing the production of a work that demanded such exceptional conditions, and turned to "Tristan" in the hope of producing something better adapted to the ordinary stage. Yet even "Tristan" might never have seen the light but for the fortunate accident which threw the poem of "The Ring" into the hands of the young King Ludwig II of Bavaria.

It is interesting to compare Wagner's present position in the world of music with that which he held a generation ago. The prophecies that were spoken over his deathbed by friends and foes have alike proved singularly misleading. The latter proclaimed that the Wagner bubble was on the point of bursting, the former that Wagner's works would sweep all other music from the field. Neither prophecy has proved correct. Wagner's popularity has steadily increased from that day to this; even chauvinistic Paris at last

yielded to his sway. In the United States he has been elaborately presented, and often heard with profound appreciation. "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" are still far more popular than "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger," to say nothing of "The Ring." "Parsifal" stands apart from the rest, being still (except for New York) performed only at Bayreuth. On the other hand, Wagner is so far from having swept away his predecessors that there has been of late a remarkable revival of interest in the early works of Verdi and the despised Italian school, which had seemed doomed, as some believed, to extinction.

Wagner's idea of founding a new German art upon the simple beauty and humanity of the old myths sounds a noble aspiration, and his incomparable genius infused life and interest into the deities of the Teutonic Valhalla. Moreover, Wagner has conferred untold benefits upon the musical world. The history of opera is really nothing but a series of pendulum-swings between the extremes of dramatic and lyrical expression. Peri and his friends started with purely dramatic ideals, which ended in the hands of the successors of Handel in a mere carnival of lyricism, in which all dramatic truth was entirely lost sight of. Gluck restored the balance, and from his time to that of Wagner the swing of opera was again toward lyrical expression, finding its climax in the works of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti. Wagner acted the part of Gluck over again, and if his attempt to right the balance between drama and song does not prove to have been accomplished in exactly the way that he designed, it was nevertheless a sufficiently remarkable feat that he accomplished it at all.

Fortunately, Wagner's artistic instinct was stronger than his devotion to theory, and he wrote "Tristan," which is practically one mighty flood of purely lyrical expression from beginning to end. Wagner had at his command a means of lyrical expression of which Gluck knew practically nothing, in the shape of the symphonic orchestra, and it is far and away his greatest achievement that he pressed this into the service of opera. His use of the orchestra as a means of lyrical expression, scarcely less important than the human voice itself, is one of the most important items in the legacy that he has left to the world. His works stand as magnificent monuments of creative genius, perhaps the greatest that the nineteenth century has to show, but his influence is exercised in ways often different from what he himself designed, and from what his early followers predicted.

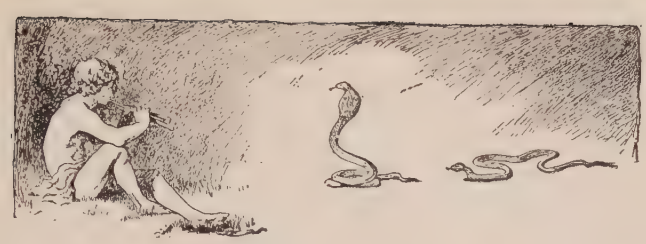
But Wagner does not stand or fall by virtue of his influence upon the subsequent development of music. His own achievement, so sublime in conception, so masterly in execution, is a legacy that the world will not willingly let die. It is not as a theorist nor as a philosopher that Wagner will live, but as a musician and as an enchanter whose power over the springs of feeling has rarely been equaled in the history of musical art.

Ford Madox Hueffer, writing in "Harper's Magazine," tells us that the earliest upholders of Wagner's music in England were accused of blasphemy. "This," he says, "may seem incredible; but I have in my possession three letters from three different members of the public addressed to my father, Dr. Francis Hueffer, a man of great erudition and force of character, who

from the early '70s until his death was the musical critic of the [London] 'Times.' The writers stated that unless Dr. Hueffer abstained from upholding the blasphemous music of the future—and in each case the writer used the word blasphemous—he would be respectively stabbed, ducked in a horse-pond, and beaten to death by hired roughs. Yet to-day I never go to a place of popular entertainment where miscellaneous music is performed for the benefit of the poorest classes without hearing at least the overture to 'Tannhäuser.'"

VERDI

(1813-1901)



GIUSEPPE VERDI

I

IT has been aptly remarked by one of the most discriminating of Verdi's biographers that this composer's career (or, at any rate, its culmination) should have a special interest as being that of the first and indeed the only musician who has proved himself worthy to collaborate with Shakespeare, having even thrown a new beauty upon lines of that supreme poet.

Remarkable for its fortunate length and for its brilliancy, Verdi's career is even more remarkable for the manner in which his genius marched with the times. That the Verdi of "Il Trovatore" should, at an age well past the traditional three score and ten, develop into the Verdi of "Otello" and "Falstaff," is proof of an alertness and vitality of genius that is perhaps unparalleled.

Giuseppe Verdi was born at Roncole, in the duchy of Parma, Italy, October 9, 1813. His parents were of a very humble rank in life. They kept a small inn and grocery at Roncole, where Giuseppe came perilously near to death soon after he was born, his mother just managing to conceal herself and her baby in the belfry of the village church during an inroad of Cossack troops who spared neither age nor sex.

Once a week the father, Carlo Verdi, walked up to Busseto, near by, with two empty baskets, and returned with them full of articles of his trade, carrying them on his strong shoulders for the three miles of the dusty and sunny way. His purchases were chiefly made from Antonio Barezzi, dealer in spirits, drugs, and spices, a prosperous and hearty man who was destined to serve as a bridge to Giuseppe Verdi over many a chasm in his glorious way.

At ten years of age Giuseppe had another narrow escape, but this time not from death at the hands of his country's enemies. Having exhibited a precocious talent for music, he was appointed, at that early age, organist of the church in whose sanctuary his life had been saved. At the same time he was attending school at Busseto, and on Sundays and feast-days used to tramp over to Roncole in the small hours of the morning, so as to be ready for his official duties. Missing his road one winter's day before dawn, he fell into a canal, and would have drowned had not a passing peasant woman heard his cries for help.

An old friend of Verdi's father has placed upon record the avidity with which the young Giuseppe practised upon a spinet that was in his father's house. "One day," he says, "the boy was in the greatest delight at having found for himself the major third and fifth of the key of C. The next day, however, he could not find the chord again, whereupon he fell into such a temper that he seized a hammer and proceeded to break the spinet in pieces. The noise soon brought his father into the room; and he, seeing the havoc his son was causing, boxed his ears so soundly as once for all to disabuse the boy's mind of the idea

of punishing the spinet for his inability to strike common chords!"

Verdi, after two years' schooling at Busseto, had learned to write, read, and cipher; whereupon the above-mentioned Antonio Barezzi began to take an interest in the talented Roncolese, gave him employment in his business, and opened a way to the development of his musical faculty.

Busseto must have been the Weimar of the duchy of Parma. Music was uppermost in the minds of the Bussetesi, and no name of any inhabitant is ever mentioned without the addition of his being a singer, composer, or a violinist. Barezzi himself was first flute in the cathedral orchestra; he could produce some notes on all kinds of wind instruments, and was particularly skillful on the clarinet and French horn. His house was the residence of the Philharmonic Society, of which he was the president and patron, and it was there that all rehearsals were made, and all Philharmonic concerts given, under the conductorship of Ferdinando Provesi, maestro di capella and organist of the cathedral.

This was the fittest residence for a lad of Verdi's turn of mind, and he immediately felt it. Without neglecting his chief occupation, he regularly attended the rehearsals, and undertook the task of copying out the parts from the score; and all this in such earnest that old Provesi began to notice Giuseppe with approval, and give him the foundation of a sound musical knowledge. Provesi may be considered the man who led the first steps of Verdi into the right track, and lucky it was for the pupil to have come across such a man. He was an excellent contrapuntist, a

composer of several comic operas, of which he had written both words and music, and a man well read in general literature. He was the first man in Busseto to understand Verdi's real vocation, and to advise him to devote himself to music.

Don Pietro Seletti, the boy's Latin teacher, and a fair violinist, bore a grudge to Provesi for a certain poem the latter had written against the clergy. The fact that Provesi encouraged Verdi to study music was therefore enough for Don Pietro to dissuade him as strongly from it. "What do you want to study music for? You have a gift for Latin, and it will be much better for you to become a priest. What do you expect from your music? Do you fancy that some day you may become organist of Busseto? . . . Stuff and nonsense. . . . That can never be!"

But a short time after this admonition there was to be a mass at a chapel in Busseto where Don Pietro Seletti was the officiating priest. The organist was unable to attend, and Don Pietro was induced to let Verdi preside at the organ. The mass over, Don Pietro sent for him. "Whose music did you play?" said he; "it was a most beautiful thing." "Why," timidly answered the boy, "I had no music, and I was playing extempore, just as I felt." "Ah! indeed," rejoined Don Pietro; "well, I am a fool, and you cannot do better than study music, take my word for it."

The gaining of a scholarship enabled Verdi to proceed to Milan, where the pedantic theorists of the Conservatorio looked with anything but favor on his immature efforts at composition; but whether from want of discrimination or by reason of the actual quality of the work does not clearly appear. At all

events, he made no deep impression on the Milan authorities; but the careful study and sound instruction he there enjoyed were in themselves a sufficient gain to him. He had not completed the two years' residence provided for by his scholarship when the death of Provesi, the old organist at Busseto, in 1833, led to his returning thither to compete for the vacant post. He was unsuccessful in his candidature; but his friends made up for his disappointment by their warm adherence, and eventually found a position for him as organist to a Franciscan chapel whose musical attraction came by degrees completely to eclipse those of the cathedral.

After five years at Busseto, where, in 1836, he married Margherita Barezzi, Verdi returned with his wife and two children to Milan, in 1838. The successful production in 1839 of his first opera, "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio," was followed by a period of trouble. His children, and then his wife, died, and his second opera was a failure.

Despondency paralyzed his efforts to work until almost by an accident he began upon a libretto which proved an unexpected source of inspiration; and in March, 1842, "Nabucco" was produced at Milan with conspicuous success. It gained for its composer the beginning of a popularity which during the next ten years increased with every opera he wrote. That his composition during this period should have been unequal in merit was not strange; much of it was done against time and "to order," conditions which ever militate against the best work; but on the whole his style made steady advance until, in "Ernani," produced in 1844, and "Rigoletto," performed at Venice

in 1851, he proved himself the greatest operatic composer of his day.

Two years later came "Il Trovatore" (produced in Rome, January 19, 1853) and "La Traviata" (produced in Venice, March 6, 1853). "Il Trovatore" was an instantaneous success; "La Traviata," a complete failure owing to the incapacity of the performers. "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," in 1855, and "Simon Boccanegra," in 1857, were only partial successes, the latter failing owing to a dull libretto and a worse performance. In 1859 he was rewarded by brilliant success with "Un Ballo in Maschera."

By this time Verdi had already paid two flying visits to London; in 1862 he was again invited to England, on the occasion of the Universal Exhibition. For the opening of this he composed his "Inno delle Nazioni," but it was never performed as intended, being heard instead in one of the city theaters. For another exhibition, that of Paris in 1867, he composed his opera "Don Carlos," which met with moderate success.

"Aïda," in connection with which Verdi's name is probably best known to the multitude, was written in response to an invitation from the Khedive of Egypt, who had built a new opera house at Cairo in 1869. The opera was intended for the inauguration of the new house, but for various reasons its production was delayed for two years. It was produced in December, 1871, and at once leaped into the popularity it has enjoyed ever since. Its composition marked the full development of Verdi's musical style, and evinced so distinct a departure from conventional Italian methods as to incur the reproach of "Germanism" and "Wagnerism."

Three years later, on the anniversary of the death of the Italian poet and novelist Manzoni, Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" was produced at the Church of San Marco in Milan. Its beauties were at once appreciated; it was repeated at La Scala, and a short time afterward in Paris at the Opéra Comique. After this Verdi withdrew to his country house at Sant' Agata, and for thirteen years gave nothing new to the world, with the exception of a revised version of "Simon Boccanegra." The rewriting of the libretto of this was undertaken by Arrigo Boito, the composer-poet, who also coöperated with Verdi in his last two operas, "Otello" and "Falstaff." "Otello" first saw the light at Milan in February, 1887, and there also "Falstaff" was produced in 1893.

Verdi was never a man of theories; he founded no school and his following is composed of the whole world of musicians. His art is that of nature itself and his operatic music one of the most signal examples of artistic appropriateness. To the noblest themes his music is noblest; to the gayest it is fraught with the most infectious humor; and throughout it never loses touch with the gorgeous sense of melody that has ever been the characteristic of Italian music.

His last compositions were of a sacred character, and that he gave no other opera to an expectant world matters little to his fame. He had reached the topmost heights, and had taken the final step thither at an age when he might well have been forgiven if his hand had lost its grasp upon the magic pen it had wielded for over fifty years.

His private life was uneventful and unassuming, and he was never so happy as when engaged upon the

peaceful and kindly duties incident upon his life at his beautiful country home. He died at Milan, January 27, 1901.

II

Verdi's decisive appearance in the musical world of Italy came at a propitious moment. In 1839, when his first opera saw the light, Rossini had been silent for ten years, Bellini was dead, and of the great trinity that had ruled the destinies of Italian opera for so long only Donizetti was still active. The time was ripe for fresh influences, and Verdi's appearance in the musical arena was destined speedily to inaugurate a new era in the history of Italian opera. His first opera, "Oberto," revealed unmistakably those qualities which were destined speedily to lift him to the front rank of operatic composers. It abounds in fine melodies, and the dramatic incidents are handled with that instinctive knowledge of effect which was always one of Verdi's principal characteristics. In "Nabucco" and "Ernani" he scored triumphs which echoed far beyond the frontiers of Italy.

It is not difficult to trace the causes of Verdi's instantaneous success. Upon ears accustomed to the long-drawn sentimentality of Bellini and the conventional airs and graces of Donizetti, the manly vigor and directness of Verdi must have struck with irresistible effect. Already there are traces of a power of character-drawing, afterward developed in "Otello" and "Falstaff" in a manner unprecedented since the days of Mozart, which must have seemed a new thing indeed to those whose musical experience was bounded by Bellini and Donizetti.

It must be borne in mind, too, that the political situation counted for something in the tale of Verdi's triumph. The Lombard population, writhing beneath the iron heel of Austria, greeted with rapture a musician who gave voice to their passionate yearning for liberty. It was not till some years later that the Milanese discovered that the letters of Verdi's name stood for "Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia," but from the first they hailed the new composer as the Tyrtæus of awakened Italy.

The Austrian censorship was wary and skillful, and did its best to eliminate from the librettos of Italian composers any words that could be twisted into a patriotic significance; but sometimes their vigilance slumbered, and it happened that several passages in Verdi's earlier works rang in the hearts of his countrymen in a sense very different from that which their context suggested. But even such words would not have roused Verdi's countrymen without the magic of his music to enforce their meaning. There was something about the broad sweep of his melodies, his vigorous rhythms, and the stirring climaxes of his concerted pieces, that seemed to harmonize with the restless spirit of the times, and gave him and his works a place in the affections of his countrymen which could hardly have been won by a man of less masculine genius or by music of more delicate fiber.

After "Ernani," Verdi poured forth a stream of works in response to an irresistible demand of the public, many of which are now forgotten. Probably he wrote in haste and was content to repeat himself to a certain extent. Yet even among the least meritorious of these early operas there is hardly one that

does not contain music of sterling value. Of late years there has been a marked revival of interest in Italy in the productions of Verdi's early manhood, and several of them have been performed with no little success. Compared to his later works they are crude in method and superficial in treatment, but they are full of magnificent tunes, and often the handling of dramatic situations is surprising in its vigor and intensity.

The typical work of Verdi's second period is "Rigoletto," an opera which through all changes of fashion has never lost its popularity and unquestionably represents the highest point of his achievement before he reached in "Aïda" his third and culminating period. Wide indeed is the gulf that separates "Rigoletto" from "Ernani," though it is one that had been bridged by gradual stages, not leaped, as it were, like the gulf between Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Das Rheingold."

The progress of Verdi's musical development was the more gradual, as was natural in the case of a man who worked out his own salvation, so to speak, in terms of music and music alone. Wagner, on the other hand, was a more self-conscious reformer. His musical development was largely the reflection of his widening views on politics and life, and as such moved by strides that cannot well be compared to the progress of a purely artistic genius. But even in Verdi's case there were influences other than purely musical at work. In some recently published letters of his we find him impressing upon a librettist the necessity of choosing a subject in which the interest lies in variety of character and the clash of conflicting personalities.

Verdi's appreciation of variety in a libretto undoubtedly helped forward the development of his genius. By the time he had reached the "Rigoletto" period his genius had gained in flexibility as much as in command of emotional expression. In the days of "Oberto" he could as little have given us his incomparable picture of the gay, light-hearted Duke, sketched with so easy and deft a grace, as that of the passion-tossed jester, rushing from heights of wild buffoonery to depths of passion and revenge.

In their time, "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" did as much as any of Verdi's operas to carry his fame to distant lands. Neither of them can for a moment be compared to "Rigoletto." "Il Trovatore" has extraordinary energy and vivacity of expression; scarcely any work of Verdi's exhibits so triumphantly his amazing fertility of invention; but the plot is the very frenzy of melodrama, and the characters are the merest pasteboard. "La Traviata" is of more delicate fiber, and contains passages of charming grace and tenderness, but the story is a sickly piece of sentimentality, and indeed the most curious thing about "La Traviata" is that Verdi, who throughout his career had dealt almost entirely with the robuster passions, should have succeeded as well as he did with Dumas's drawing-room tragedy.

Verdi's preëminence among operatic composers was sufficiently acknowledged in 1855 by the invitation to compose a work for the Paris Opera to celebrate the opening of the Universal Exhibition. "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" served its purpose in giving the necessary éclat to the season, but its success was transient, and it was not until the production of "Un Ballo in Masche-

ra" in 1859 that Verdi again did himself complete justice. So far as form is concerned, it cannot be said that "Un Ballo" shows much advance upon "Rigoletto," which in many ways it resembles, but in none of the works of his second period is the flexibility of Verdi's genius more triumphantly displayed. "Un Ballo" abounds in the striking contrasts in which Verdi delighted. Scenes of light-hearted and irresponsible gaiety jostle passages of poignant tragedy, and all are treated with equal mastery.

Shortly before he wrote "Un Ballo" Verdi had thought of making an opera out of "King Lear," and an interesting correspondence between him and his prospective librettist gives us a measure of Verdi's literary culture and knowledge of stage effect. The scheme, unfortunately, came to nothing. The attempt to reduce that tremendous tragedy to the dimensions of an opera libretto was perhaps foredoomed to failure; but think, in view of what Verdi subsequently achieved in "Otello," of the masterpiece we might have had in "King Lear"!

All Verdi's previous triumphs were, as we have intimated, cast into the shade by the production of "Aïda." The gradual progress of his development was here hastened by the subject of his new work, so remote from the ordinary operatic groove. The possibilities of Egyptian local color tempted his genius to fresh experiments, while his command of melody remained as inexhaustible as ever, and his touch in the handling of dramatic situations was strengthened by experience.

Verdi's next triumph lay in a different field. His "Manzoni Requiem" won the admiration of all save

a few pedants by the intensity of its feeling, its extraordinary dramatic power, and its imaginative splendor. In England it was at first thought too theatrical in style, but the English people have at last learned that "The Messiah" is not necessarily the only touchstone for judging the merits of sacred music, and Verdi's "Requiem" is now universally accepted by them, no less than by other nations, as the masterpiece that it is.

The history of Verdi's latest years reads almost like a fairy-tale. After his retirement to Sant' Agata, when he was some years over sixty, who could have supposed that he was on the threshold of triumphs still greater than those already won? The revival of "Simon Boccanegra" was successful, though the new music, much of which was superb in invention and design, harmonized but imperfectly with the old. But the significance of the incident lay in the association for the first time of Verdi with Boito, one of the most gifted scholars, poets and musicians of his time. How much Boito had to do with the latest phase of Verdi's activity, with that marvelous Indian summer of his genius which is almost without precedent in the history of music, it is difficult to say. It is certain that without Boito's aid we should never have had "Otello" and "Falstaff" in anything like the shape they wear. Not only did the incomparable skill of Boito in weaving librettos from Shakespeare's plays fire the inspiration of the aged musician to scale heights far beyond any that he had previously attempted, but the merely musical influence of the collaborator counted for much as well.

"Otello" and "Falstaff" stand like the twin peaks

of Parnassus to mark the zenith of Verdi's career. Different in essence as they are, the one touching the limits of tragic emotion, the other bubbling over with the spirit of pure fun, they are alike in their gem-like perfection of outline, in their inexhaustible fertility of invention, and in the masterly directness of their utterance. They are the very apotheosis of stage-craft. Musically and dramatically alike they are clean-cut and finished to the finger-tip. The respective librettos are models of condensation, and the music is an incarnation of concentrated energy and high-strung feeling.

"Falstaff" is in a sense more Wagnerian in structure than "Otello," a point of which much has been made by critics anxious to convict the Italian composer of Germanizing tendencies, but in essence it owes little if anything to Wagner. The voice is still the center of Verdi's musical system, though around it he weaves a prismatic web of orchestral intricacy such as in his earlier days he never dreamed of, and Wagner's elaborate system of leading motives, for all the use that Verdi makes of it, might never have existed. Each scene in "Falstaff" is complete in itself, the music as it trips along mirroring each passing shade of expression with the most delightful freshness and lucidity of inspiration. Mozart is rather the master that Verdi's "Falstaff" recalls. It has his exquisite lightness of touch, his rhythmic fertility, his command of a perennial flow of delicious melody, and his charming snatches of tenderness which make so welcome a contrast to the ebullient high spirits of the work as a whole. Viewed from any and every point of view "Falstaff" approaches the miraculous, not least in

this that it was written in his eightieth year by a man who until then had dealt almost entirely with subjects of the most tragic description.

Verdi's final works, the sacred compositions, are fully typical of his profound intensity of feeling, his amazing directness of expression, his scorn of mere cleverness, and, what is perhaps most characteristic of the composer, of his unequaled knowledge of effect and certainty of touch. If one had to sum up Verdi's musical character in a word, this is perhaps the point upon which most strongly to insist. Other men have possessed a nobler creative instinct and a more soaring imagination, but no writer of operas has surpassed him in that sense of means to an end which is one of the rarest as well as the most precious of artistic gifts.

Verdi was not one of the great revolutionaries of the world of music. His mission was not to open new paths, but to build with the materials bequeathed to him by the generations that had gone before. He talked little and wrote less, he was a man of action, not of theory, but in his work he has left us a nobler gospel than if he had filled the shelves of a library with disquisitions upon the principles of music and the ethics of art.

GOUNOD

(1818-1893)

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

ONE night near the middle of the last century, three lively young students were strolling along a Paris boulevard in quest of exercise and recreation. In the course of their walk they came across an old man who was trying to play a violin he was almost too feeble to manage. The generous young fellows went down in their pockets, but the whole trio could only raise a few cents and a piece of rosin.

Thereupon one of them proposed to take the old man's violin and accompany the voices of his companions. No sooner said than done. Commencing with a solo upon the theme of the Carnival of Venice, a large concourse of listeners was soon attracted. Then came a favorite cavatina from "La dame blanche," sung in such a manner as to keep the audience spellbound; and yet again the trio from "Guillaume Tell." By this time the poor old man was galvanized into life and activity by the artistic performance. He stood erect, and with his stick directed the concert with the authority of a practised leader. Meanwhile contributions of silver and even gold rained into the old man's hat.

To his astonished and grateful demand to know who were his benefactors, he received from the first the name of Faith, and from the others the response of Hope and Charity. "And I," said the poor old

fellow, "used to direct the opera at Strasburg. You have saved my life, for I can now go back to my native place, where I shall be able to teach what I can no longer perform."

The young violinist was Adolph Hermann, the tenor was Gustav Roger, and the originator of this charitable scheme was Charles Gounod.

Charles François Gounod was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. His mother, a pianist distinguished in her day, gave him his earliest musical instruction; and seeing the evident bent of her son's nature in that direction, she sent him at the age of eighteen to the Conservatoire. By that time he had received a good general education, and was on the high road to the foundation of refined tastes and habits. Music, however, was with him a passion that lost no time in declaring itself.

After a year at the Conservatoire he was second for the Prix de Rome, and two years later (in 1839) he gained the Grand Prix with a cantata, "Fernand." During his period of study at Rome his musical instincts appear to have been mainly ecclesiastical; Palestrina was his idol, and masses his first essays in composition.

It was while visiting Austria and Germany on his way back to Paris that he first heard the compositions of Robert Schumann, of which he knew nothing previously. The effect they must have had on the impressionable mind of the young composer may be imagined. The ideas imbibed in Rome nevertheless prevailed, and he remained faithful to Palestrina. His ecclesiastical tendency was not confined to his music; for after his return to Paris, where he obtained the

post of organist to the Missions étrangères, he studied theology for two years with the idea of entering holy orders. This project he ultimately abandoned, and what was the Church's loss became the gain of the world of music.

While renouncing the idea of the priesthood, Gounod had acquired from his period of theological study a love of reading, and his literary attainments were such as have rarely been possessed by modern musicians. Years after his studies in theology he delighted to quote not only St. Augustine and other Fathers, but also passages from the Latin sermons of St. Léon and St. Bernard.

In Rome Gounod made the acquaintance of one of the Mendelssohn family, who wrote of him (in 1840): "Gounod has so deep a passion for music that it is a pleasure to have such a listener. . . . His nature is almost overflowing with passion and romance; our German music seems to have the same effect on him as a bombshell exploding inside a house." Gounod's "religious exaltation" is mentioned by the same writer, who states that the young musician had been enrolled as a member of an association of young men banded together for the purpose of effecting the regeneration of the world by the means of art.

The idea of an ecclesiastical career once abandoned, Gounod soon contrived to be heard of in musical circles in Paris. Through the kind offices of Madame Viardot, the singer, he received a commission to compose for the Académie Nationale the music of an opera whose libretto had been written by Emile Augier. This first opera, "Sapho," though no popular success, gained for the young composer the respectful consid-

eration of all competent critics. Berlioz gave his opinion of him at the time as "a young man richly endowed with noble aspirations; one to whom every encouragement should be given at a time when musical taste is so vitiated." As a composition, "Sapho" is of unequal merit, but in no way unworthy of the future composer of "Faust."

The same year (1851) his reputation crossed the Channel, with the result that at one of Hullah's concerts in London a portion of a "Messe solennelle" by Gounod was performed and enthusiastically received. In 1852 he married a daughter of Zimmermann, a prominent teacher of music. In the same year he became conductor of the Orphéon in Paris, and the eight years that he was there engaged in teaching and choral singing gave him much valuable experience both of the human voice in itself and of the various effects to be obtained from large bodies of voices.

Two comparative failures marked his next essays in opera, neither "Ulysse" (in 1852) nor "La nonne sanglante" (in 1854, founded upon a story by "Monk" Lewis) achieving any success. The year 1855 saw the production of his "Messe de Ste. Cécile," one of his most successful efforts in the domain of religious music; and this was followed three years later by his charming musical setting of Molière's "Le médecin malgré lui," known and appreciated in English under the title of "The Mock Doctor."

By this time the score of "Faust," upon which Gounod had been working for more than two years, was completed; and this work, upon which his fame as an operatic composer may almost be said to depend, was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique in March, 1859.

It created an immediate impression, but its overwhelming success was a thing of gradual growth. Ten years later it was reproduced at the Grand Opéra, by which time its popularity was assured. In 1864 it was first performed in London under Colonel Mapleson's management, and from that time its successes have been world-wide.

The fantastic part of "Faust" may not be quite satisfactory, and the stronger dramatic situations are perhaps handled with less skill than those which are more elegiac, picturesque, or purely lyric, but in spite of such objections the work must be classed among those which reflect high honor on the French school. The kermess and the garden scene would alone be sufficient to immortalize their author.

"Philémon et Baucis," a one-act opera composed for the theater at Baden, was rewritten in three acts for the Théâtre Lyrique, and performed February 18, 1860. The score contains some charming passages, and much ingenuity and elegance of detail; but unfortunately the libretto has neither interest, movement, nor point, and belongs to no well-defined species of drama.

After the immense success of "Faust," the doors of the Académie were naturally again opened to Gounod, but "La reine de Saba" (February 28, 1862) did not rise to the general expectation. The libretto, written by Gérard de Nerval, embodies ideas more suitable for a political or a psychological exposition than for a lyric tragedy. Of this great work nothing has survived but the dialogue and chorus between the Jewesses and Sabeans, in the second act, the air of the Queen in the fourth act (afterward inserted in "Faust"), the choral march, the choral dance, and above all the ele-

gant and picturesque airs de ballet. Under the name of "Irene" an English version of the opera was occasionally performed in London.

The success of "Mireille" (Théâtre Lyrique, March 19, 1864), a five-act opera founded on the Provençal poem of Frédéric Mistral, was secured by the cast, especially by the splendid performance of Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, whose part contains one of the most remarkable airs of modern times ("Mon cœur"). Mme. Faure-Lefebvre—as Andreloun—and the other artists combined to make an excellent ensemble. Still "Mireille" is descriptive and lyric rather than dramatic; accordingly by December 15, 1864, it was reduced to three acts, in which abridged form it was revived in 1876. Its overture is admirable, and a great favorite in concert-rooms.

This charming pastoral was succeeded by "La Colombe" (June 7, 1866), originally written for the theater at Baden, and known in English as "The Pet Dove"; and by "Roméo et Juliette" (April 27, 1867), a five-act opera, of which also the principal part was taken by Mme. Miolan. The song of Queen Mab, the duet in the garden, a short chorus in the second act, the page's song, and the duel scene in the third act, are the favorite pieces in this opera.

After "Roméo et Juliette," which almost rivaled "Faust" in the affections of the musical public, with the exception of "Cinq Mars" in 1877, "Polyeucte" in 1878, and "Le tribut de Zamora" in 1881, Gounod forsook operatic music for "drawing-room" songs and orchestral compositions of a more or less religious character. "Cinq Mars" was a distinct failure, "Polyeucte" and "Le tribut de Zamora" little less so.

At the outbreak of the Franco-German war Gounod took refuge in England, which became his adopted home for many years. For the inauguration of the Albert Hall, in 1871, he composed his biblical elegy "Gallia"; and the same period saw the publication of many of the songs by which he came to be so popular in various countries—"Maid of Athens," "There is a green hill far away," "Oh that we two were maying," and others. Two ambitious religious works, "La rédemption" (1882) and "Mors et vita" (1885), were written for two successive Birmingham festivals, and these practically close the list of Gounod's important works. A host of songs, more or less (often less) worthy of their composer, were written for the English market; but they cannot be said to have added anything to his reputation.

The latter years of Gounod's life were spent in Paris, he having found official honor in his own country by the bestowal upon him in 1880 of the distinction of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. He died in Paris, October 18, 1893.

Despite the deserved popularity of his works, outside of France, where it had great effect, Gounod's career has influenced the history of music but slightly. Genius he undoubtedly possessed, but it was of the assimilative rather than the truly creative kind; he represents no forward step in his art. It is for this reason that posterity is more likely to remember him for his great gift of melody, and for the dramatic excellence of his most famous operas, than for any deeper quality in his music.

Summing up his estimate of this composer, a friendly critic says: "Gounod was a great musician

and a thorough master of the orchestra. Of too refined a nature to write really comic music, his dramatic compositions seem the work of one hovering between mysticism and voluptuousness. This contrast between two opposing principles may be traced in all his works, sacred or dramatic; and gives them an immense interest both from a musical and psychological point of view. In the chords of his orchestra, majestic as those of a cathedral organ, we recognize the mystic—in his soft and original melodies, the man of pleasure. In a word, the lyric element predominates in his work, too often at the expense of variety and dramatic truth."

BRAHMS

(1833-1897)

JOHANNES BRAHMS

IN the last century a prominent German musical paper published a remarkable article written by Robert Schumann, in which he hailed a young and hitherto unknown composer as the musician destined "suddenly to appear and give utterance to the highest ideal expression of the times; who should claim the mastership by no gradual development, but burst upon us fully equipped, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter."

This fortunate youth, upon whom Schumann recognized that the mantle of Beethoven had fallen more surely than upon any other of his successors, was Johannes Brahms, who was of Hungarian descent, and was born at Hamburg, May 7, 1833. In his early days all his surroundings were musical, and everything tended to foster the inclination he inherited from his father, who was a prominent member of the Hamburg orchestra. As soon as his musical tastes began to form, there became evident in Brahms a characteristic which had the strongest influence on his subsequent work—that is to say, a remarkable seriousness and singleness of devotion to an ideal, and an unusually early comprehension of the spirit of the older masters, especially Bach and Beethoven.

He made his first public appearance as a pianist

when he was fourteen, at a concert of which the programme included a composition of his own—"Variations upon a Volkslied." He gradually attracted attention by the quality of his playing and by his compositions, which already gave evidence of his endeavor to cast music of a distinctly national type into a mold as distinctly in accordance with the best classical models.

At the age of twenty he went for a concert tour with the famous Hungarian violinist, Remenyi, and it was in consequence of the impression produced upon Joachim and Liszt in the course of these performances that Brahms obtained the introduction to Schumann which was to prove so valuable to him. After a winter spent at Leipzig, a visit to Liszt at Weimar, and a short stay in Hanover, Brahms obtained in 1854 a post in the court of the Prince of Lippe-Detmold, whereby he was enabled to carry on his theoretical studies uninterruptedly for two or three years.

By this time he had composed a number of pianoforte pieces and songs, and a small amount of chamber music; and this new period of study marks a transition in his style. Having begun in the most romantic vein, he appears by degrees to have more and more realized the sovereign beauty of form, and the necessity of subordinating to it the tendency to license in imagination.

The nature of his music was most strongly determined by this imperious sense of form—a sense very valuable at the present day, when, as we are told, among many of the newer writers richness of coloring is made a useful cloak to hide a lack of construc-

tive power. It is even from this cause that much of his work has at a first hearing seemed obscure.

The few years spent by Brahms at Lippe-Detmold gave him every leisure to master the intricacies of his art, and as soon as he felt himself secure in that respect he was glad to be free to give his undivided attention to the more active work of composition. After leaving Detmold he frequently changed his place of residence, Zurich, Hamburg, Vienna, Baden-Baden, and other places having in turn been visited. Ultimately he went in 1862 to Vienna, which was his headquarters till his death.

In Vienna he lived the retired life of a student, absorbed in his music and unwilling to mix in the turmoil of the outer world. Nothing would induce him to visit England; his dread of the voyage being only equaled by his dislike of publicity and display. "You have my music," he said, in answer to an invitation, "why do you want me?" In some ways his isolation of himself is perhaps to be regretted. It gave to much of his music a somberness of character, the result of thoughtful abstraction and introspection; also, it kept any knowledge of his personality from many who now can only know him through his music. Widely as his music has spread, it is surprising how little is known to the world at large of the personal characteristics of its composer. On the other hand, his retirement shielded him from any temptation to deviate from his artistic principles in order to make a bid for popular favor.

Brahms's personal appearance was striking—at any rate as regards the finely shaped head, crowned with a mass of hair, which was brushed back, revealing a

lofty forehead and a pair of deep-set eyes of a keenly observant expression. The lower part of his face, partially hidden by a luxuriant mustache and beard, showed great firmness; and the general impression produced was that of a highly dignified disposition. He was short of stature and rather stout, but any ungainliness of figure was more than redeemed by the nobility of his face.

He appears to have exercised over all who met him that peculiar fascination which the greatest spirits have always possessed. One who met Brahms when he was thirty years of age relates how different he at once appeared from the other young men who were his companions—"almost unconcerned with the surrounding world, full of an artistic ideal, of a vigorous striving conscious of its aim, and gaily and willingly communicating to others out of the treasure-house of his conviction."

Brahms died in Vienna, April 3, 1897, and was buried, with every mark of honor, in the "Musicians' Corner" of the old Währing churchyard, where his grave lies between those of Beethoven and Schubert.

Nothing is more natural than that a composer who travels along untrodden paths and opens new avenues of expression to the world of music should arouse violent diversity of opinion. The storm of controversy that once raged around the personality of Wagner now belongs to ancient history, but it is easy to understand why his music aroused such relentless animosity on the one hand and such enthusiastic devotion on the other. He spoke in a language not understood by the world at large, and he had to educate his hearers to accept his view of music and drama.

Such a man is bound to excite controversy by the intrinsic qualities of his music.

The case of Brahms is very different. Brahms was anything rather than a pioneer. He worked upon strictly traditional lines. He invented no new forms, he made no pretense at being revolutionary, yet few composers of modern times have been more vigorously discussed or more variously judged. On the one hand, we find Fuller Maitland, in the latest edition of Grove's Dictionary, unhesitatingly declaring that "as years go on, it is more and more generally realized that he is not only among the great masters, but that he must be assigned a place with the very greatest of them all." On the other hand, no less an authority than Tchaikovsky has pronounced him "ungifted, pretentious, and lacking in all creative power." Many criticisms as widely divergent as these could be quoted from other weighty authorities.

As our brief sketch of his life indicates, few composers have had less eventful careers than Brahms. He courted obscurity as sedulously as most men court fame. He won and retained his position in the world of music almost entirely by virtue of his published works. Yet though he held aloof from controversy, and, save for the purpose of writing music, rarely put pen to paper, it was his fate to be, as it were, the standard-bearer in one of the bitterest fights ever fought in the cause of music, round whom, though he took no actual part in it, the battle raged fiercely. From his earliest days the name of Brahms was the war-cry of the conservative faction in music. It is hardly too much to say that Schumann's eulogy hung round Brahms's neck like a millstone for the rest of his life.

More unlucky still was his intercourse with Hans von Bülow, who in 1870, smarting under what he believed to be the injuries inflicted on him by Wagner, seized upon Brahms as the handiest stick with which to beat his former friend. One day Bülow, who was a born phrase-maker, hit upon his famous saying about the three B's of music, linking Brahms with Bach and Beethoven. The modest Brahms may or may not have objected to being made the tool of Bülow's animosity, very likely saw nothing of his ulterior motive, and accepted his homage wholeheartedly. At any rate the mischief was done. Brahms's position in the world of German music was definitely fixed. Any one who wanted to run down Wagner did it by exalting Brahms. How far the position and attitude thus forced upon Brahms affected his music is a question that is answered differently by different critics.

Brahms's genius was highly lyrical. As a writer of abstract music, despite the extraordinary talent displayed in many of his works, some have found him uninspired and uninspiring. They do not find in his abstract music any expression of personality. Its technical ability is beyond question, but as a record of emotion, if indeed it were ever designed as such, it appears to these critics to belong to a different world from the music of Beethoven, Schubert, or Schumann.

"A great deal of Brahms's abstract music," says one writer, "seems to me entirely soulless; admirable in workmanship, dignified in design, but bearing the same relationship to real music that a copy of Latin verses by a Cambridge don bears to an elegy of Propertius. At times I seem to see the real Brahms

peeping out from beneath the mantle that he assumed, as, for instance, in the allegretto of the Second symphony. That exquisite burst of lyrical feeling, so fresh and delightful in its natural grace and charm of expression, belongs to a different world from the pompous emptiness of most of Brahms's symphonic works. There we have the real man for once, not the head boy in the school of Beethoven. But for the evil fate that forced Brahms into a position he was never ordained by nature to fill, I think we should have had much from him like that charming allegretto. As it was, his mission choked his utterance. The high priest of classical tradition saw his duty clear before him. He put on his miter, wrapped his vestments around him, and poured forth a string of oracular platitudes, which his admirers insist upon our accepting as a gospel of truth and beauty."

For a more thorough estimate of Brahms and his work, the reader will be glad to consider the views of the eminent historian and critic of music, Sir Charles H. H. Parry, which are embodied in the remaining portion of our sketch. He observes that the preëminence which the Germans have gained by their thoroughness and clearness of judgment, and true nobility of thought in music, is still maintained in Brahms, a descendant in the direct line of Bach and Beethoven. Schumann's generous insight, Sir Charles tells us, was never more happily shown than in his prophecy concerning Brahms, and it was so far ahead of the standard of musical intelligence of his contemporaries that his praise produced almost as much skepticism as sympathy. It made people curious about Brahms, but did not convince them. The strong char-

acter of his style, which depends not a little on a certain roughness and sternness, was to many people quite repellent; they had to get over his apparent want of consideration for their weaknesses before they had equanimity to listen to what he had to say. There is no second-rate suavity about his work nor compromise with fashionable taste, but an obvious determination to say only such things as are true and earnest, and to hold no parley with musical luxury and sensuality. And this earnestness is shown not only in nobility of thought, but also in the power to do without formularies and padding; which also is a great trouble to people of feeble musical organization.

In music which falls short of the highest, a great deal of what is called accompaniment, and some of the less prominent parts even of the melodies, are a sort of common property. Thousands of composers write the same figures and the same successions of chords over and over again, and think they have done enough when they have mixed up other people's tunes in a way which the public will not recognize—at least in the short period that their works are likely to last. By such a process the public are saved a good deal of trouble, for they know a great part of what they hear already, and have only to give their attention to a tune or two. The greater respect a composer has for himself and his art, the more he tries to get rid of this element of empty fudge; but very few are strong enough to succeed, for it is only possible for those who have a strong grasp both of the theory and practice of art, and a positive feeling, as well as a mere dry rule, for the total effect of any great form of composition, and the relation of details to the whole.

Brahms achieved this to an exceptional degree, for in every part of his work the powerful character of the man is felt. The way he treats the inner parts of the harmony is as much his own as the melody at the top; and even the way in which he treats an instrument like the pianoforte is quite different from the usages of other composers, and players have to accustom themselves to new ways of using their hands, and their heads as well, before they can master his works. Then again he scarcely makes any pretense of writing tunes or trusting the effect of his works to neat phrases. The principle of his art is to develop his works as complete organisms, and their artistic value depends upon the way in which they are carried out and the total impression they make rather than the attractiveness of the details.

There must, of course, be passages of stronger and passages of lesser interest, and the features that are meant to stand out often have high beauty in themselves; but it is the relation in which they stand to the rest of the work of art which gives them their full effect. Even the passages of lesser interest have their share in the total impression, and not the negative kind of function of similar portions in the early sonatas and symphonies. The balance between subject and episode, or subject and continuation, is much more even than in the typical sonata of the Haydn and Mozart period. Instrumental works of that time seemed to be made upon simple tunes strung together by links which were often completely devoid of any kind of interest. The tendency of art has since been to make the passages between the subjects interesting also, and to lessen the sharpness of the outline which

marked off the subjects from the rest of the work—in other words, to make the whole more homogeneous.

Brahms has carried this to the highest point, chiefly by reviving in his work more strongly than ever the principles of the great old contrapuntal school; and working into his instrumental forms the most musical qualities of the polyphonic method of Bach, of which the modern composer is a most powerful master. But this welding of old methods with new is accomplished without a trace of pedantry, as it is not the details but only the principles which are used.

The works in which Brahms first made his mark in these respects were chiefly in the form which is known as chamber music; that is, works on the same lines as sonatas or symphonies, but written for combinations of a few solo instruments. In the old days, when musicians depended very much upon the patronage of rich people and aristocrats, when public audiences and public concerts were extremely rare, a great deal of first-rate music was written to be played in comparatively small rooms, before small groups of intelligent people. It did not, therefore, require much power of sound, but was contrived especially with a view to refinement and elegance.

As great players addressed themselves more and more to large audiences in big concert-rooms, composers began to use greater volumes of sound. Moreover, as long as the harpsichord was the chief resource of composers as a keyed instrument, duos and trios which were written for stringed instruments in combination with it could not have much sonority; but when pianofortes came in and gained steadily in the capacity for making a volume of sound, the style of chamber

music changed, and rapidly gained in power and breadth and comprehensiveness. The change began in Beethoven's time, and he succeeded in producing much more massive works without losing the refinements of the old style. After his time the style of the best and most popular works of the kind became much louder and more symphonic, and the details were more richly treated; much more color was introduced, and more vehemence of expression. Under these conditions Brahms found a comparatively fresh field, and he developed his pianoforte quartets, trios, and quintets on an immense scale, aiming at the most powerful effects the instruments were capable of, and replacing the refinements of the older school by the interest and complexity of his details.

This branch of art was most favorable to his peculiar gifts, as, writing for first-rate solo-players, he had no need to stint himself in difficulties, and could revel in elaborate combinations and ingenious rhythms. But he was always faithful in principle to the traditions of the classical school in matters of design, and showed no signs of sympathy with the ultra-romantic modern school which seeks a new field for instrumental music by the help of programme and speculative devices of form.

Brahms is therefore a representative of the classical school, but he combines with his asceticism a strong vein of poetry of a rather mystical and severe type. He has some of the qualities of the heroes of Scandinavian sagas, for, like them, he seems to be conscious of the inevitable fate and destiny which overhang all men and things, but has the force and dignity of mind to face them resolutely and to act with the vigor

becoming a man. Seriousness and earnestness are the keynotes of his system, and all his music has the most bracing and invigorating character. The example of a noble man tends to make others noble, and the picture of a noble mind, such as is presented in his work, helps to raise others toward his level; and the influence which his music exerts upon later musicians is of the very highest value to art.

Brahms worked in many lines, but always in the same range of style. In somewhat advanced years he brought out four extremely fine symphonies, which are as characteristic of him as all his other works; and he showed his mastery in such lines as variation-writing—a branch of art in which only the very greatest masters have excelled—and in overtures, pure choral music, and works for solo, chorus, and orchestra, such as the grand "German Requiem," which in its line is one of the finest works of modern times.

But he shows the freshness and poetry of his genius most remarkably in his songs. It is not usual for the giants of art, who excel in the sternest and grandest forms of music, to give much attention to songs, but Brahms made song-writing quite a special province, and not only produced an enormous quantity of such works, but by far the finest individual songs that made their appearance in his generation. In fact, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms make a triad of great song-writers such as no other nation can approach, and Brahms can well stand comparison with the other two. His principles of song-writing differ from theirs chiefly in the greater elaboration with which he deals with the poet's ideas. Even his simpler songs are so original as to present considerable dif-

ficulties both to singer and player; but the difficulties are always well worth overcoming, for they arise from his determination to get the most thorough musical expression, and not to surrender anything for the sake of putting his work within the reach of feeble executants.

Brahms's songs represent the most advanced stage of artistic song in the matter of perfect balance of the elements of art; and they present also endless phases of feeling and emotion, from light-hearted merriment and childlike innocent gaiety to a high pitch of passion. They are often dramatic in the same sense that Beethoven's music is dramatic, and portray the characters of various kinds of human beings with an amazing subtlety and power. Finally, it is in his songs that Brahms shows the most easily recognizable examples of what people call beauty, and it often is genial beauty of the highest order. Tunes are, of course, not too common, but melody is in profusion, and melody in genuine intelligible form, such as only differs from tunes in the fact that the design is not familiar.

Brahms was of that type of artist, like Beethoven, who goes on growing all through his lifetime. What he did gained for him a place among the few greatest in the history of music, and by slow degrees all the musical world are learning to know him and value him as he deserves. The treasures of art he has made are for coming generations as well as the present, and his influence and character may in the end be rated even higher than they are now. His position in history is quite clearly defined; and the greatness of his music is stamped upon the very face of it, both in the mastery of art and the dignity, force, and nobility which it expresses.

RUBINSTEIN

(1830-1894)

RUBINSTEIN

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, noted as a composer, and one of the greatest pianists the world has ever seen, was born near Jassy, Rumania, of Jewish parents, November 30, 1830. He received musical instruction from his mother and afterward from Villoing at Moscow. In 1839 he appeared in that city, where his genius was at once recognized. A year later he went to Paris, where he met Liszt, who was then teaching there, and under whose advice Rubinstein remained in the French capital to pursue his studies. Afterward he traveled in Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia, and in 1842 arrived in England, appearing in May, with great success, at a Choral Fund Concert.

At this time Ignaz Moscheles, himself a distinguished musician, heard Rubinstein play in London, and said: "This Russian boy has fingers light as feathers, and with them the strength of a man." Fourteen years afterward Moscheles heard Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony," and said that he recognized in him "a preëminent talent for composition. . . . In power and execution he is inferior to no one. Rubinstein's features and short irrepressible hair remind me of Beethoven; I delight in his simplicity and sincerity."

In 1843 Rubinstein made a short visit to Moscow, and from there went with his family to Berlin, where

his parents wished to complete his musical education as well as that of his brother Nikolai, who also became distinguished as a composer and teacher. At Berlin the brothers studied under Dehn for composition and theory, and there they also enjoyed the friendship of Mendelssohn, whose acquaintance Anton had made in England. The death of his father recalled Anton's mother and brother to Moscow, and Anton, now thrown upon his own resources, went to Vienna, where he continued in earnest study and gave lessons for a livelihood. This work he kept up for almost two years, and then, in company with Heindl, a flautist, went to Hungary on a concert tour, which later he continued without his companion. Vienna being now disturbed by the revolution of 1848, he went to St. Petersburg and there came under the patronage of the Grand Duchess Hélène, who appointed him chamber virtuoso, or court pianist.

After studying diligently in St. Petersburg for eight years he appeared as a full-fledged artist with piles of original compositions, first in Hamburg and then all over Germany, where he found enthusiastic audiences and willing publishers. From this time his fame as a pianist and composer spread rapidly over Europe and America. He again visited England in 1857, and made his first appearance at the Philharmonic on May 18. In 1858 he returned home again, gave brilliant concerts in St. Petersburg, Moscow, etc., and settled in the former city. At this period he was appointed Imperial concert director, with a life pension. Thenceforward he worked in conjunction with his friend Schuberth for the advancement of music in Russia, and had the merit of being the founder of

the St. Petersburg Conservatorium in 1862, remaining its principal until 1867. The Russian Musical Society, founded in 1861, also owed its establishment to Rubinstein.

On leaving Russia he made another triumphant tour through the greater part of Europe, which lasted till the spring of 1870. When Rubinstein was in his native country in 1869, the Emperor decorated him with the Order of Vladimir, which raised him to noble rank. In 1870 he rested awhile, and expressed the intention of retiring from public life; but it was not likely that this desire, often subsequently repeated, could be fulfilled. He held the directorship of the Philharmonic concerts and Choral Society in Vienna for the next year or two, and this service was followed by fresh concert tours. He visited the principal countries of Europe, and in 1872 came to the United States, where he fully maintained the reputation he had established. Other tours followed his return to Russia, and thus he remained before the public till the close of his life. From 1887 to 1890 he was again director of the St. Petersburg Conservatorium. After a residence from 1890 to 1892 in Berlin, he lived for two years in Dresden, then returned to St. Petersburg, where he died November 20, 1894.

We are permitted to add to this brief biographical sketch interesting observations upon the lot of Rubinstein among modern musicians, together with critical judgments regarding the future of his works and his fame. For these we are indebted to the writer and eminent musical authority Henry T. Finck, whose words are reprinted from "The Music of the Modern

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Musicians, usually so inclined to disagree, all acknowledge that, with the exception of Liszt, Anton Rubinstein is the greatest pianist of all time. Two continents succumbed to the spell of the great Russian, who could make the piano weep, laugh, and talk, roar like a lion or coo like a dove; the artist who never played to the gallery, but only for himself, and therefore for all who have taste enough to appreciate genius. One can be a great composer without being a pianist, but one cannot be a great pianist without being a composer. Rubinstein was both. How thoroughly even the general public appreciated his genius as an interpretive musician is shown by the fact that, when his powers were already on the wane, his memory unreliable, his eyesight almost gone, he was offered $125,000 for a second American tour embracing only fifty concerts.

Such success and fame might well suffice, but Rubinstein died a disappointed man. Why? Because he was not sufficiently appreciated as a composer. His songs and some of his piano pieces became popular, two of his symphonies were heard occasionally, and once in a while one of his operas was mounted, only to disappear after a few repetitions. Yet the Rubinstein catalogue includes one hundred and thirteen works appertaining to every department of music. When we consider that Rubinstein had no peer among his contemporaries as a spontaneous melodist, and that the public considers melody the essence of music, this lack of appreciation of his works seems

the most mysterious phenomenon in modern music.

Rubinstein was a victim partly of fate, partly of his own stubbornness. Had he entered the world twenty years sooner, he would have been almost as popular as Mendelssohn. But he came at the time when the Wagner tide swept the musical world; he refused to swim with the current, and was left in an eddy. His operas "Nero" and "The Maccabees" contain infinitely more good music than the successes of Mascagni and Leoncavallo; they failed simply because they lacked the modern dramatic spirit—because Rubinstein willfully refused to learn from Wagner, as Wagner had learned from Weber. I believe that it was his fanatical hatred of Wagner, even more than his innate lack of dramatic instinct, that led him to write several long stage works in a new type—sacred operas, or rather operatic oratorios—which were foredoomed to eternal failure because they are neither fish nor flesh.

When Rubinstein was only twenty-four years old, Liszt expressed his regret that he should try to "swim in Mendelssohnian waters." He warned him against his *"extrême productivité,"* and wrote to him, *"Il ne suffit pas de faire, il faut parfaire."* Had Rubinstein obeyed him, had he not only written, but revised and perfected, he would have had a better chance of being counted among the immortals. Yet he will live. His "Dramatic Symphony" will be accounted one of the greatest works of its class. Some of his chamber music ranks with Beethoven's, and is growing in favor, and no one has written for the melodious violoncello as he has written for it. His operas will not live, but many beautiful numbers from them will,

including much of his ballet music. This, like his best songs, is always suffused with an exotic hue of that Orientalism which, with its melodiousness, its passion, and its abundance of new ideas, constitutes the principal charm of Rubinstein's compositions.

The following note upon a passage in Mr. Finck's article is contributed by Fanny Morris Smith, appearing in connection with the article itself in "The Music of the Modern World":

The "Mendelssohnian waters," from which Rubinstein was enjoined to refrain, consisted in an adherence to the methods of composition from which Liszt himself had revolted. Mendelssohn—a pupil of Zelter, a pianist nourished upon the fugal masterpieces of Bach, a composer of melodies of the most winning charm—found ample room within the rule and form inaugurated by Beethoven for the free expression of his genius. Liszt, whose own genius was non-melodic but essentially rhapsodical, so that, whatever he touched, whether for piano, song, or orchestra, fell unconsciously to him under the spell of his master passion, of necessity broke away from the limits of symmetry. His ear, too, was so purely for piano effects that he heard the orchestra more in order to color the timbre of his especial instrument than for its own proper qualities. His orchestral works, accordingly, sound nobler on the piano than when played by the orchestra for which they were scored.

Rubinstein, on the contrary, who spent a large portion of his life in a country not yet emerged from the melodic period of its development, found his own genius quickened by its congenial environment. The

Slavonic nations present, in the habits and social condition of their agrarian class, many features which disappeared from the rest of Europe centuries ago. This is the class in which melody has its root. It is altogether likely that the process of civilization, by obliterating these characteristics, will ultimately bring Russia, Hungary, and Poland to that condition where intellectual concepts take the place of melody, and music, as Rubinstein himself declared, is no more either spontaneous or naïve. For this reason he ranked Glinka, whose operas are very fountains of melody, among the great composers of the world, and excluded Wagner from the list. Music, according to Rubinstein's code, possessed rights of development as an independent art, and was misused when degraded to its present very unromantic use of merely pointing the moral or adorning the tale.

TCHAIKOVSKY

(1840-1893)

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY

THE greatest of Russian composers, Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky, was born at Votinsk, in the government of Vyatka, May 7, 1840. He was the son of a mining engineer, who had no thought of his becoming a musician, and sent him to the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg to be educated. After studying jurisprudence in that city, in 1859 he was appointed to a position in the Ministry of Justice. Already he was well known in his own circle as a musical amateur. In 1862 he left the service of the state and entered the newly founded Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg, where he studied under Anton Rubinstein and Zaremba.

From 1866 to 1878 Tchaikovsky was teacher of harmony at the Moscow Conservatory, faithfully performing his duties and also finding time for composition, to devote himself to which he finally resigned his post, and retiring to Klin, he worked almost in seclusion, becoming known as "the Hermit of Klin." "Although," says Henry T. Finck, "he had an almost feminine craving for approval and encouragement, his experiences were little more than a series of disappointments. His worldly prospects nevertheless stead-

ily improved, and in 1877 he married, to the surprise of his friends. The hasty marriage had a tragic sequel. The union was not a happy one, and the pair soon separated. The composer was so despondent that he attempted to commit suicide in such a way as to avoid scandal, by standing up to his chest in the icy river one night, in the hope of catching a deadly cold. In the following year another woman influenced his life in a happier way. He did not know her, and she preferred to keep her identity concealed, but she put aside for his benefit a sum of money which made it possible for him to give up his Conservatory classes and save his energy for his creative work."

Further details of Tchaikovsky's life are to be found in various biographical works, but it is the purpose of the present sketch mainly to present a sympathetic estimate of his mind and his works. It is of interest, however, to recall the fact that in 1891 he visited the United States, giving concerts in New York and other cities. At Cambridge, England, in 1893, he conducted some of his own works, and from the University received the degree of Doctor of Music. In the same year the life of this remarkable man came to a close with a suddenness that was startling to the musical world that had enjoyed such gifts from his genius, to which expectation looked for more and even greater benefactions in the future. He died of cholera, at St. Petersburg, November 6, 1893.

If it were possible to single out one composer more than another as representative of the various phases of thought characteristic of the close of the nineteenth century, that composer would undoubtedly be Tchaikovsky. Summed up in a single phrase, Tchaikovsky

is eminently *fin de siècle*. His feverish sensibility is fanned by gusts of passion, his highly strung nerves answer to every psychic suggestion. He revels in introspection, he bares his soul to the scalpel of his art. But with all his lack of restraint, he is an incomparable artist; or, to be more accurate, it is the artist in him that has mastered the man.

He views the world, life, and himself with the eye of an artist alone, he pours his own emotions into the alembic of music, content to suffer if he can thereby create. It was truly said of Byron, that he had but one subject—himself, and the saying is equally true of Tchaikovsky. In all that he wrote he mirrored his own personality; he is the protagonist of his own quartets, the hero of his own symphonies. As Hamlet he stalks moodily on the ramparts of Elsinore; as Manfred he wanders among the gleaming glaciers of the Alps; as Paolo he is racked by the unpitying torments of hell; as Ferdinand he marvels at the wonders of Miranda's isle; and as Romeo he loves and dies under the shadow of the towers of Verona. No man has ever handled music with a more delicate appreciation of its manifold possibilities. In his hands the orchestra becomes alive, a chorus of voices taught to breathe at his will every accent of human emotion. With his marvelous technique, his unerring instinct for sheer beauty of tone and his rhythmic fertility, he is the Swinburne of modern music. He has taught the world new secrets.

Living at a time conspicuous for a revival of musical activity in Russia, Tchaikovsky contrived to steer clear of the rock upon which so many of his friends made shipwreck—the exaggerated worship

of nationalism. Tchaikovsky was in many respects the most amiable and yielding of men, but where art was concerned his principles were inflexible, and he wisely refused to be persuaded by his "nationalist" friends into endeavoring to express himself in any way but that which was natural to him. He was of course denounced as a bad patriot. Outside the Russian frontiers he is rated at his true value.

Neither the operas nor the songs of Tchaikovsky are as well known to Western people as are his symphonies. In the case of the songs this is in all probability because of the difficulty of providing singable translations of the Russian words. However, it comes to this, that Tchaikovsky exists for Western musicians mainly as a writer of orchestral and chamber music. In his lifetime he paid several visits to England, where his great popularity dates from the production of his "Symphonie pathétique." In England he was always received with politeness and respect, but the general public never seems to have realized for a moment that it was entertaining a great composer.

Tchaikovsky's death and the production of the "Symphonie pathétique" changed everything. The work itself, coupled with the romantic circumstances of its creation, the fact that it was the composer's swan-song and appeared to contain in itself a suggestion of his approaching end—everything combined to captivate the popular fancy to an extraordinary degree. The "Symphonie pathétique" became the rage; the mere announcement of its performance sufficed to pack concert-rooms from floor to ceiling, and from this work people learned gradually to appreciate Tchaikovsky's other compositions, so that now his

symphonies, suites, and symphonic poems are among the most popular in the concert repertoire. And what is true of England is equally so in respect of other European countries and of our own as well.

It was not without good reason that the popular imagination, which Tchaikovsky's earlier works had left comparatively cold, was touched by the "Symphonie pathétique." It is without question the composer's most characteristic work, that into which he put most of himself. The Fourth symphony may excel it in point of sheer picturesqueness, the Fifth in poetic feeling, but in the Sixth symphony we feel that strongly personal note which rarely fails to appeal to sympathetic souls. Tchaikovsky affixed no programme to it, but the story of a tortured soul, seeking an anodyne for its misery in the rapture of pleasure and in the ecstasy of battle, and finally sinking to hopeless pessimism and suicide, is scarcely to be misread. That the lesson it teaches is noble or inspiring can certainly not be claimed, but the resources of music for expressing human emotions have rarely been employed in our time with more consummate art. The form of the work is new, the structure of the movements is unconstitutional, but every innovation in it is justified by success.

In Tchaikovsky's other works the same qualities and the same limitations are to be found. Of his earlier symphonies, the Fourth and Fifth alone can justly be compared to the Sixth. There is fine music in the earlier three, but they do not show the same technical accomplishment. The Fourth symphony is less subjective in feeling than the Fifth and Sixth, but it is no less brilliant an example of the composer's

extraordinary musicianship. In one of his letters the composer has given a sketch of the programme on which he worked in this symphony—the idea of relentless fate which ever steps in to frustrate man in his quest for happiness. The first movement is said to illustrate the contrast between grim reality and flattering dreams; the second is a picture of the melancholy induced by retrospection; the third is merely a series of capricious arabesques not expressing any definite feelings; while the finale draws a moral by setting the rich healthy life of the people by the side of anemic culture. Tchaikovsky added, however, that this sketch was far from exhausting the poetical meaning of his symphony, and indeed it says nothing of what to Western ears is the most striking feature of the work, its strong national feeling. It has a barbaric splendor of color that is not common in Tchaikovsky, and shows how easily, when he chose, he could beat his "nationalist" fellow-countrymen on their own ground. For once the background is the most interesting part of the picture, and in this symphony we care a good deal less about the fate-ridden hero than about the gorgeous and ever-shifting scenes through which his destiny leads him. At one time we seem to be listening to the trumpets of Tamerlane on the trackless plains of Tartary, at another sweeping with the wild hordes of Scythia along the banks of the Volga. Then the night falls and the camp-fires of a countless host twinkle beneath the stars. The hours are beguiled by the songs of bright-eyed Circassians and the sinuous dances of bejeweled slaves from the shores of the Caspian Sea.

Nothing more picturesque has ever been written

than this astonishing work. It glows with every color known to the modern palette. It is encrusted with ornament; it is viciously florid, if you will, and frankly decadent; but it is a wonderful example of what can be done in sheer scene-painting by a master of orchestral effect. The Fifth symphony is less flamboyant in style, but it is far profounder in thought, and sincerer because more personal in feeling. Some critics are inclined to call it Tchaikovsky's masterpiece. It has not the glitter and dazzle of the Fourth, nor the agonized emotion of the Sixth, but it is, if we may use such term in connection with music, and above all with Tchaikovsky's music, more philosophical than either.

The idea upon which it appears to be built is new to music—indeed it is only in these latest days that it could have been thought possible to clothe such an idea in music at all—but it is not new to literature. It occurs in a famous and beautiful passage in the "Troades" of Euripides. The idea is that of a great sorrow turned by some mysterious power to glory and splendor. Throughout the work runs the sad motto theme, breathing shame and sorrow, deepening the gloom of the tragic passages, darkening the sunlight of the brief glimpses of gaiety, yet in the end this very theme, fostered by the secret power of art, becomes transfigured and shines forth in splendor born from itself alone.

After the symphonies comes the long procession of Tchaikovsky's symphonic poems, gorgeous in their varied splendor, some of them, like "Manfred" and "Francesca da Rimini," quivering with high-strung emotion; others, like "Romeo and Juliet" and "The

Tempest," brilliant tone-pictures gleaming with the ever-changing hues that the great master of orchestral color knew so well how to group and contrast.

On the whole the symphonic poems suggest a different point of view from that which Tchaikovsky gives us in his symphonies. They are as it were the comments on certain masterpieces of literature made by a man of striking personality, and serve to illuminate the character of the critic as much as the thing criticised. In "Hamlet" we meet once more the hero of the "Symphonie pathétique," lashing himself to heights of fevered emotion and sinking to depths of sunless gloom. There is but little of Dante in Tchaikovsky's Paolo and Francesca, outlined for a moment against a background of such ghastly terror as only one of the greatest masters of orchestral color could paint. It is Tchaikovsky who speaks through their lips, he who has drunk the cup of anguish to the dregs, and found it sweetened by no touch of pity.

Tchaikovsky is never more himself than in his chamber music, and this is a point worth noting, since the great tone-painters of the orchestra rarely succeed within the austere limits of the quartet. Yet Tchaikovsky wrote nothing more intimately personal, nothing in which his peculiar vein of morbid feeling was more faithfully mirrored, than his quartets in D and E flat and his great trio in A minor, while the lighter moods of his varied personality are depicted with infinite grace and charm in his string sextet "Un souvenir de Florence," a work in which, as in his gay and brilliant Italian capriccio, he paid an artist's tribute to the immortal enchantment of Italy.

It is pleasant to find in these and similar works an-

other Tchaikovsky than the storm-tossed pilgrim of fate whom we know so well in the "Symphonie pathétique." Tchaikovsky had little or no humor, but in his lighter moments there is the indescribable charm of a gentle nature that has kept the fragrance of childhood and loves the simple things of life for their own simplicity. Such we find him in his delightful "Casse-noisette" ballet, a work that in its airy freshness and delicate sentiment seems like a tale of Hans Andersen transcribed into music. Two works more different in feeling than the "Casse-noisette" ballet and the "Symphonie pathétique" it would be difficult to conceive, and the two together give a good idea of the range of Tchaikovsky's talent, and go far toward explaining the secret of his influence upon contemporary music.

That Tchaikovsky's personality will be an abiding power in music, as Beethoven's and Mozart's have been, is hardly to be expected. His view of life, summing up as it does a vein of thought and feeling characteristic of his epoch, may have little interest for generations to come; but the secrets that he has taught the world of music will be a possession for all time. His unique feeling for the subtler mysteries of orchestral color has opened our eyes to new worlds of beauty. He brought the East to the West on wings of art, uniting the sheer glory and magnificence of color of the one to the instinct for form and design of the other. That this mystic marriage is celebrated in his music is a sufficient guarantee of the permanence of his own place among the great masters of tone-painting.

GRIEG

(1843-1907)

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

THE "national" spirit, which exists markedly in Chopin, Brahms, and a few others among the great composers, appears at its fullest in the Norwegian composer, Edvard Hagerup Grieg, who is one of the most individual figures in modern music.

His deliberate aim was to create a typical Norwegian music, based upon the national songs and dances of his country; and the title of "patriot in music" has never been better bestowed than on this man, who lavished his powers (and to no small degree his health) on the attainment of his end.

He was born at Bergen, June 15, 1843. It has been stated that he was ultimately of Scotch descent, his ancestors having fled from Scotland in the troublous "Covenanting" times and taken refuge at Bergen, where they founded a family of worthy Norwegian citizens; the spelling of their name becoming in the course of time altered from "Greig" to "Grieg" to suit the Scandinavian pronunciation of the vowels.

Be this as it may, Grieg at any rate came of a stock greatly respected in Bergen and of parents who possessed strong musical tastes. His mother was an accomplished pianist, and instructed him as soon as he gave signs of a musical disposition, which he very early did. His Op. 1 was written when he was nine,

and consisted of variations on a German air. The youthful musician was so abstracted in the composition of this that he took it to school by mistake for his books, and was severely advised by the master to leave such "stuff" at home. His compositions very soon showed a distinct style, for his impressionable nature became saturated with the influences that flowed from the magnificent scenery of his country and the patriotic spirit that lies so deep in the hearts of the people of Norway.

At this time the popular idol in Bergen was the famous violinist Ole Bull, who had been the first to endeavor to give artistic form to the national airs of Norway and to cause them to be heard outside their own borders. He became aware of Grieg's musical talent when the latter was about fifteen, and was so impressed by the boy's determination to carry out the work he himself had begun that he begged his parents to send their son at once to Leipzig to study music.

A desire expressed by Ole Bull was not one to be lightly disregarded, and Grieg was at once sent to Leipzig, where he began a severe course of study. Four years of continuous work most unfortunately broke down his constitution, which had never been strong, and a serious illness in 1860 left his health considerably impaired.

At Leipzig (we are told by Mr. Dannreuther, who was one of his fellow-students) he lived chiefly in the atmosphere of the romantic school of music, being specially attracted by the works of Chopin and Schumann. This produced a marked effect on the formation of his style. The grace and delicacy of his music

is often so much in the spirit of Chopin as to have gained for Grieg, not undeservedly, the soubriquet of "the Chopin of the North."

From Leipzig he went to Copenhagen—then the focus of literary and artistic life in Scandinavia—where he made one of a little group of enthusiastic compatriots, bound together by national sentiment and an ardent resolve that the national spirit should no longer be without adequate expression in the arts. Ole Bull, Kjerulf, and Nordraak had begun the work as far as concerned music, and Grieg, taking up the task, brought it to a complete and successful development.

It was in Copenhagen that Grieg made the acquaintance of his future wife, Mina Hagerup, then a singer of some repute; and to the same period belong some of the most attractive of his earlier compositions, mainly for the pianoforte.

After a winter spent in Italy he went back to Norway in 1866, and settled in Christiania. Though the capital was an active musical center, its attention was almost entirely given over to the German composers; and it was to combat this exclusiveness that Grieg set himself to attempt the regeneration of the musical life of Norway by exciting an interest in its national music.

He made a commencement by giving a series of concerts at which nothing but Norwegian pieces were performed, but his efforts were rather coldly met. He persevered, however, in reproducing everything that possessed the national color, and in basing his compositions upon themes of the same nature; and though it at first appeared that he with difficulty made any headway against the worship of the German masters,

it was a great pleasure and satisfaction to him to receive, among other significant recognitions, a letter from Liszt praising his music in the warmest terms and expressing a strong desire to make his acquaintance.

The next winter Grieg was again in Rome, where he enjoyed Liszt's friendship; and, strengthened by that master's encouragement, he returned the following year to Christiania, and by degrees found his aims more readily appreciated. Soon, to his keen satisfaction, he was able to excite something akin to enthusiasm over his endeavor to create a national music.

For eight years he lived mainly at Christiania, working as hard as his health permitted, and occupying himself, among other things, with the embodiment in music of some of the poetical ideas of Björnson and Ibsen. A house on the shores of the famous Hardanger Fjord gave him a delightful retreat in the summer. This he thoroughly enjoyed till, as he wrote to a friend, "the tourists hit upon the idea of installing themselves in boats beneath his windows, and then all peace was at an end." The persistent admiration of the country people, although more acceptable to him, was at times embarrassing; and Grieg tells, in a tone of good-humored distress, how "more than one thought, as he tried it on the piano, was massacred by the critical peasants, who, listening round the corner, were anxious to be godfathers to the newcomers."

After 1874 Grieg was for many years a wanderer, living in turn in Germany, Holland, Denmark, and elsewhere. Ultimately he settled again near his beloved Bergen, in a charming villa within easy reach of the

coast. Everywhere in his own country the warmest welcome was always given to him; national honors were bestowed upon him; and he enjoyed the proud sense of having not only fully realized an ambition, but also of having done the work of a patriot, in the resuscitation of the music of the land of mountain and fjord.

He made several visits to England with his wife, which furnished people the keen pleasure of hearing characteristic music performed with perfect sympathy; and it was a refreshing experience to see musicians so unaffectedly absorbed in the spirit of their work and so entirely free from the *ad captandum* tricks of the average concert performer. "Grieg's appearance," says an English writer who saw him, "the deep-set, alert eyes, the delicate tint of complexion, the sensitive mouth veiled by slight mustache, the prematurely gray hair upon a head that appears almost massive in comparison with the delicate frame—is now familiar to many in this country."

With no pretensions to virtuosity, Grieg was an able pianist and an admirable conductor, possessed of the rare secret of inspiring his orchestra with his own delicacy of feeling. His compositions include two suites to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," which "ranked him at once as the leading composer of Scandinavia, and first aroused interest in the play in many parts of the world." Among his other works are "Two Elegiac Melodies," the concert overture "Im Herbst," sonata for violin and piano, in G, Op. 13, "Symphonische Stücke," scenes from Björnson's "Olav Trygvason," "Sigurd Jorsalfar," the song cycle "Haugtussa," a Funeral Hymn in memory of his father, a large num-

ber of pianoforte pieces, a few examples of chamber music, etc.

The most marked characteristic of all his works is their strong national color, and next to that their unvarying good taste. Grieg was never betrayed into vulgarity or the commonplace. All that he produced bears the stamp of artistic care, with the fortunate result that he wrote nothing that does not deserve the attention of the student of music.

Moreover, he showed a self-restraint none too common in modern composers, in refraining from the attempt to overstep the limits within which his powers lay. The symphony he left to other masters; but in delicate pianoforte composition, in the lighter description of chamber music, in exquisitely melodious song, and, above all, in the presentation in music of the romantic spirit of his country, he had no rival among contemporary musicians of his own class. He died at Bergen, September 4, 1907.

STRAUSS

(1864-)

RICHARD STRAUSS

NO musician and composer in these early years of the twentieth century is more discussed among musical critics and people who constitute the "musical world" than the subject of this sketch, concerning whom curiosity and debate are stimulated anew whenever he adds to the list of his works.

Richard Strauss was born at Munich, Germany, June 11, 1864. He was the son of Franz Strauss, a famous horn-player, a circumstance that, says James Huneker, "may explain his predilection for the beautiful instrument." At an early age he acquired mastery of the violin and the piano. From 1875 to 1880 he studied theory and composition with Wilhelm Mayer. At sixteen he composed his first symphony, which was soon followed by a serenade for wind instruments that met with instant success. Through the influence of Von Bülow, to whom he was much indebted for professional assistance, he was appointed musical director at Meiningen. Here, says Mr. Huneker, "he met Alexander Ritter, a pupil of Wagner, and this friendship, with Von Bülow's daily coaching, decided Richard Strauss's tendency in art. He became a composer of the future, a man of the new school. He traveled much—he went to Greece, Italy, and Egypt for incipient lung trouble—and on 'guesting'

tours, on which he was received with enthusiasm, for he is a modern conductor in all the implications of the phrase. A man of good physique, Scandinavian in appearance, Strauss is widely cultured and well read in classical and modern literature."

Without entering into further biographical details, we devote the present sketch to a survey of this composer's work, mainly written by the well-known musical critic R. A. Streatfeild, whose somewhat positive views are left to the judgment of the reader.

At any given point in the history of music, says Mr. Streatfeild, there is nearly always one prominent figure round whom rages most fiercely the never-ceasing battle between conservatives and radicals. Thirty years ago Wagner was the rallying-point of the conflict. To-day it is Richard Strauss. The tide of musical progress has moved a stage farther up the beach, but the Mrs. Partingtons of the hour are as busy with their mops and as persistent with their cries of "Thus far and no farther" as ever.

The comedy is being played over again, with the old tags and the old catchwords. Strauss's music is impossible, it is ugly, it goes too far—just what was said of Wagner. And the result will be the same. The Mrs. Partingtons will be driven back inch by inch, the tide will erase their footsteps, and in another thirty years they will be mopping away as vigorously as ever at some new invader, and crying that Strauss represents the final boundary of the legitimate in music.

When Hermann Levi played Strauss's first symphony in 1881, Strauss became known to a few as a musician of rare endowments and extraordinary promise, and year by year as he produced his earlier sym-

phonic poems and numerous songs of exceptional originality and true lyrical fervor he gained still wider repute, but it was only when he reached his maturer manner in "Also sprach Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," and their successors that he undeniably stepped into the position of the foremost composer of his time.

Strauss's development is a singularly interesting study. In his second symphony in F minor and the other works which he wrote in the early eighties, such as the serenade for wind instruments, the Burleske for piano and orchestra, and the "Wanderers Sturmlied," the influence of Brahms is all-powerful. These youthful efforts of Strauss's are brilliant pieces of student work, but to the ordinary ear they carry no indications of the revolutionary spirit which animates his later productions. His first two symphonic poems mark a step forward. In them is the germ of his later development.

In "Aus Italien," "Macbeth," and "Don Juan," Strauss frankly avows himself a musical descendant of Berlioz and Liszt. "Aus Italien" follows the lead of Berlioz's "Harold." It is a picture of Italy as seen through Strauss's spectacles, a brilliant piece of scene-painting colored by the special bias of the composer's personality. "Macbeth" is a romantic study, also in the manner of Berlioz, but less happily contrived than the scenes of Italian travel. In "Don Juan" Strauss took up the mantle worn for a moment by Beethoven in his "Coriolan" overture, with which Liszt had striven to clothe a personality too weak to carry its giant folds. "Don Juan" is an exercise in musical psychology, a piece of musical character-drawing. It reveals Strauss as a psychologist, as a student of

human nature and a critic of life, no less vividly than as an accomplished musician.

Strauss's next work, "Tod und Verklärung" (Death and Transfiguration), is treated from a slightly different point of view, being founded upon a poem in which certain definite moods are in turn indicated. It thus follows to a certain extent the general design of a merely descriptive symphonic poem, the difference being that Strauss treats in music not so much actual incidents as the emotions they inspire, thus confining music to its strictly legitimate sphere. Further, although the poem deals with the death and transfiguration of one particular human being Strauss takes wider ground, and seems in the broad sweep of his art to take all mankind as his subject, and to give expression to their struggles and final deliverance in an infinitely more extended sense than is suggested by the poem on which he ostensibly worked. "Tod und Verklärung" has none of the revolutionary qualities that form so pronounced a feature of Strauss's later works.

Nor can the methods of Strauss here be called in question by any reasonable musician. He has sought by every means known to music to add poignancy to the various phases of the mental conflict that forms the subject of the work, with the result that "Tod und Verklärung" is one of the most emotional pieces of music ever written. Its violent contrasts of feeling, its plunges from tender pathos to abysses of physical and mental horror, might with some justice be called sensational, were it not that the close of the work, with its broad and magnificent melody of triumph, lifts the spirit into such a region of celestial tranquillity that

all that has gone before is felt to be but a prelude to this wonderful song of victory.

After writing "Tod und Verklärung" Strauss left the beaten track, which his genius had already illuminated with new and strange radiance, and plunged forth into unknown paths, upon which at first he found few to follow his footsteps. In "Till Eulenspiegel" we have him again at his philosophic standpoint. Till, the gayest and most light-hearted of rogues, is the incarnation of the spirit of revolt. His hand is against every man's; he is always in opposition. Under the guise of a rollicking scherzo Strauss gives us a scathing indictment of the powers that be. In his merriment there is a ring of bitterness, and behind the grinning mask you can catch the gleam of an avenger's eye. Strauss's revolutionary view of harmony is here revealed for the first time. Here we have him for the first time as a pioneer, destined to open new avenues of expression to his contemporaries. There are still critics who declaim against his "ugliness," but we are coming to appreciate the fact that our own views of what is ugly depend solely upon the training that our ears have received. Every harmonic pioneer has been in turn accused of "ugliness," but though the men of his own time may never succeed in grasping the reformer's view of what is beautiful, the rising generation very soon contrives to assimilate the new creed. Bearing this in mind, we should be cautious in dismissing Strauss as "ugly."

"Till Eulenspiegel" lent itself naturally to harmonic audacities. The freakish character of the hero and his attitude of revolt to existing institutions would have tempted a much less revolutionary musician

across the border-line of academic tradition. Strauss leaped the frontier at a bound. His score abounds with passages at which conservative musicians hold up their hands in horror, but not even his bitterest enemies can deny the masterly accomplishment of his technique and particularly his amazing faculty of orchestration. The score sparkles with the luster of an inexhaustible musical wit and imagination. The orchestra laughs, chatters, sneers, and capers as it has never done before, and through all runs a deep and tender sympathy for suffering humanity and a fiery indignation against insolence and oppression, which humanizes the whole and lifts the work from mere burlesque to the rank of a serious criticism of life.

In "Also sprach Zarathustra" (a title borrowed from Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche) Strauss takes us into a very different world. In this wonderful work we are not to look for anything like a definite attempt to set the philosophy of Nietzsche to music. "I did not intend," says Strauss, "to write philosophical music, or to portray Nietzsche's great work musically. I meant to convey in music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the *Uebermensch*" (superman). The work is thus the story of the adventures of a soul, and, as in Strauss's other works, not merely the soul of an individual, but the soul as it were of mankind in general. Strauss begins with a magnificent sunrise scene. We are to conceive the hero standing upon a lofty mountain, bathed in the glory of the morning. The spectacle of the rising sun fills him with vague raptures of pantheism, but soon

comes upon him a longing to solve the riddle of the universe. His religious feelings are invaded by doubt. From this conflict arises a mighty impulse to action. Zarathustra leaves his mountain-top and descends to earth, where the joys and passions of human life meet him. He revels for a time in pleasure, till disgust possesses him and he sings the grave-song of his youth and turns for consolation to science, as exemplified in a learned fugue. Then comes the period of what Strauss calls his convalescence, which ends in joy as symbolized by the dance. His virtue, in the words of Nietzsche, has become a dancer's virtue, he leaps with both feet in gold-emerald delight, he laughs under rose-trees and hedges of lilies, it is his Alpha and Omega that all heaviness is turned to lightness, every body to a dancing thing, every spirit to a bird. But the wild rapture of the dance sinks in time to calmness, and finally the victorious *Uebermensch* chants his Night-Wanderer's song: "O men, give heed! What says deep midnight? I slept and from dreams I awakened. The world is deep and deeper than day deemed. Deep is her woe, joy deeper still than heart's sorrow. Woe cries, Perish; but all Joy craves for Eternity, deep, deep Eternity!" In the close of his "Zarathustra" Strauss leaves the guidance of Nietzsche. The philosopher gives the victory to his *Uebermensch*, but to the musician the riddle of life remains insoluble, and he ends with the strange juxtaposition of the chords of B and C, breathing mystery and doubt.

"Don Quixote," the work which followed "Also sprach Zarathustra," has been acclaimed by some critics as Strauss's masterpiece, but others do not believe that

it will eventually rank among his greatest works. Strauss has declared that it was written at a time when he was "inclined to be conscious of and ironical at the expense of the tragicomedy of his own overzealous hyperidealism," and indeed through much of the work there runs a note of bitterness, which we do not often find in Strauss's music. In "Don Quixote" we seem to see the composer in a moment of depression turning upon himself and his ideals, laughing at his own enthusiasm, and dashing to the ground the cherished idols of his own raising. Strauss is his own Don Quixote, and in his description of the brain-sick knight's phantom conflicts he means us to read a cynical record of his own struggles for the regeneration of music. Of course, a totally different view of the work is possible. Apart from this suggestion of self-portraiture, however, "Don Quixote" is an exceedingly interesting if not a specially attractive work. Whether there are suggestions of autobiography in "Don Quixote" may be an open question, but about "Ein Heldenleben" no doubt is possible. The work is frankly a picture of Strauss's own struggles against malice, envy and opposition, but at the same time it must not be taken only in this narrow and restricted sense. Strauss treats himself as a type of mankind. In an analysis of the work authorized by the composer, we are told that in "Ein Heldenleben" he presents "not a single poetical or historical figure, but rather a more general and free ideal of great and manly heroism—not the heroism to which one can apply an everyday standard of valor, with its material and exterior rewards, but that heroism which endures the inward battle of life, and aspires through

effort and renouncement toward the elevation of the soul."

Truly a noble subject for a musical poem, and one with which only a very obstinate devotee of so-called "abstract music" could quarrel! How does Strauss treat it? He divides his work into six sections, describing in turn the hero, his antagonists, his companion, his battles, his work, his final renouncement of the world and his death. The nobly sonorous opening, breathing generous ardor and heroic ambition, is followed by an extraordinary passage, in which the snarls of malevolent critics and the malice of disappointed rivals are translated into a musical language of the most uncompromising realism. To this succeeds a love-scene between the hero and his companion, in which a long dialogue between a solo violin and the orchestra leads up to a climax of marvelous richness and beauty, at the close of which distant echoes of the voices of the antagonists are again heard. The battle scene that follows is amazing in its energy and resource. Never have "the noise of the captains and the shouting" been set to music with such thrilling effect. But it is far from being a mere pandemonium of noise. It is built upon a solid musical foundation, and, in spite of the discordance of many of the details, the general effect of this astonishing tone-picture is one of deliberate rhythmical unity. The next section, the hero's work in peace, stands frankly confessed as a piece of autobiography, the themes being largely taken from Strauss's earlier compositions. This movement is the least successful part of the work. The close of the work is sublime in its directly human appeal. It has a loftiness of inspiration and a large

serenity of utterance such as even Strauss but rarely attains. As a whole, "Ein Heldenleben" is worthy of being set by the side of "Zarathustra."

Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" won him more friends than anything he had written. It is an exquisite idyll of home life. The characters of the story are three: the father, the mother, and the child.

The opening movement introduces the husband and the wife, whose themes at once recall the corresponding melodies in "Ein Heldenleben." A little later appears the simple and beautiful melody of the child, stealing in with a marvelous suggestion of awe and mystery, a striking musical embodiment of the famous "trailing clouds of glory" of Wordsworth. The introduction develops the three themes, after which comes a dainty and playful scherzo, a charming little genre-picture of child-life, ending in a lullaby of haunting tenderness and beauty. To this succeeds a love-scene of such rapturous and exalted feeling, of emotion so sacred and tender, that it seems almost a desecration to speak of it in terms of ordinary criticism. Since Beethoven wrote the finale to the "Eroica" symphony, the love of man and woman has not been sung in accents of purer and nobler inspiration. In the closing movement we see the destiny of the child mirrored in the hopes of the parents. They seem to read the future with the piercing gaze of love and faith and hope. The music tingles, as it were, with fervor and enthusiasm. We are hurried from climax to climax till the work ends triumphantly in a broad sweep of impassioned exultation.

Of two later works by Richard Strauss, "Salome," first performed in Dresden in 1905 and produced in

New York in 1907, and "Elektra," which followed it, given in New York in 1910, musical circles everywhere have been well informed by the universal discussion which they aroused. We cannot better continue the present sketch than by quoting from a critique of "Elektra" by the distinguished writer William J. Henderson, which appeared in the New York "Sun" February 6, 1910, and in which occur comparative observations on "Salome":

"All you have to do when you go to hear 'Elektra' is to take into consideration the patent fact that Strauss does not believe that melody and harmony of the old song style used by Mozart, Beethoven and many other masters can express with convincing eloquence the emotions which constitute the tragedy of such stories as Salome and this later work.

"You can absorb yourself in listening to the amazing instrumental combinations. The system of scoring utilized by Strauss is really wonderful. He demands of wind instruments technique such as the old masters never conceived. . . .

"The deeper artistic aspects of 'Elektra' will be considered by some few serious thinkers about music. When 'Salome' was produced there was a quantity of such comment. Those who can recall it will remember that the principal point at issue appeared to be the large proportion of ugliness in the score of the opera; but it can hardly be disputed that it contained much more music beautiful according to established standards than that of 'Elektra.'

"Strauss has almost eliminated what we call beauty from 'Elektra,' but we are bound to keep in mind the fact that the subject is very different from that of the

former work. There is little variety of mood in 'Elektra.' The mad eagerness of the heroine for vengeance is the background of the entire action. It never leaves the stage for a moment. . . .

"Strauss found in 'Salome' a certain strong element of pure sensuousness. The passion of Salome was matter to be treated in music of genuinely sensuous character, but in 'Elektra' there is no sensuous suggestion. The whole drama waits upon the return of Orestes to slay the murderers of his father. When the movement of the play really begins we have been engaged for more than an hour in saturating ourselves with a mood, and practically only one mood at that.

"With the entrance of Orestes, however, the true action of the opera begins. The killing of Klytemnestra off the stage is not as dreadful as it might have been. Strauss's music here does not compare with that which he composed for the killing of Jokanaan down in the well. Nevertheless the excited movement of the music from the arrival of Orestes to the end of the opera supplies the largest change of mood in the work. It really is not a change but an acceleration of the mood.

"The maniacal dance of Elektra is a remarkable conception. The title 'dance' is somewhat misleading. It is rather a piece of rhythmic pantomime than a dance. Elektra goes mad and her spasmodic movements fall into a rhythm, thereby becoming really much more appalling than they would be if executed in the ordinary manner. This 'dance' is a fine exhibition of the potency of poetic movement."

Outside of his operas and symphonic poems Strauss's most important work has been done in song-

writing. His songs vary in merit, but the best of them show a rare gift of lyrical expression and a rich and distinguished vein of melody. He has in some degree succeeded in bringing the world to a comprehension of his view of melody, as he may in time bring it to a comprehension of his view of harmony. If you accept him, you must put aside once for all the idea that music is only what Milton calls a "melodious noise," a pleasing concatenation of sounds meaning nothing in particular. With Strauss music is as much a vehicle for the expression of definite emotions as are poetry and painting. He accepts the theory of the poetic basis of music in the fullest manner. Finally Strauss deals with the problems of life, the passions of mankind, their dreams and aspirations, their joys and sorrows; and who that has heard his music with unprejudiced ears can deny his right to claim for his art an equality with the sister arts of painting and poetry?

LULLI

(1633-1687)

JEAN BAPTISTE LULLI

THE first French composer of a series of operas, Jean Baptiste Lulli (or Lully), the son of Lorenzo de' Lulli, a gentleman of Florence, Italy, and Catarina del Serta, was born at Florence in 1633. An old Franciscan monk gave the gifted but mischievous child some elementary instruction, and taught him the guitar and the rudiments of music. The Chevalier de Guise took him to France, and having entered the service of Mlle. de Montpensier—"La Grande Mademoiselle"—in the kitchen, Lulli employed his leisure in learning the songs of the day and playing them upon his violin.

As his talent became known he was promoted from the kitchen to the Princess's band, where he soon distanced the other violinists. Mademoiselle, having discovered that he had composed the air of a satirical song at her expense, promptly dismissed him; but his name was sufficient to procure him a place in the King's band. Here some airs of his composition so pleased Louis XIV that he established on purpose for him a new band, called "les petits violons," to distinguish it from the large band of twenty-four violins. His new post enabled him to perfect himself as a solo-player, and gave him valuable practice as a conductor and composer for the orchestra.

Baptiste, as he was then called, had common sense

as well as ambition, and soon perceived that without deeper study he could not make full use of his talents. To remedy his defective education he took lessons on the harpsichord, and in composition from the organists Métru, Gigault, and Roberdel; and at the same time lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with men of rank, a useful process for which he had a special gift. He was soon chosen to compose the music for the court ballets, in which Louis XIV himself danced, and after the success of "Alcidiane" (1658) he was commissioned to write the divertissements for "Serse," an Italian opera by Cavalli, performed at the Louvre (November 22, 1660) in honor of the King's recent marriage with Marie Thérèse of Austria (June 9 previous), and, a year and a half later, the ballets for "Ercole amante," another opera by Cavalli, performed at the opening of the magnificent "Salle de spectacles" at the Tuileries (February 7, 1662).

It was by studying the works of this Venetian composer, and observing his method, that Lulli laid the foundation of his own individual style. In composing the divertissements for "Le mariage forcé," "Pourceaugnac," and "Le bourgeois gentilhomme," he made good use of the feeling for rhythm which he had imbibed from Cavalli, and also endeavored to make his music express the life and variety of Molière's situations and characters. The exquisitely comic scene of the polygamy in "M. de Pourceaugnac" is in itself sufficient evidence of the point to which he had attained, and of the glorious future which awaited him.

From 1658 to 1671—the year in which Molière produced his tragedy-ballet "Psyché"—Lulli composed

no less than thirty ballets, all unpublished. These slight compositions, in which Lulli took part with considerable success as dancer and comic actor, confirmed him in the favor of Louis XIV, who successively appointed him composer of his instrumental music, "surintendant" of his chamber music, and in 1662 "maître de musique" to the royal family. But neither these lucrative posts nor his constantly increasing reputation were sufficient to appease his insatiable ambition.

With all his genius he possessed neither honor nor morals, and would resort to any base expedient to rid himself of a troublesome rival. His envy had been roused by the privilege conceded to the Abbé Perrin (June 28, 1669) of creating an Académie de Musique, and was still further excited by the success of Cambert's operas "Pomone" and "Les peines et les plaisirs de l'amour" (1671). With the astuteness of a courtier Lulli took advantage of the squabbles of the numerous associés-directeurs of the opera, and with the aid of Mme. de Montespan procured the transference of Perrin's patent to himself (March, 1672).

Once master of a theater, the man whom honest Boileau branded with odium proved his right to a place in the first rank among artists, though as a man he could claim neither sympathy nor respect. In the poet Quinault he was fortunate enough to discover a *collaborateur* of extraordinary merit, and in conjunction with him Lulli within fourteen years composed twenty operas or divertissements. The variety of subjects in these is surprising, but Lulli was perfectly at home with all, passing easily from lively and humorous divertissements to scenes of heroism and pathos, from picturesque and dramatic music to downright comedy,

and treating all styles with equal power. He revolutionized the *ballets de la cour*, replacing the slow and stately airs by lively allegros, as rapid as the pirouettes of the danseuses whom he introduced on the stage, to the great delight of the spectators. For the recitativo secco of the Italians he substituted accompanied recitative, and in this very important part of French opera scrupulously conformed to the rules of prosody, and left models of correct and striking declamation. On the other hand, he made no attempt to vary the form of his airs, but slavishly cut them all after the fashion set by Cavalli in his operas, and by Rossi and Carissimi in their cantatas.

Lulli thoroughly understood the stage—witness the skill with which he introduces his choruses; had a true sense of proportion, and a strong feeling for the picturesque. The fact that his works are not forgotten, but are still republished, in spite of the progress of the lyric drama during the last two hundred years, is sufficient proof of his genius. Not but that he has serious faults. His instrumentation, though often labored, is poor, and his harmony not always correct: a great sameness of treatment disfigures his operas, and the same rhythm and the same counterpoint serve to illustrate the rage of Roland and the rocking of Charon's boat. Such faults are obvious to us; but they were easily passed over at such a period of musical revolution. It is a good maxim that in criticising works of art of a bygone age we should put them back in their original frames; and according to this rule we have no right to demand from the composer of "Thésée," "Atys," "Isis," "Phaëton," and "Armide" outbursts of passion or agitation which would have

disturbed the solemn majesty of his royal master, and have outraged both stage propriety and the strict rules of court etiquette. The chief business of the King's surintendant de la musique undoubtedly was to please his master, who detested brilliant passages and lively melodies; and making due allowance for these circumstances we affirm that Lulli's operas exhibit the grace and charm of Italian melody and a constant adherence to that good taste which is the ruling spirit of French declamation. Such qualities as these will always be appreciated by impartial critics.

Lulli was also successful in sacred music. Ballard published his motets for double choir in 1684, and a certain number of his sacred pieces, copied by Philidor, exist in the libraries of Versailles and of the Conservatoire. Mme. de Sevigné's admiration of his "Miserere" and "Libera" was strongly declared. Readers will recall the manner of Lulli's death. While conducting a Te Deum, January 8, 1687, in honor of the King's recovery from a severe illness, he accidentally struck his foot with the baton; an abscess followed; the quack in whose hands he placed himself proved incompetent, and he died in his own house in Paris on March 22.

As both surintendant de la musique and secretary to Louis XIV, Lulli was in high favor at court, and being extremely avaricious, used his opportunities to amass a large fortune. At his death he left four houses, all in the best quarters of Paris, besides securities and appointments amounting to a considerable fortune. His wife Madeleine, daughter of Lambert the singer, whom he married July 24, 1662, and by whom he had three sons and three daughters, shared his eco-

nomical tastes. For once laying aside their parsimonious habits, his family erected to his memory a splendid monument surmounted by his bust, which still exists in the left-hand chapel of the church of the Petits Pères, near the Place des Victoires.

BOIELDIEU

(1775-1834)

FRANÇOIS ADRIEN BOIELDIEU

THIS celebrated French composer of opéra comique was born December 16, 1775, at Rouen, where his father held the position of secretary to Archbishop Larochefoucauld. His mother kept a milliner's shop in the same city. The union does not seem to have been a happy one. We know at least that during the Revolution the elder Boieldieu availed himself of the law of divorce passed at that time to separate from his first wife and contract a second marriage.

Domestic dissensions were perhaps the reason why the composer, when his talent for music began to show itself, exchanged the house of his parents for that of his master, Broche, organist of the cathedral, who, although an excellent musician and pupil of the celebrated Padre Martini, was known as a drunkard, and occasionally treated Boieldieu with brutality. On one occasion, it is said, the boy had stained one of his master's books with ink, and in order to evade the cruel punishment in store for him escaped from Broche's house and went on foot to Paris, where he was found after much trouble by his family. Whether he returned to Broche seems uncertain. Neither are we informed of any other master to whom the composer owed the rudimentary knowledge of his art.

This knowledge, however acquired, was put to the test for the first time in 1793, when an opera by Boieldieu, called "La fille coupable" (words by his father), was performed at Rouen with considerable success. It has been believed that Boieldieu left Rouen for Paris immediately or at least very soon after this first attempt. This, however, must be a mistake, unless we accept the improbable conjecture of a second temporary sojourn in the capital. Certain it is that Boieldieu was again in Rouen October 28, 1795, when another opera by him, "Rosalie et Myrza," was performed at the theater of that city. The success of this second venture does not seem to have been brilliant, to judge at least by the "Journal de Rouen," which after briefly noticing the book observes silence with regard to the music.

Many of Boieldieu's charming ballads and chansons owe their origin to this period, and added considerably to the local reputation of the young composer. Much pecuniary advantage he does not seem to have derived from them, for Cochet, the Paris publisher of these minor compositions, told Fétis that Boieldieu was glad to part with the copyright for the moderate remuneration of twelve francs apiece. Soon after the appearance of his second opera Boieldieu left Rouen for good. Ambition and the consciousness of power caused him to be dissatisfied with the narrow sphere of his native city, particularly after the plan, advocated by him in an article in the "Journal de Rouen," of starting a music school on the model of the newly founded Conservatoire had failed.

To Paris therefore Boieldieu went for a second time, with an introduction from Garat the singer to

Jadin (a descendant of the well-known Belgian family of musicians), at whose house he found a hospitable reception, and became acquainted with the leading composers of the day, Cherubini among the number. Boieldieu made his début as an operatic composer in the capital with "La famille suisse," which was performed at the Théâtre Feydeau in 1797, and had a run of thirty nights alternately with Cherubini's "Médée."

Other operas followed in rapid succession, among which we mention "Zoraime et Zulnare" (written before 1796, but not performed till 1798), "La dot de Suzette" (same year), "Beniowski" (after a drama by Kotzebue; performed in 1800 at the Théâtre Favart), and "Le Calife de Bagdad" (performed in September of the same year with enormous success). To these operatic works ought to be added some pieces of chamber music. They are, according to Fétis, a concerto and six sonatas for pianoforte, a concerto for harp, a duo for harp and pianoforte, and three trios for pianoforte, harp, and violoncello. To the success of these minor compositions Boieldieu owed his appointment as professor of the pianoforte at the Conservatoire in 1800. With the same year we may close the first period of Boieldieu's artistic career. "Le Calife de Bagdad" is the last and highest effort of this period. If Boieldieu had died after finishing it he would be remembered as a charming composer of pretty tunes cleverly harmonized and tolerably instrumented—in short, as an average member of that French school of dramatic music of which he is now the acknowledged leader.

Boieldieu's first manner is chiefly characterized by

an absence of style—of individual style at least. Like most men of great creative power and of self-training, like Wagner for instance, Boieldieu began by unconsciously adopting and reproducing with great vigor the peculiarities of other composers. But every new advance of technical ability implied with him a commensurate step toward original conception, and his perfect mastery of the technical resources of his art coincided with the fullest growth of his genius. During this earlier period matter and manner were as yet equally far from maturity. This want of formal certainty was felt by the composer himself, if we may believe a story told by Fétis, which, although somewhat doubtful on chronological grounds, is at any rate plausibly invented. He relates that, during the composition of "Le Calife de Bagdad," Boieldieu used to submit every new piece as he wrote it to the criticism of his pupils at the Conservatoire. When, as happened frequently, these young purists took exception at their master's harmonic peccadillos, the case was referred to Méhul, to whose decision, favorable or adverse, Boieldieu meekly submitted. Considering that at the time Boieldieu was already a successful composer of established reputation, his modesty cannot be praised too highly. But such diffidence in his own judgment is incompatible with the consciousness of perfect formal mastership.

After one of the successful performances of "Le Calife," Cherubini accosted the elated composer in the lobby of the theater with the words "Malheureux! are you not ashamed of such undeserved success?" Boieldieu's answer to this brusque admonition was a request for further musical instruction, a request im-

mediately granted by Cherubini, and leading to a severe course of contrapuntal training under the great Italian master. The anecdote rests on good evidence, and is in perfect keeping with the characters of the two men. Fétis strongly denies the fact of Boieldieu having received any kind of instruction or even advice from Cherubini—on what grounds it is not easy to perceive. Intrinsic evidence goes far to confirm the story. For after "Le Calife de Bagdad" Boieldieu did not produce another opera for three years, and the first work brought out by him after this interval shows an enormous progress upon the compositions of his earlier period. This work, called "Ma tante Aurore," was first performed at the Théâtre Feydeau January, 1803, and met with great success.

In June of the same year the composer left France for St. Petersburg. His reasons for this somewhat sudden step have been stated in various ways. Russia at that time was an El Dorado to French artists, and several of Boieldieu's friends had already found lucrative employment in the Emperor's service. But Boieldieu left Paris without any engagement or even invitation from the Russian court, and only on his reaching the Russian frontier was he agreeably surprised by his appointment as conductor of the Imperial Opera, with a liberal salary. It is very improbable that he should have abandoned his chances of further success in France, together with his professorship at the Conservatoire, without some cause sufficient to make change at any price desirable. Domestic troubles are named by most biographers as this additional reason. Boieldieu had in 1802 contracted an ill-advised marriage with Clotilde Mafleuray, a dancer; the union

proved anything but happy, and it has been asserted that Boieldieu in his despair took to sudden flight. This anecdote, however, is sufficiently disproved by the discovered fact of his impending departure being duly announced in a theatrical journal of the time. Most likely domestic misery and the hope of fame and gain conjointly drove the composer to a step which, all things considered, one cannot but deplore.

Artistically speaking, the eight years spent by Boieldieu in Russia must be called all but total eclipse. By his agreement he was bound to compose three operas a year, besides marches for military bands, the libretti for the former to be found by the Emperor. But these were not forthcoming, and Boieldieu was obliged to take recourse to books already set to music by other composers. The titles of numerous vaudevilles and operas belonging to the Russian period might be cited, such as "Rien de trop," "La jeune femme colère," "Les voitures versées," "Aline, reine de Golconde," "Télémaque"; also the choral portions of Racine's "Athalie." Only the three first-mentioned works were reproduced by Boieldieu in Paris; the others he assigned to oblivion. "Télémaque" ought to be mentioned as containing the charming air to the words "Quel plaisir d'être en voyage," afterward transferred to "Jean de Paris."

In 1811 Boieldieu returned to Paris, where great changes had taken place in the meantime. Dalayrac was dead; Méhul and Cherubini, disgusted with the fickleness of public taste, kept silence; Niccolo Isouard was the only rival to be feared. But Boieldieu had not been forgotten by his old admirers. The revival of "Ma tante Aurore" and the first performance in

Paris of an improved version of "Rien de trop" were received with applause, which increased to a storm of enthusiasm when in 1812 one of the composer's most charming operas, "Jean de Paris," saw the light. This is one of the two masterpieces on which Boieldieu's claim to immortality must mainly rest. As regards refined humor and the gift of musically delineating a character in a few masterly touches, this work remains unsurpassed even by Boieldieu himself; in abundance of charming melodies it is perhaps inferior, and inferior only, to "La dame blanche." No other production of the French school can rival either of the two in the sustained development of the excellences most characteristic of that school. The Princess of Navarre, the Page, the Seneschal, are indestructible types of loveliness, grace, and humor. After the effort in "Jean de Paris" Boieldieu's genius seemed to be exhausted: nearly fourteen years elapsed before he showed in "La dame blanche" that his dormant power was capable of still higher flights.

We will not encumber the reader's memory with a list of names belonging to the intervening period, which would have to remain names only. Many of these operas were composed in collaboration with Cherubini, Catel, Isouard, and others; only "Le nouveau seigneur de village" (1813) and "Le petit chaperon rouge" (1818), both by Boieldieu alone, may be mentioned here. After the successful production of the last-named opera, Boieldieu did not bring out a new entire work for seven years. In December, 1825, the long-expected "Dame blanche" saw the light, and was received with unprecedented applause. Boieldieu modestly ascribes part of this success to the na-

tional reaction against the Rossini-worship of the preceding years. Other temporary causes have been cited, but the first verdict has been confirmed by many subsequent audiences. The melodies sound as fresh and are received with as much enthusiasm as on that eventful night of December 10, 1825, so graphically described by Boieldieu's pupil Adam. Such pieces as the cavatina "Viens gentille dame," the song "D'ici voyez ce beau domaine," or the trio at the end of the first act, will never fail of their effect as long as the feeling for true grace remains.

"La dame blanche" is the finest work of Boieldieu, and Boieldieu the greatest master of the French school of comic opera. With Auber, Boieldieu shares verve of dramatic utterance, with Adam piquancy of rhythmical structure, while he avoids almost entirely that bane of modern music, the dance rhythm, which in the two other composers marks the beginning of the decline and fall of the school. Peculiar to Boieldieu is a certain homely sweetness of melody, which proves its kinship to that source of all truly national music, the popular song. "La dame blanche" might indeed be considered as the artistic continuation of the chanson, in the same sense as Weber's "Der Freischütz" has been called a dramatized Volkslied. With regard to Boieldieu's work this remark indicates at the same time a strong development of the amalgamating force of French art and culture; for it must be borne in mind that the subject treated is Scotch. The plot is a compound of two of Scott's novels, "The Monastery" and "Guy Mannering." Julian (alias George Brown) comes to his paternal castle unknown to himself. He hears the songs of his childhood, which awaken old

memories in him; but he seems doomed to misery and disappointment, for on the day of his return his hall and his broad acres are to become the property of a villain, the unfaithful steward of his own family. Here is a situation full of gloom and sad foreboding. But Scribe and Boieldieu knew better. Their hero is a dashing cavalry officer, who makes love to every pretty woman he comes across, the "White Lady of Avenel" among the number. Yet nobody who has witnessed an adequate impersonation of George Brown can have failed to be impressed with the grace and noble gallantry of the character.

The Scotch airs also introduced by Boieldieu, although correctly transcribed, appear, in their harmonic and rhythmical treatment, thoroughly French. The tune of "Robin Adair," described as "le chant ordinaire de la tribu d'Avenel," would perhaps hardly be recognized by a genuine North Briton; but what it has lost in raciness it has gained in sweetness.

So much about the qualities which Boieldieu has in common with all the good composers of his school; in one point, however, he remains unrivaled by any of them; namely, in the masterly and thoroughly organic structure of his ensembles. Rousseau, in giving vent to his whimsical aversion to polyphony, says that it is as impossible to listen to two different tunes played at the same time as to two persons speaking simultaneously. True in a certain sense; unless these tunes represent at once unity and divergence—oneness, that is, of situation, and diversity of feelings excited by this one situation in various minds. We here touch upon one of the deepest problems of dramatic music, a problem triumphantly solved in the second act of

"La dame blanche." In the finale of that act we have a large ensemble of seven solo voices and chorus. All these comment upon one and the same event with sentiments as widely different as can well be imagined. We hear the disappointed growl of baffled vice, the triumph of loyal attachment, and the subdued note of tender love—all mingling with each other and yet arranged in separate groups of graphic distinctness. This ensemble, and indeed the whole auction scene, deserve the title "classical" in the highest sense of the word.

The remainder of Boieldieu's life is sad to relate. He produced another opera, called "Les deux nuits," in 1829, but it proved a failure, owing chiefly to the dull libretto by Bouilly, which the composer had accepted from good nature. This disappointment may have fostered the pulmonary disease, the germs of which Boieldieu had brought back from Russia. In vain he sought recovery in the mild climate of Southern France. Pecuniary difficulties increased the discomforts of his failing health. The bankruptcy of the Opéra Comique and the expulsion of Charles X, from whom he had received a pension, deprived Boieldieu of his chief sources of income. At last M. Thiers, the minister of Louis Philippe, relieved the master's anxieties by a government pension of 6000 francs. Boieldieu died October 8, 1834, at Jarcy, his country house, near Paris. The troubles of his last years were shared and softened by his second wife, to whom the composer was united in 1827 after a long and tender attachment.

DONIZETTI

(1797-1848)

GAETANO DONIZETTI

AMONG famous Italian composers we must include Donizetti, who was born at Bergamo, November 25, 1797, nearly six years after the birth of Rossini; and though he began his career at a very early age, he never achieved any important success until after Rossini had ceased to compose. Having completed his studies at the Conservatorio of Naples, under Mayr, he produced at Vienna, in 1818, his first opera, "Enrico di Borgogna," which was rapidly followed by "Il Falegname di Livonia" (Mantua, 1819). His "Zoraïde di Granata," brought out immediately after "Il Falegname" at Rome, procured for the young imitator of Rossini exemption from the conscription, and the honor of being carried in triumph and crowned at the Capitol.

The first work, however, by Donizetti which crossed the mountains and the seas and gained the ear of all Europe, was "Anna Bolena," given for the first time at Milan in 1830. This opera, which was long regarded as its composer's masterpiece, was written for Pasta and Rubini. It was in "Anna Bolena," too, as the impersonator of Henry VIII, that Lablache made his first great success. The graceful and melodious "Elisir d'Amore" was composed for Milan in 1832. "Lucia di Lammermoor," perhaps the most popular of all

Donizetti's works, was written for Naples in 1835, the part of Edgardo having been composed expressly for Duprez, that of Lucia for Persiani. The lively little operetta called "Il Campanello di Notte" was produced under very interesting circumstances, to save a Neapolitan manager and his company from ruin. "If you would only give us something new our fortunes would be made," said one of the singers. Donizetti declared they should have an operetta from his pen within a week. But where was he to get a libretto? He determined himself to supply that first necessity of the operatic composer; and, recollecting a vaudeville which he had seen some years before at Paris, called "La sonnette de nuit," took that for his subject, rearranged the little piece in operatic form, and forthwith set it to music. It is said that in nine days the libretto was written, the music composed, the parts learned, the opera performed and the theater saved.

Donizetti seems to have possessed considerable literary facility. He designed and wrote the last acts both of the "Lucia" and of "La Favorita"; and he himself translated into Italian the libretto of "Betly" and "La fille du régiment." Donizetti had visited Paris in 1835, when he produced, at the Théâtre des Italiens, his "Marino Faliero." Five years later another of his works was brought out at the same establishment. This was "Lucrezia Borgia" (composed for Milan in 1834); of which the run was cut short by Victor Hugo, who, as author of the tragedy on which the libretto is founded, forbade the representations. "Lucrezia Borgia" became, at the Italian Opera of Paris, "La Rinegata"—the Italians of Alexander VI's

court being changed into Turks. "Lucrezia" may be ranked with "Lucia" and "La Favorita" among the most successful of Donizetti's operas. "Lucia" contains some of the most beautiful melodies in the sentimental style that its ingenious composer produced; it contains also a concerted finale which is well designed and admirably dramatic.

The favor with which "Lucrezia Borgia" is everywhere received may be explained partly by the merit of the music—which, if not of a very high order, is always singable and tuneful—partly by the interest of the story, partly also by the manner in which the interest is divided between four principal characters, so that the cast must always include four leading singers, each of whom is well provided for by the composer. But of the great dramatic situation, in which a voluptuous drinking-song is contrasted with a funeral chant, not so much has been made as might have been expected. The musical effect, however, would naturally be more striking in the drama than in the opera; since in the former singing is heard only in this one scene, whereas in the latter it is heard throughout the opera. "Lucrezia Borgia" may be said to mark the distance halfway between the style of Rossini, imitated by Donizetti for so many years, and that of Verdi, which he in some measure anticipated: thus portions of "Maria di Rohan" (1843) might almost have been written by the composer of "Rigoletto."

In 1840 Donizetti revisited Paris, where he produced successively "I Martiri" (which as "Poliuto" had been forbidden at Naples by the censorship); "La fille du régiment," composed for the Opéra Comique, and afterward brought out in the form of an Italian

opera, with added recitatives; and "La Favorita," represented at the Académie. Jenny Lind, Sontag, Patti, Albani, all appeared with great success in "La Figlia del Reggimento," but when "La fille du régiment" was first brought out, with Madame Thillon in the chief part, it produced comparatively little effect. "La Favorita," on the other hand, met from the first with the most decided success. It is based on a very dramatic subject (borrowed from a French drama, "Le Comte de Commingues"), and many of the scenes have been treated by the composer in a highly dramatic spirit. For a long time, however, it failed to please Italian audiences. The fourth and concluding act of this opera is worth all the rest, and is probably the most dramatic act Donizetti ever wrote. With the exception of the cavatina "Ange si pur," taken from an unproduced work, "Le Duc d'Albe," and the slow movement of the duet, which was added at the rehearsals, the whole of this fine act was composed in from three to four hours.

Leaving Paris, Donizetti visited Rome, Milan, and Vienna. At Vienna he brought out "Linda di Chamouni." Coming back to Paris, he wrote (1843) "Don Pasquale" for the Théâtre Italien, and "Dom Sebastien" for the Académie. "Dom Sebastien" has been described as "a funeral in five acts," and the mournful drama to which the music of this work is wedded rendered its success all but impossible. As a matter of fact it did not succeed. The brilliant gaiety, on the other hand, of "Don Pasquale" charmed all who heard it, as did also the delightful acting and singing of Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache, for whom the four leading parts were composed. For

many years after its first production "Don Pasquale" was always played as a contemporary piece, but the singers perceived at last that there was a little absurdity in prima donna, barytone, and basso wearing the dress of everyday life; and it became usual, for the sake of picturesqueness in costume, to put back the time of the incidents to the eighteenth century. "Don Pasquale" and "Maria di Rohan" (Vienna) belong to the same year; and in this last opera the composer shows much of that earnestness and vigor for which Verdi has often been praised. Donizetti's last opera, "Catarina Cornaro," was produced at Naples in 1844, and apparently made no mark. This was his sixty-third work, without counting two operas which have never been played—the "Duc d'Albe," composed to a libretto originally meant by Scribe, its author, for Rossini, but which Rossini returned when, after "Guillaume Tell," he resolved to write no more for the operatic stage, and a piece in one act composed for the Opéra Comique.

Donizetti, during the last three years of his life, was subject to fits of melancholy and abstraction which became more and more intense, until he was attacked with paralysis at Bergamo, where he expired April 8, 1848. Buried some little distance outside the town, his remains were disinterred in 1876 and reburied within its limits.

BELLINI

(1802-1835)

VINCENZO BELLINI

THIS famous composer, born at Catania, Sicily, November 3, 1802, was, like so many distinguished musicians, the son of an organist. From his father he received his first lessons in music; but a Sicilian nobleman, struck by the child's talent, persuaded old Bellini to allow him to send his son to Naples, where he offered to pay the child's expenses at the famous Conservatorio, directed at that time by Zingarelli. Here Donizetti, who was born five years before and died thirteen years after Bellini, had preceded his short-lived contemporary by only a few years. Another of Bellini's fellow-pupils at the Conservatorio of Naples was Mercadante, the future composer of "Il Giuramento" and "La Testa di Bronzo." It is probable enough that Mercadante (who in after years became director of the celebrated musical institution in which he received his early education) may have written better exercises and passed better examinations than his less instructed young friend Bellini. The latter, however, began at an earlier age to compose.

Bellini's first work for the stage was produced while he was still at the academy. His "Adelson e Salvino" had the good fortune to be played in presence of the celebrated Barbaja, manager at that time of La Scala at Milan, of the San Carlo at Naples, and of numerous

minor opera houses. The great impresario, with the keen-sightedness which always distinguished him, gave the promising student a commission to write an opera for Naples; and in 1826 Bellini's "Bianca e Fernando" was brought out at the San Carlo without being so successful as to attract European attention. "Bianca e Fernando," however, pleased the Neapolitan public, while its general merit encouraged Barbaja to intrust the young musician with the composition of another work, which this time was to be brought out at La Scala.

The tenor part in Bellini's first opera for Milan was to be written specially for Rubini, who retired with the juvenile maestro into the country, and remained with him until the new opera, or at least the tenor part in it, was finished. The florid music of Rossini was at that time alone in fashion; and, by way of novelty, Bellini composed for Rubini, with his direct approbation, if not at his express suggestion, the simple expressive melodies which the illustrious tenor sang with so much effect when "Il Pirata" was at length produced. Owing in a great measure to Rubini's admirable delivery of the tenor airs, "Il Pirata"—the earliest of those works by Bellini which are still remembered—obtained a success not merely of esteem or even of enthusiasm, but of furor. It was represented soon afterward in Paris, and in due time was heard in all the capitals of Europe where Italian opera was at that time cultivated.

Bellini's next work was "La Straniera," first performed at Milan in 1828 with an admirable cast. "La Straniera" was less successful than its predecessor, and it scarcely can be said to have met with general

favor in Europe. Like "Il Pirata," it was produced in London, where, however, it made but little impression. "Zaira" (Parma, 1829) may be said to have failed. This at least is the only work of Bellini since the production of "Il Pirata" which was never performed out of Italy.

In 1831 Bellini composed for La Scala the work generally regarded as his masterpiece. Romani, the first of modern Italian librettists, had prepared for him, on the basis of a vaudeville and ballet by Scribe, the book of "La Sonnambula"; and the subject, so perfectly suited to Bellini's idyllic and elegiac genius, found at his hands the most appropriate and most felicitous musical treatment. "La Sonnambula," originally represented at La Scala, could not but make the tour of Europe; and, warmly received wherever it was performed, it seems nowhere to have hit the public taste so much as in England. No Italian opera before Bellini's "La Sonnambula" has been so often played in London as that charming work, the popularity of which is due partly to the interest of its simple, natural, thoroughly intelligible story, chiefly to the beauty of the melodies in which it abounds. Thanks to Madame Malibran, who appeared in an English version of the work, "La Sonnambula" soon became as popular in English as in its native Italian language.

It may be noted, once for all, that the genius of Bellini was exclusively lyrical and tuneful. He was no harmonist, he had no power of contrivance; and in his most dramatic scenes he produces his effect simply by the presentation of appropriate and expressive melodies. The beauties of "La Sonnambula,"

so full of pure melody and of emotional music of the most simple and touching kind, can be appreciated by every one; by the most learned musician and the most untutored amateur—or rather, let us say, by any playgoer who, not having been born deaf to the voice of music, hears an opera for the first time in his life. The part of Amina, the heroine of "La Sonnambula," is still a favorite one with débutantes; and it was in this character that both Madame Adelina Patti and Mlle. Emma Albani made their first appearance before an English public.

About a year after the production of "La Sonnambula" Bellini delighted the world of music with "Norma," which, very different in character from its immediate predecessor, is equally in its way a work of merit. Bellini wrote no melody more beautiful than that of Norma's prayer, "Casta Diva," in which, however, it is impossible to deny that the second movement is unworthy of the first. In the duet of the final scene the reproaches addressed by Norma to the faithless Pollio have, apart from their abstract musical beauty, the true accent of pathos; and the trio in which the perjured priestess and betrayed woman upbraids her deceiver with his newly discovered treachery proves, when the devoted heroine is adequately impersonated, at least as successful as the two other pieces cited.

Bellini's most important serious opera, like almost all operas of real dramatic merit, is founded on a French play. Romani's libretto of "Norma" was based on Soumet's tragedy of the same name, produced at the Théâtre Français about a year before the opera of "Norma" was brought out at the Scala Theater of

Milan. The successful opera has killed the drama from which its subject was derived—a result which under similar circumstances has happened more than once in the history of the modern stage. "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Fidelio," "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Norma," are only a few of many examples which might be cited of highly successful operas indebted for their dramatic framework to plays already nearly obsolete.

To return to Bellini: his "Norma" was succeeded by "Beatrice di Tenda," which did but little to keep up the composer's reputation. Represented for the first time at Venice in 1833, it was performed three years afterward, without much success, in London. In 1834 Bellini went to Paris, where, by the advice of Rossini, he was engaged to write an opera for the Théâtre Italien. Rossini is said to have recommended his young friend (Bellini was then twenty-seven years of age) to devote special attention to his orchestration, and generally to cultivate dramatic effect. In "I Puritani"—which, according to the almost invariable rule, owed its dramatic materials and its stage form to a Frenchman—Bellini was not well served by his librettist. Its special and absorbing interest is attached either to the tenor part, as in "Il Pirata," or to the prima-donna part, as in "La Sonnambula" and "Norma"; while besides being dull, even to those who understand it, the plot of "I Puritani" has the additional disadvantage of being obscure. On the other hand, the score is full of the most engaging melodies of the true Bellinian type. The chief part in the opera, in a musical if not in a dramatic sense, belongs to the tenor. Few tenors since the time of Rubini, for whom

it was written, have had voices sufficiently high to be able to sing it from beginning to end in the original keys. "I Puritani" was produced in London for the benefit of Madame Grisi in 1835; and the "Puritani season" was remembered for years afterward, and was long cited by experienced habitués as one of the most brilliant ever known. This opera and "La Sonnambula" and "Norma" have also had many successful performances in our own country. "I Puritani" was Bellini's last opera. Soon after its production he was attacked with an illness from which he never recovered.

"From his youth upwards," says J. W. Mould in his "Memoir of Bellini," "Vincenzo's eagerness in his art was such as to keep him at the piano day and night, till he was obliged forcibly to leave it. The ruling passion accompanied him through his short life, and by the assiduity with which he pursued it, brought on the dysentery which closed his brilliant career, peopling his last hours with the figures of those to whom his works were so largely indebted for their success. During the moments of delirium which preceded his death, he was constantly speaking of Lablache, Tamburini and Grisi; and one of his last recognizable impressions was that he was present at a brilliant representation of his last opera at the Salle Favart."

Bellini died near Paris, September 23, 1835—not the greatest, but one of the youngest, of many admirable composers (as Purcell, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Hérold) who scarcely lived to accomplish half the allotted years of man. Judge Bellini, on the other hand, by what one of his contemporaries did during the first twenty-eight years of his career, and his

youthful energy dwindles away before that of Rossini, who was but twenty-six when he produced "Mosè in Egitto," and who had previously composed, among works of less fame, "Tancredi," "Il Barbiere," "Otello," "La Gazza Ladra," and "La Cenerentola." But even if Bellini should outlive Rossini—and in the present day "Il Barbiere" and "Semiramide" are the only Rossinian operas which are played as often as "La Sonnambula" and "Norma"—it would still be necessary to remember that Bellini was but a follower of Rossini, and a pupil in his most melodious of schools.

Directly after Bellini's death, and on the very eve of his funeral, the Théâtre Italien opened for the season with "I Puritani." The performance must have been a sad one; and not many hours after its conclusion the artists who had taken part in it were repeating Bellini's last melodies, not to the words of the Italian libretto, but to those of the Catholic service for the dead. The general direction of the ceremony had been undertaken by Rossini, Cherubini, Paer, and Carafa. In the Requiem Service a deep impression was produced by a "Lacrymosa" for four voices, of which the beautiful tenor melody in the third act of "I Puritani" formed the fitting theme. The movement was sung without accompaniment by Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, and Lablache. The mass was celebrated in the Church of the Invalides, and Bellini lies buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. Rossini, who had done so much for his young compatriot during his lifetime, undertook the duty of conveying to the father the news of his death. "You always encouraged the object of my eternal regret in his labors," wrote the

old Bellini in reply; ". . . I shall never cease to remember how much you did for my son. I shall make known everywhere, in the midst of my tears, what an affectionate heart belongs to the great Rossini; and how kind, hospitable, and full of feeling are the artists of France."

BALFE

(1808-1870)

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

AS a composer of popular operas, Balfe is worthy of a place among those who have done work for the musical world, especially for those lovers of music who are most interested in its English development.

Michael William Balfe was born at Dublin, Ireland, May 15, 1808. When he was four years old his family resided at Wexford, and it was here, in the eager pleasure he took in listening to a military band, that Balfe gave the first sign of his musical aptitude. At five years of age he took his first lesson on the violin, and at seven was able to score a polacca composed by himself for a band. His father now sought better instruction for him, and placed him under O'Rourke (afterward known in London as Rooke), who brought him out as a violinist in May, 1816. At ten years old he composed a ballad, afterward sung by Madame Vestris in the comedy of "Paul Pry," under the title of "The Lover's Mistake," and which even now is remarkable for the freshness of its melody, the gift in which he afterward proved so eminent.

When he was sixteen his father died, and left him to his own resources; he accordingly went to London, and gained considerable credit by his performance of violin solos at the so-called oratorios. He was then engaged in the orchestra at Drury Lane, and when the

director had to appear on the stage (which was sometimes the case in the important musical pieces), he led the band. At this period he took lessons in composition from C. F. Horn, organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and father of the popular song-writer. In 1825 he met with a patron, the Count Mazzara, whom he accompanied to Italy. At Rome he was located in the house of his patron, and studied counterpoint under Frederici, afterward head of the Conservatorio at Milan. He next went to Milan, and studied singing under Filippo Galli. Here he made his first public essay as a dramatic composer by writing the music to a ballet entitled "La Pérouse," the melody and instrumentation in which created a favorable sensation.

Balfe was now in his twentieth year. Visiting Paris, he was introduced to Rossini, then director of the Italian opera. The maestro was not slow to perceive his talent, and offered him an engagement as principal barytone, on condition that he should take a course of preparatory lessons from Bordogni. He made his first appearance at the close of 1828 in "Figaro," with decided success. At the close of his Paris engagement he returned to Italy, and was welcomed by a new patron, the Count Sampieri of Bologna. In the carnival season of 1829-30 he was principal barytone at Palermo, and here produced his first complete opera, "I Rivali di se stessi," written in the short space of twenty days. This was followed in rapid succession by "Un Avvertimento ai gelosi," produced at Pavia, and "Enrico Quarto" at Milan, where he was engaged to sing with Malibran at La Scala. At Bergamo he met Mlle. Rosen, a German singer, whom he married. He continued to sing on the stage in Italy until the

spring of 1835, when he returned to London, and appeared at several public and private concerts.

Balfe's career as a writer of English operas commenced from this year, when he produced his "Siege of Rochelle" at Drury Lane with distinguished success. It was played for more than three months without intermission, and completely established the composer's fame. "The Maid of Artois" came out in the following spring, its success heightened by the exquisite singing of Malibran. "The light of other days" in this opera, in the judgment of one of his biographers, was perhaps the most popular song in England that those days knew. In the autumn of this year Balfe appeared as a singer at Drury Lane. In 1837 he brought out his "Catherine Grey" and "Joan of Arc"—himself singing the part of Theodore; and in the following year "Falstaff" was produced at Her Majesty's Theater, the first Italian opera written for that establishment by an English composer since Arne's "Olympiade." Two months previously "Diadeste" was given at Drury Lane. In 1839 he was much on the boards, playing Farinelli in Barnett's opera of that name at Drury Lane, and in an English version of Ricci's "Scaramuccia" at the Lyceum. In 1840 he entered the field as manager of the Lyceum (the English opera house), and produced his "Keolanthe" for the opening night, with Madame Balfe in the principal character; but with all its merited success the opera did not save the enterprise from an untoward close.

Balfe now migrated to Paris, where his genius was recognized, and Scribe and St. George furnished him with the dramatic poems which inspired him with

the charming music of "Le puits d'amour" (performed in London under the title of "Geraldine") and "Les quatre fils d'Aymon" (known as "The Castle of Aymon"), both given at the Opéra Comique. While thus maintaining his position before the most fastidious audience of Europe, Balfe returned to England and produced the most successful of all his works, "The Bohemian Girl" (November 27, 1843). This opera has been translated into almost every European language, and has been as great a favorite on our side of the Atlantic as on his. In 1844 he brought out "The Daughter of St. Mark," and in the following year "The Enchantress"—both at Drury Lane. In 1845 he wrote "L'Étoile de Séville" for the Académie Royale, in the course of the rehearsals of which he was called to London to arrange his engagement as conductor of Her Majesty's Theater, which office he filled to the closing of that establishment in 1852. "The Bondman" came out at Drury Lane in the winter of 1846, Balfe having arrived from Vienna specially for the rehearsals. In December, 1847, he brought out "The Maid of Honour"—the subject of which is the same as Flotow's "Martha"—at Drury Lane. In 1849 he went to Berlin to reproduce some of his operas, when the King offered him the decoration of the Prussian Eagle, which as a British subject he was unable to accept. Between this year and 1852 Balfe had undertaken to conduct a series of National Concerts at Her Majesty's Theater: the plan of these performances was devised with a view to the furtherance of the highest purposes of art, and several important works were produced in the course of the enterprise, which did not, however, meet with success.

At the close of 1852 Balfe visited St. Petersburg with letters of introduction from the Prince of Prussia, and was received with all kinds of distinction. Besides popular demonstrations and imperial favor he realized more money in less time than at any other period. The expedition to Trieste, where his next work, "Pittore e Duca," was given during the carnival, with such success as the failure of his prima donna could permit, brings us to 1856, when, after an absence of four years, he returned to England.

In the year after his return Balfe brought out his daughter Victoire (afterward married to Sir John Champton, and subsequently to the Duke de Frias) as a singer at the Italian opera at the Lyceum; and his next work, "The Rose of Castile," was produced by the English company also at this theater on October 29, 1857. This was succeeded, in 1858, by "La Zingara," the Italian version of "The Bohemian Girl," at Her Majesty's Theater, and by "Satanella" at the Lyceum. "Satanella" had a long run, and one of the songs, "The power of love," became very popular. His next operas were "Bianca," 1860; "The Puritan's Daughter," 1861; "The Armourer of Nantes" and "Blanche de Nevers" in February and November, 1863.

In December, 1869, the French version of his "Bohemian Girl" was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique of Paris under the title of "La Bohémienne," for which the composer wrote several additional pieces, besides recasting and extending the work into five acts. The success attending this revival procured him the twofold distinction of being made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor of the French, and Com-

mander of the Order of Carlos III by the Regent of Spain.

In 1864 Balfe retired into the country, became the proprietor of a small landed property in Hertfordshire, called Rowney Abbey, and turned gentleman farmer. Here he amused himself with agriculture and music, making occasional visits to Paris. He had several severe attacks of bronchitis, and suffered much from the loss of a favorite daughter, which much weakened his constitution. In September, 1870, he caught a violent cold, which caused a return of his old complaint, and on October 20 he expired.

"Il Talismano," the Italian version of Balfe's last opera, "The Knight of the Leopard," was produced at Drury Lane on June 11, 1874; and on September 25 in the same year a statue to his memory, by a Belgian artist, M. Mallempre, was placed in the vestibule of Drury Lane, the scene of so many of his triumphs.

Balfe's miscellaneous pieces are numerous, including the operetta of "The Sleeping Queen," performed at the Gallery of Illustration; three cantatas—"Mazeppa," performed in London; and two others composed at Paris and Bologna. Some of his ballads are not likely to be soon forgotten. His characteristics as a composer are summed up by a brother artist, Sir George Alexander Macfarren, in the following words: "Balfe possesses in a high degree the qualifications that make a natural musician, of quickness of ear, readiness of memory, executive facility, almost unlimited and ceaseless fluency of invention, with a felicitous power of producing striking melodies. His great experience added to these has given him the complete command of orchestral resources, and a re-

markable rapidity of production. Against these great advantages is balanced the want of conscientiousness, which makes him contented with the first idea that presents itself, regardless of dramatic truth, and considerate of momentary effect rather than artistic excellence; and this it is that, with all his well-merited success with the million, will forever prevent his works from ranking among the classics of the art. On the other hand it must be owned that the volatility and spontaneous character of his music would evaporate through elaboration, either ideal or technical; and that the element which makes it evanescent is that which also makes it popular."

"Balfe's claim to particular notice," says another English critic, "rests less on the intrinsic merits of his works than on their undoubted success; and, most of all, on the fact of his being one of the few composers of British birth whose names are known beyond the limits of their own country."

To these judgments we may add the following observations of a recent American writer: "Balfe lacks depth, serious musical discipline, and individuality; his style is a mixture of English-ballad sentimentality and the Italian manner of the Rossinian period. But his gift of simple melody, his strong comic vein, his facility of writing, his peculiarly English half-spoken, half-sung dialogue, and his feeling for effect have won for him a prominent place among English composers."

DAVID

(1810-1876)

FÉLICIEN CÉSAR DAVID

ONE of the most prominent of French composers is David, who was born at Cadenet, Vaucluse, April 13, 1810. His father was an accomplished musical amateur, and it is said that Félicien at the mature age of two evinced his musical taste by shouts of applause at his father's performances on the fiddle. At the age of four the boy was able to catch a tune. Two years later Garnier, first oboe at the Paris Opera, happened to hear the child sing, and strongly advised his mother to cultivate Félicien's talent. Soon afterward the family removed to Aix, where David became a chorister at the cathedral. He is said to have composed hymns, motets, and other works at this early period, and a quartet for strings, written at the age of thirteen, is still preserved.

In 1825 he went to the Jesuit college at Aix to complete his studies. Here he continued his music, and acquired some skill on the violin. He also developed an astonishing memory for music, which enabled him to retain many pieces by Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, and Lesueur, by heart. When he left the college, at the age of eighteen, want of means compelled him to enter the office of his sister's husband, a lawyer, but he soon afterward accepted the appointment of second conductor at the Aix theater, which he occupied till 1829, when the position of maître de chapelle at the cathe-

dral was offered to him. During the one year he occupied this place he wrote several compositions for the choir of the church; one of these, a "Beatus Vir," afterward excited the admiration of Cherubini.

In 1830 David went to Paris to finish his musical education. He had a small allowance from his uncle, but his wants were moderate and his enthusiasm great. Cherubini received him kindly, and under his auspices David entered the Conservatoire, and studied harmony under Millot. He also took private lessons from Réber, and thus accomplished his course of harmony within six months. He then entered the class of Fétis for counterpoint and fugue. An "Ave verum" composed at this time proves his successful advance. On the withdrawal of his allowance David had to support himself by giving lessons. At the same period he narrowly escaped the conscription.

In 1831 we have to date an important event in the composer's life—his joining the Saint-Simonians. David lived for some time in the kind of convent presided over by the Père Enfantin, and to his music were sung the hymns which preceded and accompanied the religious and domestic occupations of the brethren. When, in 1833, the brotherhood was dissolved, David joined a small group of the dispersed members, who traveled south, and were received with enthusiasm by their coreligionists at Lyons and Marseilles. The music fell to the composer's share, and several of David's choruses were received with great applause.

At Marseilles David embarked for the East, where he remained for several years, at Constantinople, Smyrna, in Egypt, and in the Holy Land. The impressions he received were of lasting influence on his tal-

ent. He managed wherever he went to take with him a piano, the gift of an admiring manufacturer at Lyons. Soon after his return, in 1835, he published a collection of "Mélodies orientales" for piano. In spite of the melodious charm and exquisite workmanship of these pieces they met with total neglect, and the disappointed composer left Paris for several years, and lived in the neighborhood of Igny, rarely visiting the capital. Two symphonies, twenty-four quintets for strings, several nonets for wind, and numerous songs belong to this period. One of his symphonies, in F, was in 1838 performed at the Valentino concerts, but without success.

In 1841 David again settled in Paris, and his name began to become more familiar to the public, owing to the rendering of some of his songs by M. Walter, the tenor. But his chief fame is founded on a work of very different import and dimensions—his ode-symphonie "Le désert," in which he embodied the impressions of his life in the East. It was produced December 8, 1844. The form of this composition is difficult to define. Berlioz might have called it a "melologue." It consists of three parts subdivided into several vocal and orchestral movements, each introduced by some lines of descriptive recitation. The subject is the mighty desert itself, with all its gloom and grandeur. On this background is depicted a caravan in various situations, singing a hymn of fanatic devotion to Allah, battling with the simoom, and resting in the evening by the fountain of the oasis.

Whatever one's abstract opinion of programme music may be, one cannot help recognizing in "Le désert" a highly remarkable work of its kind. The

vast monotony of the sandy plain, indicated by the reiterated C in the introduction, the opening prayer to Allah, the "Danse des almées," the chant of the muezzin, founded on a genuine Arabic melody—are rendered with a vividness of descriptive power rarely equaled by much greater musicians. David, indeed, is almost the only composer of his country who can lay claim to genuine local color. His Arabs are Arabs, not Frenchmen in disguise.

"Le désert" was written in three months. It was the product of spontaneous inspiration, and to this its enormous success is mainly ascribable. None of David's subsequent works have approached it in popularity. "Le désert" was followed, in 1846, by "Moïse au Sinaï," an oratorio written in Germany, where David had gone on a concert tour, and where he met with much enthusiasm not unmixed with adverse criticism. "Moïse," originally destined for Vienna, was performed in Paris, its success compared with that of its predecessor being a decided anticlimax. The next work is a second descriptive symphony, "Christophe Colomb" (1847), and its success was anything but brilliant. "L'Eden," a mystery, was first performed at the Opéra in 1848, but failed to attract attention during that stormy political epoch.

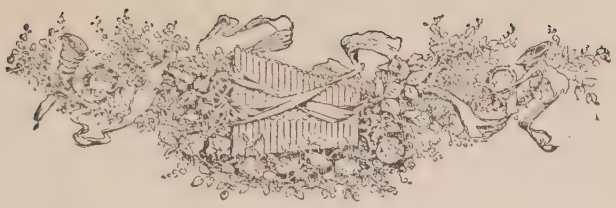
His first genuine success since 1844 David achieved with an opéra comique, "La perle du Brésil" (1851). His remaining dramatic works, "La fin du monde," "Herculaneum," "Lalla Roukh," "Le saphir," and "La captive," had varying fortunes, "Lalla Roukh" faring best of all.

David's power as an operatic writer seems to lie more in happy delineation of character than in dra-

matic force. Hence his greater success with comedy than with tragedy. "Lalla Roukh" particularly is an excellent specimen of felicitous expression, and easy but never trivial melodiousness. Here again his power of rendering musically the national type and the local surroundings of his characters becomes noticeable. This power alone is sufficient to justify the distinguished position he holds. As to his final place in the history of his art it would be premature to give a definite opinion. David died near Paris, August 29, 1876. Since his death several of his works—"Le désert" and "Lalla Roukh" among the number—have been revived with much success. David has had many followers, some of whom have in turn been influential composers in their respective fields.

OFFENBACH

(1819-1880)



JACQUES OFFENBACH

THE composer and master of burlesque comic operettas, Jacques Offenbach, was born at Cologne, Germany, June 21, 1819, of a Jewish family, one of the members of which, a chorister in the synagogue of that city, published songs commemorative of the exodus from Egypt, with a German translation, and ancient traditional melodies, in 1838. Offenbach's musical talent displayed itself at a very early age; and his father, a distinguished kapellmeister, taught him until he was thirteen, when he sent him to the Conservatoire of Paris, then under the direction of Cherubini, where he remained until 1837, after which he played the violoncello in the orchestras of different theaters, and finally in that of the comic opera. In 1841 he brought out some of his own compositions, and became known as concert cellist.

At this time the young musician manifested his originality and taste for parody and eccentricities. Thinking, doubtless, that the sound of the violoncello was insufficient in itself, he imitated the violin and other instruments. He imitated the bagpipe so well that he misled his hearers, and excited the enthusiasm of the uneducated class, who formed the majority in the concerts of that time. In 1848 he went to Germany, but returned to Paris in 1850, when he was engaged

as leader of the orchestra in the Théâtre Français.

The deplorable state into which the orchestra had fallen was proverbial. Offenbach wished to make this the starting-point of his fortune. He got up the characters, composed pretty little airs, preluded parodies of La Fontaine's "Fables," the publication of which obtained for him considerable success. The manner in which he made his orchestra execute Gounod's beautiful music for the choruses of "Ulysses" did him great honor. Meanwhile his talent for jesting, drollery, and buffoonery was becoming more and more known in his circle of acquaintances. Artists and writers pressed him to take advantage of it in the music he wrote for theaters. But while he found no difficulty in getting texts, he for a while could find no theater willing to bring out such works as he was desired to write.

Finally, in June, 1855, Offenbach's wishes were fully realized: he had a theater for himself. He obtained a privilege for the Bouffes-Parisiens, which he installed in the Champs-Elysées. The new theater was inaugurated by the performance of "Les deux aveugles." His success was so great that hardly had a year expired when he was obliged to exchange his theater in the Champs-Elysées for the large Salle-Comte in the center of the city.

His "Orphée aux enfers," played for the first time in 1858, is a grotesque and clownish parody, which commences by transforming Orpheus into a master of the violin giving private lessons, and finishes by a vulgar dance. This work obtained immense success. It was given over four hundred times in Paris alone. "Orphée" was in every way advantageous to its authors: it not only drew full houses, but even the hon-

orary favors that government voluntarily bestowed to success, if not always to the beautiful, the good, and the useful. This work served as a sort of signal for the fabrication of pieces of the same stamp; so that all the French theaters became inundated with them, to the great detriment of good taste, wit, and art. Before long it was perceived that they had entered upon a dangerous path; but the impulse had been too strongly given, and they could not bridle it. Such buffoonery replaces the pleasures of the mind, the ear, and the emotions of the heart, by unhealthy sensations. Many of the melodies, however, are charming: we would willingly acknowledge their artistic merit; but then we cannot forget that they are associated with the grossest scenes.

In "Daphnis et Chloé" (1860) there are fine melodies; and the same may be said of the operetta "Fortunio." Offenbach, who had the singular idea of competing and offering prizes, made a musical tour through England with his troupe in 1857, and through Germany in 1858. In 1860 he tried a ballet with the opera, but did not succeed.

In 1861 the composer tried "Barkouf" upon the stage of the comic opera; which had the reception it merited in this theater, where it was out of place. The failure of this piece was partly owing to Scribe, the author of the libretto, who had chosen a dog for the hero of the piece. The frequenters of the comic opera, though not very particular in their selections, protested against this novelty.

Offenbach resumed the direction of the theater, which he had given up for a while, and brought out several pieces: one of the most amusing was "Lischen

und Fritzchen." The latter, an Alsatian domestic, murders the French language so outrageously that his master turns him out of doors. Just at the moment he is venting his grief in comic complaints, he meets Lischen, also a young Alsatian; and the two speak so extravagant a language that they astonish each other. This little work is filled with pleasing melodies, and is very comical.

"La belle Hélène," a burlesque composition, put upon the stage in 1864, had unparalleled success in France, not particularly creditable to the French taste of the times. Except the introduction, in which is a fine hautboy solo, there is nothing but dance music and drolleries.

"La grande-duchesse de Gérolstein" also attracted a crowd, although the music is less interesting than that of the preceding works of the composer. Such was the infatuation which this piece caused, that at the time of the *Exposition universelle,* in 1867, many of the sovereigns of Europe, who were then in Paris, went to see it.

To do Offenbach justice, it must be said that his talent as cellist was genuine. He was a remarkable virtuoso before he became a composer; he had great facility for composition, as his numerous works prove. Besides, he possessed originality, drollery, and good humor. With such natural gifts, had he set a higher standard he might have produced works that would have placed him in the ranks of the greater masters.

In 1876 Offenbach made an unprofitable tour in America, of which he gave an account in his "Notes d'un musicien en voyage," published in 1877. He died in Paris, October 5, 1880.

SULLIVAN

(1842-1900)

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN

FEW composers in recent times have conferred more wholesome pleasure on the world than Sullivan has done. He has also in more than one composition appealed to the highest sentiments of mankind. He was born in London, May 13, 1842. His father was a bandmaster, and chief professor of the clarinet at Kneller Hall. His first systematic instruction was received from the Rev. Thomas Helmore, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, which he entered April 12, 1854, and left on the change of his voice, June 22, 1857. "His voice was very sweet," says Mr. Helmore, "and his style of singing far more sympathetic than that of most boys." While at the Chapel Royal he wrote many anthems and small pieces. One of them, "O Israel," a "sacred song," was published by Novellos in 1855.

In 1856 the Mendelssohn Scholarship was brought into active existence, and in July of that year Sullivan was elected the first scholar. Without leaving the Chapel Royal he began to study at the Royal Academy of Music under Goss and Sterndale Bennett, and remained there till his departure for Leipzig in the autumn of 1858. An overture of considerable merit is mentioned at this time as having been played at one of the private concerts of the Academy. At Leipzig he entered the Conservatorium under Plaidy, Haupt-

mann, Richter, Julius Rietz, and Moscheles, and remained there in company with Walter Bache, John F. Barnett, Franklin Taylor, and Carl Rosa, till the end of 1861. He then returned to London, bringing with him his music to Shakespeare's "Tempest," which was produced at the Crystal Palace, April 5, 1862, and repeated on the 12th of the same month, and several times since.

This beautiful composition made a great sensation in musical circles and launched him into London musical society. Two very graceful pianoforte pieces entitled "Thoughts" were among his earliest publications. The arrival of the Princess of Wales in March, 1863, produced a song, "Bride from the North," and a procession march and trio in E flat; and a song entitled "I Heard the Nightingale" was published April 28 of the same year. His next work of importance was a cantata called "Kenilworth," words by Henry F. Chorley, written for the Birmingham Festival of 1864, and produced there. It contains a very fine duet for soprano and tenor, to Shakespeare's words "On such a night as this," which is far too good to be forgotten. His music to the ballet of "L'Ile enchantée" was produced at Covent Garden, May 16, 1864.

At this date he lost much time over an opera called "The Sapphire Necklace," also by Chorley, the undramatic character of the libretto preventing its representation. The overture has been frequently heard, and the music has been used up in other works. In March, 1866, Sullivan produced a symphony in E at the Crystal Palace, which has been often played subsequently there and elsewhere. In the same year he had the misfortune to lose his father, to whom he was

fondly attached, and he uttered his grief in an overture entitled "In Memoriam," which was produced at the Norwich Festival of that year. A concerto for cello and orchestra was played by Piatti at the Crystal Palace on November 24. This was followed by an overture, "Marmion," commissioned by the Philharmonic Society and produced by them June 3, 1867. In the autumn of that year he accompanied his friend Mr. (afterward Sir) George Grove to Vienna, in search of the Schubert manuscripts which have since become so well known. At the same time his symphony was played at the Gewandhaus at Leipzig. In 1869 he composed a short oratorio on the story of "The Prodigal Son" for the Worcester Festival, where it was produced (Sims Reeves taking the principal part) on September 8. In 1870 he again contributed a work to the Birmingham Festival, the graceful and melodious "Overture di ballo" (in E flat), which, while couched throughout in dance rhythms, is constructed in perfectly classical form, and is one of the most favorite pieces in the Sydenham repertoire.

In 1871, in company with Gounod, Hiller, and Pinsuti, he wrote a piece for the opening of the Annual International Exhibition at the Albert Hall, on May 1—a cantata by Tom Taylor called "On Shore and Sea," for solo, chorus, and orchestra. On the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his illness, he composed, at the call of the Crystal Palace Company, "A Festival Te Deum," for soprano solo, orchestra, and chorus, which was performed there May 1, 1872. At this time he was closely engaged in editing the collection of "Church Hymns with Tunes" for the Christian Knowledge Society, for which he wrote twenty-one original

tunes. In 1873 Sullivan made a third appearance at Birmingham, this time with the leading feature of the festival, an oratorio entitled "The Light of the World," the words selected from the Bible by himself. The success of this very fine work at Birmingham was great, and it has often since been performed, but the very solemn treatment naturally adopted in the parts which relate the sufferings of Christ will always restrict its performance. Sullivan succeeded Sir Michael Costa as conductor of the Leeds Festival of 1880, and wrote for it "The Martyr of Antioch," to words selected from Milman's play of that name. The work, which lies between an oratorio and a cantata, was enthusiastically received.

We will now go back to those works which have made Sullivan's name most widely known—his comic operettas, and his songs. "Cox and Box, a new Triumviretta," was an adaptation by F. C. Burnand of Madison Morton's well-known farce, made still more comic by the interpolations, and set by Sullivan with a brightness and a drollery which at once put him in the highest rank as a comic composer. It was first produced in public at the Adelphi, London, May 11, 1867. The vein thus struck was not at first very rapidly worked. "The Contrabandista" followed at St. George's Opera House, December 18, 1867, but then there was a pause. "Thespis, or the Gods grown old; an operatic extravaganza" by William S. Gilbert (Gaiety, December 26, 1871), and "The Zoo, an original musical folly," by B. Rowe (St. James's, June 5, 1875), though full of fun and animation, were neither of them sufficient to take the public. "Trial by Jury, an extravaganza"—and a very

extravagant one too—words by W. S. Gilbert, produced at the Royalty, March 25, 1875, had a great success, and many representations, owing in part to the very humorous conception of the character of the Judge by Sullivan's brother Frederick. But none of these can be said to have taken a real hold on the public.

"The Sorcerer, an original modern comic opera," by W. S. Gilbert, which first established the popularity of its composer, was a new departure, a piece of larger dimensions and more substance than any of its predecessors. It was produced at the Opéra Comique, Strand, November 17, 1877, and ran uninterruptedly for 175 nights. The company formed for this piece was maintained in the next, "H.M.S. Pinafore," produced at the same house, May 25, 1878. This not only ran in London for 700 consecutive nights, but had an extraordinary vogue in the provinces, and was adopted in the United States to a degree exceeding all previous record. To protect their interests here, Sullivan and Gilbert visited the United States in 1879, and remained for several months. An attempt to bring out the piece at Berlin as "Amor an Bord" failed, owing to the impossibility of anything like political caricature in Germany. But it was published by Litolff in 1882. The vein of droll satire on current topics adopted in the last two pieces was kept up in "The Pirates of Penzance" (1880), "Patience, an æsthetic opera" (1881), and "Iolanthe" (1882). The same may be said of some at least of his later works—"Princess Ida" (1884), "The Mikado" (1885), "Ruddigore" (1887), "The Yeomen of the Guard" (1888), "The Gondoliers" (1889), "Haddon Hall" (1892), "Utopia" (1893), "The Grand Duke" (1896), "The Beauty

Stone" (1898), "The Rose of Persia" (1899), "The Emerald Isle" (1901). "Ivanhoe" is a grand opera.

Such unprecedented recognition speaks for itself. But it is higher praise to say, with a leading critic, that "while Mr. Sullivan's music is as comic and lively as anything by Offenbach, it has the extra advantage of being the work of a cultivated musician, who would scorn to write ungrammatically even if he could." We might add "vulgarly or coarsely," which, in spite of all temptations, Sullivan never did.

The "Tempest" music has never, so far as we are aware, been used in a performance of the play; in fact, since Macready's time "The Tempest" has rarely been put on the stage. But Sullivan wrote incidental music for three other of Shakespeare's dramas—"The Merchant of Venice" (1871), "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (1874), and "Henry VIII" (1878). Of these the first is by far the best, and is an excellent specimen of the merits of its composer, in spirit, tunefulness, orchestration, and irrepressible humor.

Sullivan's songs are as well known as his operettas. They are almost always of a tender or sentimental cast; and some of them, such as "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright"; the "Arabian Love Song," by Shelley; "O fair dove, O fond dove," by Jean Ingelow; the Shakespeare songs; and the series or song-cycle of "The Window," written for the purpose by Tennyson, stand in a very high rank. None of these, however, have attained the popularity of others, which, though slighter than those just named, and more in the ballad style, have hit the public taste to a remarkable degree. Such are "Will he come?" and "The Lost Chord" (both by Adelaide A. Procter); "O ma charmante" (Victor

Hugo); "The distant shore" and "Sweethearts" (both by W. S. Gilbert), etc.

The same tunefulness and appropriateness that have made his songs such favorites, also distinguish his numerous anthems. Here the excellent training of the Chapel Royal shows itself without disguise, in the easy flow of the voices, the display of excellent, and even learned, counterpoint, when demanded by words or subject, and the frequent examples throughout of that melodious style and independent treatment that marks the anthems of the best of the old-England school. His part songs, like his anthems, are flowing and spirited, and always appropriate to the words. There are two sets: one sacred, dedicated to his friend Franklin Taylor, and one secular, of which "O hush thee, my babie" has long been an established favorite.

His hymn-tunes are numerous, and some of them, such as "Onward, Christian Soldiers," have justly become great favorites. Others, such as "The strain upraise" and the arrangement of St. Ann's, to Heber's words "The Son of God goes forth to war," are on a larger scale, and would do honor to any composer.

If his vocal works have gained Sir Arthur Sullivan the applause of the public, it is in his orchestral music that his name will live among musicians. His music to "The Tempest" and "The Merchant of Venice," his oratorios, his overture "Di Ballo," and, still more, his symphony in E, show what remarkable gifts he had for the orchestra. Form and symmetry he seemed to possess by instinct; rhythm and melody clothe everything he touched; the music shows not only sympathetic genius, but sense, judgment, proportion, and a complete absence of pedantry and pretension; while the orches-

tration is distinguished by a happy and original beauty hardly surpassed by the greatest masters.

During the early part of his career Sullivan was organist of St. Michael's Church, London. After this, in 1867, he undertook the direction of the music at St. Peter's, Onslow Gardens, for which many of his anthems were composed, and where he remained till 1871. He was musical adviser to the Royal Aquarium Company from its incorporation in July, 1874, to May, 1876, organized the admirable band with which it started, and himself conducted its performances. For the seasons 1878-79 he conducted the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, and for those of 1875-76 and 1876-77, the Glasgow Festivals. He was principal of the National Training School at South Kensington from 1876 to 1881, when his engagements compelled him to resign, and he became a member of the Council of the Royal College of Music. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Cambridge in 1876, and from Oxford, 1879. In 1878 he acted as British commissioner for music at the International Exhibition at Paris, and was decorated with the Legion of Honor. He also bore the Order of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and on May 15, 1883, was knighted by Queen Victoria. Sullivan died in London, November 22, 1900.

DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC AND ITS FORMS

DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC AND ITS FORMS

By Louis C. Elson

THE term "drawing-room music," or in German "Salonmusik," is usually applied to such instrumental music as charms by melody, harmony, rhythm, and brilliancy. Classical music may have all these charms but usually adds an appeal to the intellect by development of figures, by counterpoint, or by other more subtle devices. Drawing-room music appeals chiefly to the emotions; classical music appeals both to the emotions and the mentality of the auditor. Beethoven was the composer who made these two appeals with the most perfect equipoise. Bach leaned more to the intellectual side, and Chopin, even in the classical forms, was always chiefly emotional.

The forms in which drawing-room music is chiefly written are generally easy of recognition and can be mastered readily, even without a teacher. It is the purpose of this article to enable our readers to study these simple forms by reference to some of the musical works embraced within its pages.

Instrumental music, in its simpler forms, is very closely related to poetry. It has similar rhyming effects and it divides very much as a poem might be divided. The figure in music is comparable to the poet-

ic foot. The phrase is like the line in poetry. The period is like the stanza.

The figure, then, is the shortest recognizable musical thought. To be recognized it must have rhythm. Rhythm involves contrast, therefore a single note is not a figure, any more than a single syllable can be a poetic foot. "Father," "farewell," "dignity," "removal," all represent different poetic feet, the first giving a heavy and a light accent, the second a light and a heavy one, the third one heavy and two light accents. In exactly the same manner the first figure of the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth symphony pulsates like the word "farewell" (an iambic foot), and the chief figure of the second movement in the same work pulsates like the word "dignity," a dactyl.

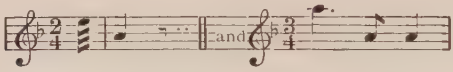
FIG. I

But the figure is sometimes used in music in a manner which finds no parallel in poetry. Sometimes, for example, it may be used as a seed from which many musical thoughts may be grown. It is often longer than two or three notes, and we may sometimes make an entire melody by repetitions and changes of a single figure. Here, for example, is a musical theme:

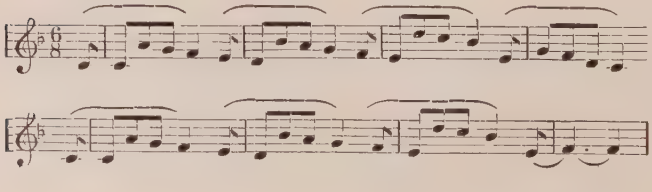
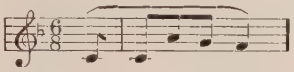
FIG. II

It is easily recognized as a complete musical sentence, but when it is examined it is found that the entire sentence, or period, is made from its first five notes, the following figure:

Fig. III

This figure is first announced, then transposed, then expanded, then varied (although still recognizable by its rhythm), and then the process is repeated.

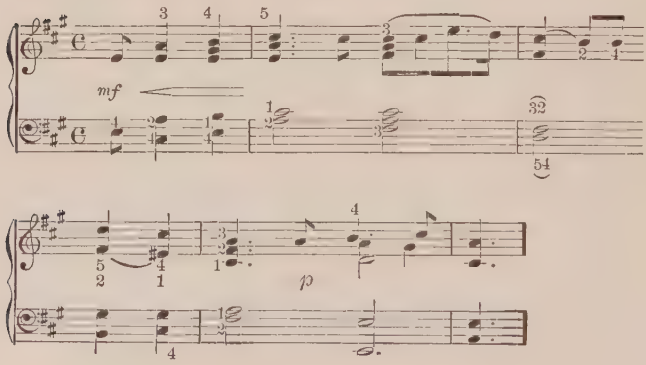
Not all melodies are thus formed from single figures, but they often may be.

The phrase in music is like the line in poetry. It is a division, but a dependent one. It requires another, similar division to attain completion. The period in music we have compared to the stanza in poetry. It is, as above intimated, a complete sentence. In some simple folk-songs it may be the entire composition; but just as we find very few poems of one stanza, so in instrumental music we demand more than a single period for a satisfactory musical work. A single period would lack contrast, and contrast and symmetry are the two chief laws of the forms of drawing-room music.

Most periods are made up of two phrases which may be said to rhyme together, like a couplet in poetry. The relationship of these two phrases to each other is the most important thing for the reader to master. The first phrase is called the *antecedent,* and is in the nature of a proposition or question. The second phrase is called the *consequent,* and is in the nature of a fulfilment or answer. The close relationship and balance

of these two phrases in simple music is a point that must be constantly kept in mind.

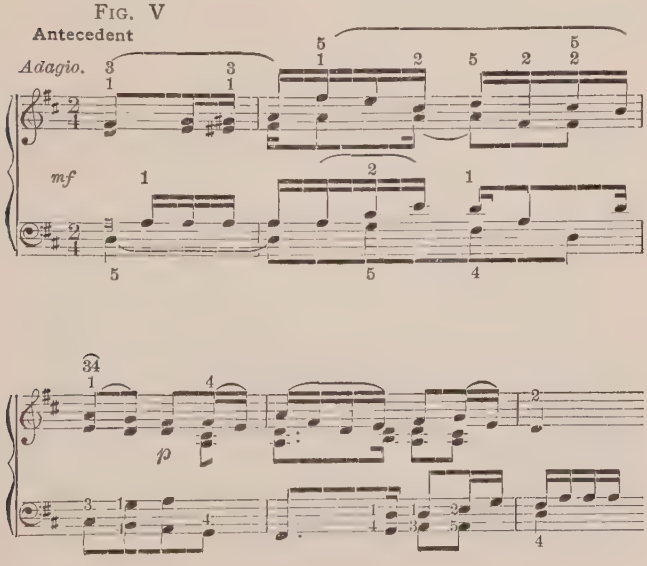
Usually the antecedent is exactly four or eight measures long, although in some waltzes it may be sixteen measures long. The antecedent usually ends on the second or fifth note of the scale, although there are cases where it closes with the first or third note. It usually suggests a pause, although not an ending, but sometimes it may come to a complete end (a full cadence) on the first note (tonic) of the scale. But even when this is the case it does not suggest a close, to the musical mind. We unconsciously demand something to balance against it. Here, for example, is an antecedent with a full cadence:

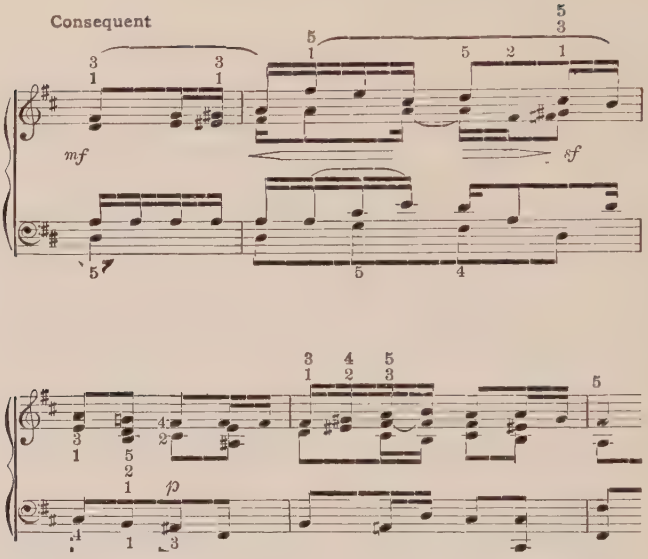
FIG. IV

Play this phrase over once and the ear will sense incompleteness. Play it through twice and it will become a satisfactory musical sentence or period. From this it will be seen that sometimes the consequent can be a mere repetition of the antecedent. Before we con-

sider the consequent, however, we must state that the antecedent is usually treated quite strictly in most music, being generally of fixed length and keeping this length at each return.

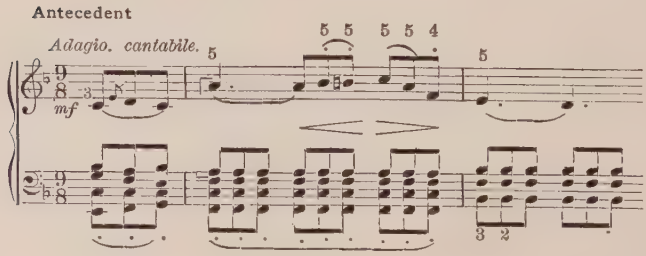
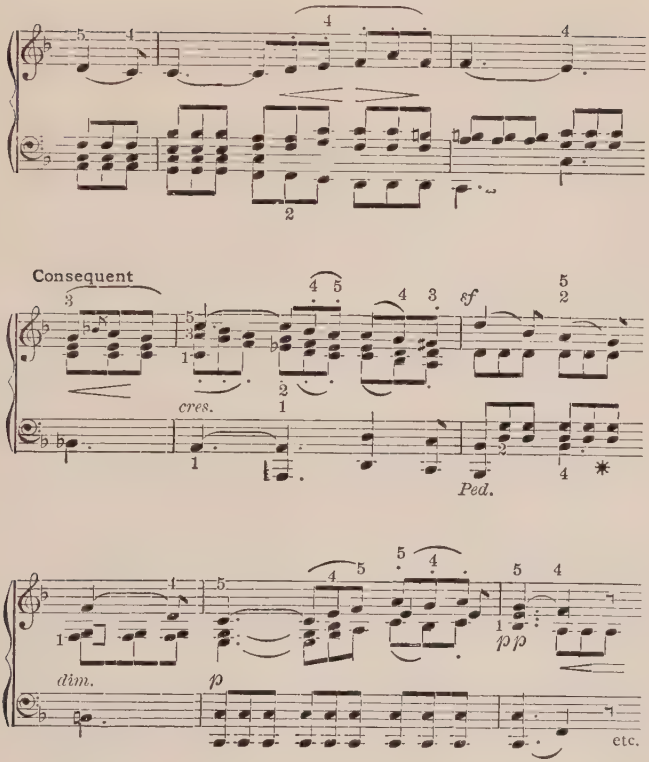
The consequent may be regarded as the answer to the antecedent and its completion. Sometimes it may be a mere repetition, as indicated in Fig. IV, above. More generally, in simple forms, it is a derivation from the antecedent, beginning like it but leading to a different conclusion. The consequent may end with a full cadence in the tonic key or in any other key, but it should give the impression of a complete ending, terminating the musical sentence or period. The following example may demonstrate this:

FIG. V





Sometimes the consequent may not be a definite answer as above, but may carry on a new melodic thought, as below:

FIG. VI



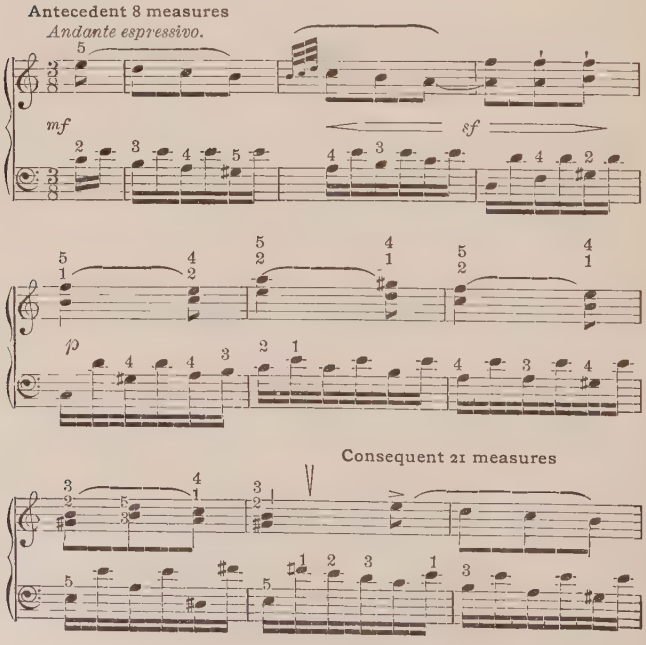
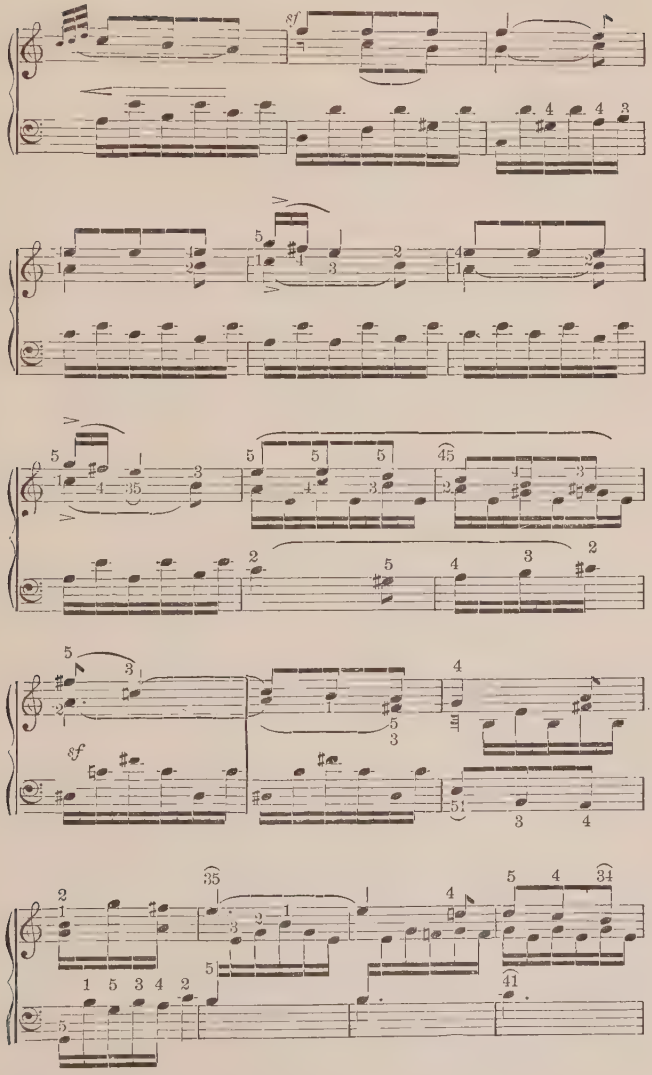
In simple forms the consequent will be treated almost as strictly as the antecedent. It will be of the same length, or will closely resemble the antecedent. But in more advanced music the consequent may be treated more freely than the antecedent. Thus, if the melody is repeated (being written out in full notation), the antecedent will almost always be exactly the same as in the first presentation, or very nearly so,

while the consequent may be altered and varied, and sometimes even an entirely new consequent may be attached to the original antecedent.

Frequently, also, the consequent may be made longer than the antecedent, by interpolations or extensions. It ought never to be shorter than the antecedent, although Mendelssohn, in his "Spring Song," does venture to give a consequent one measure shorter than the antecedent—with rather poor effect. (See "The World's Best Music," First Series, Vol. II, p. 486.)

We add here an example of a consequent made longer than the antecedent:

FIG. VII



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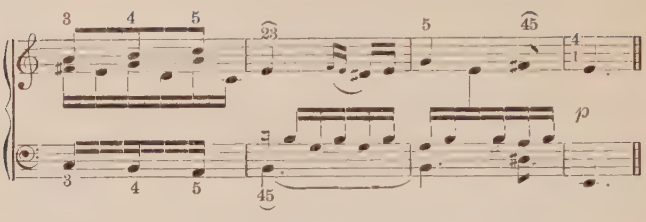
Of course, if the entire composition consists of but one period, the consequent must end in the tonic key. Such folk-songs as "The Maid of Islington," "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Broken Ring," etc., are illustrations of this. But if the composition is extended beyond the period, as is the case with Figs. V, VI, and VII, the consequent may or may not end in the tonic key.

Having thus established the smallest complete musical form in the mind of the reader, we can proceed to a more contrasted and larger form. The form next larger to the single period is the two-period song-form. The term "song-form" is applied to these small forms, since they came originally from vocal compositions. Some of the forms now to be described had their origin in folk-melodies of even the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The two-period song-form is of two kinds, the simplest being made of two periods in contrast with each other. Each period in this form is made according to the formula given above. The first period may end in the tonic key or in any other. It may be repeated or not. The second period must end in the tonic key. It may also be repeated if the composer so desires. The two periods are contrasted with each other. Usually they are of equal length, but they need not be so.

MEMORIES

From the Painting by Frank Dicksee

As an example of this form let the reader examine the first verse of Schubert's "My Peace Thou Art," in the vocal volume of "The World's Best Music," New Series, p. 103, and he will find, beginning with the vocal part, four measures of antecedent, and four measures of consequent by literal repetition. This is the first period. Then four measures of antecedent (of the second period) followed by six measures of consequent, the two last measures being an extension of the musical thought.

Franz's "Out of my Soul's great Sorrow" (vocal volume, New Series, p. 12) is another example, and here the whole composition may be studied. The first period has four measures of antecedent and four of consequent, ending in the key of A major. The second period is in contrast with the first, but is of exactly the same length, four measures of antecedent and four of consequent, after which a couple of measures of instrumental postlude (not necessary to the form) are added.

The same composer presents for us an example of the still smaller form of a single period, but with the very unusual form of an antecedent of six measures. His "Dedication" (ib. p. 139) gives a period of six measures antecedent and seven measures consequent, with an instrumental extension. Then the single period is repeated, with the same antecedent, but with the consequent varied and extended to twelve measures.

Another single-period form can be found in Leopold Damrosch's "Jessie" (ib. p. 304), which the reader will readily analyze for himself.

We pass now to another form of two periods, but one which is more symmetrical than the form described

above. In the preceding forms the two periods were contrasted with each other, and the form may be called the "two-period independent" form. But there is a simple law in musical form which is that the last thought of the composition shall resemble the first. "End as you began!" is one of the oldest precepts of symmetrical form. This can be carried out in a form of two periods as follows:

First period. Antecedent and consequent as above described.

Second period. A new antecedent, generally out of the key of the work and dramatic in character, followed by a consequent which does not reply to this new antecedent but to the antecedent of the *first* period. In other words, the consequent of the second period is derived from the antecedent of the first period, thus ending as we began, or nearly so.

In this form the first period may end in the key of the tonic or in any other related key, the second period, of course, ending in the tonic. Either period may be repeated.

In this form the phrases are usually all of equal length, so that if the first phrase is four measures long the composition will be 16 measures in length, if the first phrase is eight measures long the work will be 32 measures long. This rule is rarely broken in this form, which may be called the "two-period song-form, with partial return."

As an example of this form in its greatest simplicity we may name here a short folk-song which has become famous the world over. It has been ascribed to Mozart, but as Burney, in Mozart's lifetime, sought for its composer in vain, it certainly is not by him. It

clearly shows with what simplicity the composer can sometimes achieve great results. It is "Drink to me only with thine Eyes" and may be found in "The World's Best Music," First Series, p. 721.

In examining this song the reader will find the following form:

First period. Antecedent, four measures; consequent, literal repetition, four measures.

Second period. New antecedent, four measures; consequent—a literal repeat of the opening antecedent —four measures.

No simpler example of the two-period form with partial return could have been written. Yet, for all its simplicity—perhaps because of it—this song is imperishable.

In "The World's Best Music" will be found such folk-songs as "Old Folks at Home," "Comin' thro' the Rye," and others, which well illustrate this species of two-period form in which the last phrase is an answer to the first.

The next larger form is one which is more often found in short instrumental works than any other shape. It is the "three-division song-form." This is also built upon the principle of ending as we began, and the shape is more clearly defined than in any two-period form. It is made as follows:

The first division is a period as outlined above. The first period, or "theme," may end in the tonic or in any other key, and may be repeated or not, as the composer may desire.

The second division may be either an "episode" or a "countertheme." The episode affords a little the better contrast, since it is not only in a different key from

the theme, but also in a different style, being much freer than a melodic period. The episode is usually modulatory and dramatic, rather than tuneful. It may be of any length. It usually avoids the key of the tonic until its close. It seldom ends with a cadence, but often leads directly into the next division.

If the second division is a countertheme it should easily be recognized, for a countertheme is a definite period, having an antecedent, a consequent replying to it, and a full cadence. The countertheme is usually not in the key of the tonic, but may be in any other key. If the theme is gentle, the countertheme should be bold, and *vice versa,* in order to gain all possible contrast. The countertheme is often of the same length as the theme, but it need not be so.

The third division of this form is a return of the theme of the first division. But here many deviations may take place. Sometimes, in a very simple form, the first division may return intact, with its antecedent and consequent exactly the same as before. More often, however, some changes take place. The antecedent *always* returns exact, or nearly so. It will always be of the same length as in the first division, although some slight variation may at times be indulged in, but the antecedent, in its return, will always be clearly recognizable.

The consequent may, if the composer wishes, be freely altered. It may change its modulation, it may be of a different length from the consequent of the first division, and sometimes even an entirely new consequent may follow the strict return of the antecedent.

Sometimes, also, but more rarely, one will find the third division to consist of a *single phrase only.* This

form would be called "three-division song-form, with abbreviated return."

The reader can now take Hölzel's "Song without Words" (Vol. II, New Series, p. 401) as an example. The first four measures are the antecedent, the next four are the consequent; but the cadence is evaded the first time. Then the theme is repeated, four measures antecedent and five measures consequent. This brings the first division to a close, in the tonic key.

Division two is a clear countertheme in the key of A flat major. There are four measures of antecedent, and four of consequent, ending with a full cadence.

Now follows the third division. The antecedent of the first division comes back exactly as at first. The consequent also comes back in a clearly recognizable state, beginning as it did before, but now it is extended for a few measures before reaching its cadence. The form of this is very clear.

Let the reader turn to Vol. I, New Series, p. 202, and see Mendelssohn's "Song without Words," entitled (although the name does not come from the composer) "Consolation." Here we find some new features. Any instrumental form may have an introduction, and may be followed by a coda. Both of these are absolutely free in form. Of the coda we shall say more later on. But in Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" we sometimes find an innovation made to carry out still further the vocal idea.

It must be borne in mind that these pieces are songs turned into an instrumental guise; indeed, one German critic has called them "folk-songs in evening dress." When, therefore, in such a work we find a free (non-melodic) division preceding the first melody, and the

same free division following its end, it is better to use the terms "prelude" and "postlude" as we would in a real song. In this work, therefore, the first three measures and the last three measures are not to be regarded as belonging to the form itself.

Now beginning with the melody itself, count four measures and the antecedent will be found. In this case it ends with a full cadence, but nevertheless it would be incomplete by itself. The next four measures give us the consequent, clearly answering the antecedent, and cadencing in the key of the tonic—E major.

Now follows an episode. It is dramatic, modulatory, strongly in contrast with the theme, and is six measures long. It has no cadence, but leads directly into the next division. It is this episode that saves the composition from being too sugary and sentimental.

The third division begins with the antecedent, which comes back, four measures long, and exactly like the antecedent of the first division. This is followed by a new consequent, four measures long, quite different from the consequent in the first division. It has sometimes been taken for a coda, but the analysis of Div. I, Theme, eight measures; Div. II, Episode, six measures; Div. III, Return of Theme, eight measures, is a clearer and more symmetrical explanation of the piece. The cadence extends into the first measure of the postlude, the parts thus overlapping each other.

As simple a form as any in our collection will be found in Vol. II, New Series, p. 516—Claribel's melody of "Come back to Erin." Here we find: Div. I, Theme, antecedent four measures, consequent four measures; Div. II, Countertheme, eight measures in

the same manner (a cadenza here); Div. III (p. 518), return of theme as in Div. I.

Elgar's "Salut d'Amour" (Vol. II, New Series, p. 494) shows greater freedom in treating this form. Here the antecedent of the theme is eight measures long and the consequent of the same length. The full cadence is evaded and the theme repeated. At the end of the repetition the cadence is overlapped with a transition passage leading into Div. II. This division is an episode twenty-two measures long and begins as if it were to be a countertheme, with a clear antecedent of eight measures and what seems to be a consequent. But this consequent does not lead to any definite end. After six measures it begins to modulate freely back to the return of the theme, thus giving the character of an episode to the whole of Div. II. In Div. III the theme returns. The antecedent is (the rule has already been explained) the same as the antecedent of Div. I, and the consequent too begins as in that division, but it is soon changed and led into very charming modulations by which it is extended to a length of twenty-one measures. Then follows a coda which brings back reminiscences of the theme.

Many other instances of the application of this form can readily be found by the student. The uninformed critic might accuse the employment of such a simple form as tending to monotony, but this is by no means the case. It would be quite as just to accuse the human face of monotony because the eyes are always placed higher than the nose and the mouth always under it. Exactly as the human countenance differs in its features and their proportion, the three-division song-form may differ in dozens of little peculiarities.

Mendelssohn's volume of "Songs without Words" may be taken as a vivid illustration of this. Among a large number of short compositions in the above form, one can find such deviations as the following:

No. 1, an extended consequent; No. 2, a remarkable episode; No. 3, a return of theme in the bass part; No. 4, an abbreviated return, of one phrase only; No. 7, curious overlapping of the theme with transitions and returning passages; No. 14, a transposed repetition of Divs. II and III; No. 20, a fine exhibition of figure development; No. 27 (see Vol. I, First Series, p. 121), the theme repeated three times with constantly richer harmony; and many other changes might be spoken of. Mendelssohn's thoughts may not have had the grandeur of those of Beethoven, but in the management of the smaller forms he was as fine a workman as the world has ever seen.

To the above explanations we must add the fact that where repeats are used in these forms it is customary to repeat Div. I by itself, but Divs. II and III together. Sometimes, however, when Div. II is a countertheme it may be repeated separately.

Sometimes the parts are linked together more gracefully by passages which are extraneous to the actual form. If a passage leads from the end of a theme back to its beginning, to make a repeat, or from a countertheme to the return of the theme, it may be called a "returning passage." If it leads from the end of the theme to countertheme or episode it can be called a "transition."

The coda must be regarded as a musical postscript. After any musical form has been completed a coda may be added. The word comes from the Latin *cauda,*

a tail, and therefore the coda is always in the nature of an appendix. But it sometimes becomes something more than this. It can be made into a species of summing-up. Very often it becomes the climax of the composition. Beethoven's codas often present noble figure treatment and become the most important parts of his works. The coda may be of any length and shape, although of course it must be in proportion with the composition which it ends.

We now pass to a larger form which, as the song-forms above described are too short for the majority of musical works, is the most used form of drawing-room music. It is called "song-form with trio," or "minuet-form," or "minuet with trio," or "applied song-form." The first title seems to us the most intelligible, and therefore preferable.

This form is made from two separate, independent, and complete song-forms, which are now united, or placed in contrast to each other, in a single composition. It is still, therefore, an application of the idea of ending as we began, but used on a larger scale.

If the song-form itself is well understood, the song-form with trio cannot present any difficulties. It has three large parts.

Part I is a full song-form in the tonic key. It may be in the two-period form or the full form of three divisions.

Part II is another complete song-form, contrasted with the first both in style and in key. It is called the "trio," from the fact that in old orchestral works this second song-form was generally played by the wood-wind—flutes, oboes, and bassoons—in three-part harmony. Some of the Bach gavottes show this three-

part writing clearly. The trio is most frequently in the key of the subdominant, but may be in other keys, and Beethoven has even sometimes written a trio in the key of the tonic. The trio may be of any form from a single-period to a three-division song-form. It is generally of a gentler and more melodic character than Part I, and is usually clearly separated from that part. In a few instances, however, one may find a transition leading from Part I to the trio, or from the trio into Part III.

Part III is a return of Part I, generally unaltered. This part is sometimes written out in notation and sometimes merely indicated by a "D. C." mark.

Le Duc's "Ray of Sunshine" (Vol. I, New Series, p. 248) will be found to be a most strict application of the above form. Its analysis is as follows:

Part I. First song-form, A flat. Three-division form.
- Introduction, four measures.
- Div. I. Theme, eight measures. Repeated.
- Div. II. Countertheme, eight measures. Repeated.
- Div. III. Return of theme, eight measures.

Part II. Trio (subdominant key). Three-division song-form.
- Div. I. Theme, eight measures. Repeated. (Key of D flat.)
- Div. II. Countertheme, eight measures. Repeated.
- Div. III. Return of theme, eight measures. Repeated.

Part III. Return of first song-form.
- Div. I. Theme, eight measures.

Div. II. Countertheme, eight measures.
Div. III. Theme, eight measures.

There is no coda. The trio is not marked as such, as it sometimes is. Every antecedent and consequent in the work is exactly four measures in length. In spite of the simplicity of this treatment, this is a type of hundreds of drawing-room pieces some of them of high degree, as we may see by examining Chopin's Polonaise in A, Vol. I, New Series, p. 24. Here we find the following shape:

Part I. Three-division song-form. A major.
Div. I. Theme, eight measures.
Div. II. Countertheme, with short returning passage, eight measures.
Div. III. Return of theme, eight measures.
Part II. Trio (subdominant key, D major). Three-division song-form.
Div. I. Theme, sixteen measures.
Div. II. Episode, eight measures.
Div. III. Return of theme, sixteen measures.
Part III. Return of Part I, exactly as at first. Indicated by "D. C."

The repeats in this edition are indicated by dots.

Sometimes, especially in old-fashioned music, the trio has a drone bass, like a bagpipe. Such a trio is called a "musette." Bach used the musette in his gavottes frequently. Examples of the musette may be found in D'Albert's Gavotte, Vol. II, New Series, p. 452, and in the Gavotte by Silas, Vol. I, p. 43.

Another form of song-form with trio is made by causing Part III to present a return of the first theme only of Part I, the shape now being:

Part I. A song-form.
Part II. The trio.
Part III. Return of theme of Part I.

When this form is used, the trio should be more than one period in length. Sometimes composers make the error of giving a trio of one period (even marking it "Trio") and then a return of one theme only. This is not properly a song-form with trio, but becomes a five-division song-form, or second rondo, of which we shall speak further on. The song-form with trio and abbreviated return, as the form above described is called, may be studied in Eilenberg's "First Heart Throbs," Vol. II, New Series, p. 524. The analysis of that piece is as follows:

Part I. Introduction, four measures.
Div. I. Theme, sixteen measures.
Div. II. Countertheme, sixteen measures.
Div. III. Return of theme, sixteen measures.

Part II. Trio. (In D major, subdominant key.)
Div. I. Theme, sixteen measures.
Div. II. Countertheme, eight measures.
Div. III. Return of theme, sixteen measures.
Returning passage (like introduction), four measures.

Part III. Return of the first theme only, sixteen measures.
Coda, four measures.

In all of the above forms the antecedent and consequent exactly balance each other. In the sixteen-measured themes they are eight measures each; in the eight-measured themes they are four measures each.

The reader will find a slightly different shape of the same musical form in Herzog's "Black Key Polka Mazurka," Vol. I, New Series, p. 104. In this work he will find a song-form of three divisions, a trio of the two-period independent form (described in a preceding paragraph), and then a return of the first theme of Part I.

Numerous examples of the song-form with trio will be found in these volumes, both the full form and that with abbreviated return. No form is so copiously used. From the simplest works that are used in the early stages of music, to the advanced pieces of Liszt, Rubinstein, or Chopin, this form has been employed, and many celebrated arias in the vocal forms are but an application of the same general shape. It is a form most easily learned, and its mastery by the reader may help much toward correct phrasing.

Such compositions as Chopin's "Funeral March," Spindler's "Charge of the Hussars," Heins's "Silver Nymph," Wachs's "March of the Flower Girls," Bachmann's "Bluette Polka," Litolff's "Spinning Song," Mason's "Spring Dawn," Giese's "Floweret Forget-me-not," and many other works to be found in the instrumental selections of "The World's Best Music," will give the student opportunity to study these forms.

There is another form which is sometimes used in drawing-room music, which is practically an extension of the three-division song-form. It has five divisions arranged as follows:

Div. I. Theme, in tonic key.

Div. II. First countertheme, or episode, in a related key.

Div. III. Theme, as in Div. I, in tonic.

Div. IV. Second countertheme, or episode, different from Div. II and generally in another key.

Div. V. Theme again, as in Div. I.

This may be succinctly presented thus: A—B—A—C—A. As it is but an extension of a preceding form, some teachers call it "five-division song-form," but as Mozart, Haydn, Purcell, Gluck, and other masters have called it "rondo," it is better to keep to that name. The characteristic of the rondo-form is a return to the first thought, more or less frequently; and as this form does this, the name is most fitting. In Mozart's simplest sonata, in C major, the finale, which has exactly this form, is labeled "Rondo," and Gluck's "Che faro senza Euridice" is also marked thus in most editions.

An example of this form may be studied in Chopin's Mazurka in B flat, Op. 7, No. 1, in Vol. I, New Series, p. 16. In this charming composition we find the following form:

Div. I. Theme, twelve measures. Repeated.

Div. II. Episode, eight measures.

Div. III. Theme again, twelve measures. Divisions II and III are now repeated together.

Div. IV. Second episode, eight measures.

Div. V. Theme again, twelve measures. Divisions IV and V are now repeated together. There is neither introduction nor coda.

With one more form we can end our study of drawing-room music. Again we have an extension of a preceding form—the song-form with trio. Beethoven attempted an extension of this in the third movement of

his Fourth symphony by mere repetition, his form here being as follows:

Part I. A song-form.
Part II. A trio.
Part III. The song-form again.
Part IV. The trio again.
Part V. The first theme of the song-form once more.

This can scarcely be called a good musical form, since it adds repetitions to a form which has an abundance of repetition already.

Schumann improved upon this idea of extending the song-form with trio by making Div. IV a second trio, different from the first. In his first symphony, in B flat, the scherzo has the following shape:

Part I. Scherzo.
Part II. First trio.
Part III. Scherzo again.
Part IV. Second trio.
Part V. The first theme of Part I.

After this there follows a beautiful coda in which fragments from the different divisions are blended.

Although this form is not much used in drawing-room music, Schumann used it in piano as well as other orchestral works. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" is an example of the application of this idea. It is, however, rather free in some of its treatment. It can be analyzed as follows:

Introduction, five measures in length.

Part I. March. Three-division song-form. In this form, however, there are some points to be noted. After the first theme there comes a returning passage

four measures long, which leads back to the beginning of the theme, which is repeated. The second division is an episode eight measures long. Part I is in C major.

Part II. First trio. A two-period song-form in G major, which presents a first period with an unusual antecedent of six measures and a consequent, by repetition, of the same length. Its second period is more conventional and is eight measures in length.

Part III. The return of Part I is represented by the theme only. Eight measures.

Part IV. Second trio, a two-period form in F major. Each period is here eight measures in length. After the end of this there comes a long returning passage of sixteen measures. This begins as if it were a new theme, but examination will show that what seemed to be a consequent does not lead to any close, but conducts us into the march again.

Part V. Return of the march, Part I, entire. The three divisions are clearly marked.

Now follows a brilliant coda. It begins exactly like the returning passage in Part I, but we must follow the inflexible rule—everything after the end of a letter is a postscript. Everything after a set form has been completed must be the coda. This coda is in itself a little composition. It has an introduction, then a new melody which is repeated, and then a showy close. But we need not subdivide here. All these parts only constitute an original and melodic coda.

MODERN MUSICAL TENDENCIES

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By Arthur Elson

THE chief factor in modern styles of composition has been the development of the orchestra. It is less than two and a half centuries since the idea of combining different instrumental groups was introduced into our music. In the day of Lulli, the strings played almost all the time, with now and then an alternating number for wood-wind. It was not permissible even to have one group begin a number and another finish it, for that would have been "broken music," which was against the law. But changes were in the air. The varied orchestras of Bach and Handel soon drew the attention of the world; and even if they do not influence our present orchestral ideas, they gradually simmered down into the so-called classical orchestra.

The classical orchestra, in the later days of Beethoven, included twelve kinds of instruments, and thirteen parts—first and second violins, violas, cellos, and double basses; flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons; horns, trumpets, and trombones; with the kettledrum for percussion. From the wonderful skill with which he used these instruments, Beethoven has been aptly called "the liberator of the orchestra."

The modern orchestra has many new instruments.

The chief instruments with pitch are the piccolo, English horn, contrabassoon, bass clarinet, and tubas. Others are sometimes included for special effects, such as the saxophone, heckelphone, celesta or xylophone, while the percussion group may include drums, triangle, gongs, cymbals, tambourine, etc. Thus we find a Wagner score containing at one time twenty-seven staffs, while Strauss used thirty-two for the battle in "Ein Heldenleben."

But the change from the classical orchestra is one of method as well as of size. Beethoven, and Brahms, who followed him, used the pure colors of the instruments. Each kind of instrument usually took a single note in the orchestral chord. But Liszt and Wagner brought in the custom of writing *divisi*, or letting some of the instrumental groups play in chords instead of single notes. This gives a remarkably rich effect of tone-color.

The addition of new instruments causes a more than proportionate increase in the number of possible combinations. Thus, if we disregard the percussion, and consider the average modern orchestra to have only sixteen kinds of instruments as against the twelve of classical times, we have a large increase even in pure color combinations. Figuring shows, for instance, 1820 possible combinations of four in the modern orchestra against 495 in the classical; 12,870 combinations of eight against 495; and 1820 combinations of twelve against a single one. Not all are feasible, but the proportion is the same in both cases. When we think how we may add possibilities by writing *divisi*, we begin to realize that composition for the modern orchestra is a large field.

We say that Liszt, or Wagner, or Strauss, has mastered the modern orchestra, and many think that the only road to success lies in imitating these men. Wagner made such an advance in orchestration that few could follow him at first; but now his complexity is found everywhere. Wagner admired such a clean-cut classic as Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, and thought his own style unsuited for the concert stage; but the symphonic poem for full modern orchestra has apparently come to stay. With its arrival we have learned that no one man, great though he may be, can exhaust the possibilities of modern orchestral music.

By its very size and variety of tone-color the modern orchestra has led music into a period of formlessness and impressionism. Strauss stands as the militant leader of this school. Not only does he give us free tone-pictures of his own, in most autobiographical fashion, but he insists that all music is programme music to its composer. This may now be impossible to disprove, as the modern men all indulge in tone-painting, and the older masters are dead. But it seems ridiculous to imagine that a Bach fugue or a Beethoven sonata had to have a programme. Strauss and others may indulge in tonal pictures, descriptive or narrative; but that does not prove that every one did so. The old style of clean-cut form, contrast, and development was revived by Brahms, who wrote for the classical orchestra; but attempts have been made, by Bruckner, and others, to use the modern orchestral forces in the cause of pure music. Both schools deserve detailed attention.

Strauss is an apostate from the cause of pure music.

When he wrote his F minor symphony he was a follower of Brahms. But Alexander Ritter converted him to the programme school, in which he has made his greatest triumphs. As the word programme refers to some printed story which the orchestra illustrates, there is naturally much latitude in method. The music may be subjective, as in "Death and Transfiguration," or objective, as in "Don Quixote." The latter is the weaker style, for music is at its best in expressing emotions, and at its weakest in depicting objects or events. But Strauss has led us too far on the objective path. The death of Till Eulenspiegel is masterly enough, but in "Don Quixote" the flock of sheep, the upsetting boat, and even the aërial voyage on the wind-machine, are too literal to move us, though we admire the composer's cleverness. The characters in the "Domestic Symphony" do not arouse our sympathy but appeal only to our curiosity. It is probable that posterity will regard "Death and Transfiguration" as the greatest of the tone-poems, because of its subjective tendencies, the universal appeal of its theme, and its really great musical beauty.

Mahler has written works that he calls symphonies; but whatever of symphonic form is present is submerged beneath a too dramatic style. So intense is his music, and so varied and contrasted are his effects, that it seems as if he wished to write programme music without giving a printed programme with it. In his later symphonies he has often used voices, which makes the orchestral part merely a large accompaniment illustrating the words.

Hausegger has written beautiful symphonic poems, using the richest melodic and orchestral coloring in

excellent fashion. Huber has made his great Böcklin symphony a musical echo of that artist's glorious paintings. Weingartner has put one of these pictures into a symphonic poem, and Rachmaninoff has used another in the same way. The modern tendency seems to be toward symphonic poems, either openly so called or thinly disguised as programme symphonies. The infinite variety of modern orchestral coloring has made this desirable, and given a legitimate excuse for new effects in orchestration. There is always the danger of going too far, as Strauss has sometimes done, and using these effects for their own sake instead of confining one's self to a reasonable expression of the subject. As the poet says,

> It is excellent
> To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant.

Not every one has the giant's strength necessary to handle the full modern orchestra, and very few use it rightly. Because the orchestral effects are almost limitless, we revel in them, and admire them as a child admires the ever-changing kaleidoscope. But they should be a means rather than an end, and the great composer should use them to form a noble orchestral picture. Strauss has done this in the above-mentioned "Death and Transfiguration," if not in all his works; and it is probable that future generations of composers will master the manner and devote more attention to making the matter worthy. We cannot expect a Wagner to arise with every generation, but we should have earnest and serious work. In fact, we are already beginning to get it, and a work like Gernsheim's tone-poem "To a Drama" is an excellent example of a well-

balanced modern composition. Wagner spoke of the free style as a "sea of tone"; many have been drowned in that sea, but men have now learned to keep afloat in it at least, and some even move forward.

But the new style, great as it is, is not everything. As stated above, Brahms showed that the classical symphony did not end with Beethoven, and is not necessarily a thing of the past. His music, even though it does not wear so well as Beethoven's, shows conclusively that strict form is not a fetter to genius. But the complexity of modern harmony acts as a temptation to the free style. The strict symphony demands a particular kind of musical expression—the ability to choose impressive themes; a blending of intellectual and emotional, which always results in the highest music; and good judgment in the matter of length, balance of structure, and contrast of style. The intellectual factor is usually lost in the free style, which becomes wholly emotional and dramatic, and often fragmentary.

Brahms wrote for the classical orchestra, but it is quite possible to use the full modern orchestra, in the cause of pure music. The great exponent of this school is Bruckner, who has only recently come into his own. As we should naturally expect, Bruckner's style is more dramatic than that of Brahms; but the work of Bruckner shows the proper union of intellect and emotion, and the excellent logic of form and development. His symphonies are intensely earnest, and in spite of some unclearness they should serve as admirable models for the young composer.

Reger, branching out from organ composition, has written some effective work in the larger forms. Best

known is his Op. 100, the Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme of J. A. Hiller. It has no programme, but charms by its beauty. Yet the variations are very free, and are really almost as unfettered as Huber's programme symphony. So we must fall back on Bruckner as the real modern champion of form.

The Beethoven of the modern orchestra has not yet arisen. Strauss is our great orchestral virtuoso, but Beethoven in his time was more than that. We cannot have a genius for the asking, but when the new master does come he will have a far greater vehicle of expression than had Beethoven. Yet it may be that such a man would not be encouraged to develop his powers; for music tends to become more and more emotional and dramatic and involved as it proceeds, and does not seem to move in cycles. Even Brahms was an isolated phenomenon.

Perhaps the most debated development in modern music has come from France, and reaches its culmination in the works of Debussy. France has a more conventional school, which finds its expression in the melodic and harmonic grace of Massenet, Saint-Saëns, and Chaminade. But Franck and his pupil Vincent d'Indy led the way to a more robust and less saccharine development. The latter is earnest and sincere in all he does, but his symphonies are somewhat austere in character. There is a bitter flavor about them that is often a refreshing contrast to the cloying sweetness that some composers give us.

But the harmonic changes in these works are often so sudden that the music seems fragmentary, and this tendency should not be allowed to run riot. It is probable that the cause is cerebral; by excessive familiarity,

the composers grow tired of the ordinary harmonies, just as a Paderewski grows infinitely weary of piano works that he has practised constantly for concert performance. Hence there is a search for new harmonic effects, and the composers then find that they have gone somewhat beyond their public. This reaction from the broadly emotional to arbitrary and abstruse harmonies has resulted in a school that is already named cerebral music. Such music has its place in the scheme of things, but its composers exaggerate its importance and think that the purer and simpler harmonies of the past are out of date. The advanced faction, and especially Debussy, have often made themselves ridiculous by silly criticism of others. Schumann has been their special target, but his broad and noble harmonies live on in spite of his detractors. It is almost too early to estimate the value of the new school; one cannot tell whether future generations will grow toward it or away from it; but it is not universally accepted at present. Whether the bitter will wear better than the sweet is a question for time to decide; but the present writer thinks the style too unemotional to last.

Debussy himself seems a result of physical conditions. Extreme delicacy is the keynote of his nature, a delicacy that seems the antithesis of crude and strong emotion. As a boy he was not thought especially musical, but his hearing was very acute. In regimental service he used to take great delight in listening to the overtones of bells and bugles. In his orchestral music he sometimes uses the higher instruments to reinforce the overtones of the lower ones—a discord to many, but no doubt recalling the sweet memories of youth

in his own ear. Out of the chord of nature, formed by the overtones, he may have constructed the whole-tone scale that he often uses. As might be expected from the state of his hearing, almost all his work is soft or lightly orchestrated. There is no strong emotion in his scores but rather a fastidious delicacy, a mood of elfin daintiness, that forms merely one *genre* of music, and not even the most popular one. The musical fairies of Weber and Mendelssohn show just as much charm, though a simpler harmonic style. Some few think Debussy's orchestral works the *ne plus ultra* of musical expression; but Bach, Beethoven, and all the great masters remain unshaken by this tempest in a teapot. Debussy's real strength lies in his piano works; there, though he has not superseded the great fugues and sonatas of the past, he has given us interesting and attractive tone-pictures. Many of these are very beautiful, but this is partly because he does not always include in them an excess of unusual harmonies. In the piano field, the works of Fauré are in a somewhat similar vein.

It is probable that the search for strange harmonic gods is merely a passing phase. When Debussy was a student he would say, "I do not understand your harmony, but I do my own"; and he had to write in a style foreign to himself when he composed the beautiful "Prodigal Son" that won him the Prix de Rome. But the tendency exists in other lands besides France. In our own country, Loeffler is a true harmonic impressionist, getting results of great beauty from blurred and blended chords. Such a work as his "Death of Tintagiles" is an effective mosaic of orchestral phrases. Strauss too feels the tendency, and mars his grand

structures by the use of ugly thematic material. Music i entirely a matter of taste, and taste is not always the safest guide. The attacks on Beethoven and Wagner, for instance, finally gave way to admiration. But Debussy is not a new Beethoven, nor Strauss a noble poet like Wagner, either in word or tone, nor is their work yet worthy of being called "the music of the future." It is fairly well understood and analyzed even now, and found wanting in certain respects. Some think that music is decadent, and that Debussy represents the refinement and Strauss the cold intellectuality that come when the crude strength of an art is waning. But even if we have no wholly satisfactory genius at present, the future is our own. Somewhere around 1720, the French composer Rameau, believing that the harmonic combinations had all been exploited, said, "Music is dead." But Bach and Handel were just then giving the art a new lease of life in Germany and England, and ever since then it has been a pretty active corpse; so that we need not fear any dissolution just now.

Schools of music based on the folk-song are not a new idea, but they have been flourishing in different countries ever since Weber founded the romantic school of German opera. The most noted treatment of native folk-song is that of the Norwegian Grieg. His successor seems to be Sinding, who does not cling quite so closely to the actual form of the folk-song, but is still the rightful heir to the musical spirit of his country. Sweden also has her quota of composers, led by Sjögren, Hallén, and Stenhammar; but a greater than these has arisen in Finland, in the person of Sibelius. He is not a maker of folk-songs, but his works sum

up the music of his native land in lofty style. There is in all his compositions a deep earnestness and noble dignity that are a true echo of his people's greatness of character. There are other Finnish composers, such as Krohn, Järnefelt, or Kajanus, as well as the earlier Pacius; but Sibelius is decidedly *primus inter pares.*

The Russian school, with which we are only now becoming familiar, is based largely upon folk-music. The songs of Russia are interesting and varied, and the large number in minor are often especially graceful and effective. Their character may readily be noted in Rimsky-Korsakov's overture "La Fiancée du Tsar," or in Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture. The very mournful kind is illustrated by the opening theme of the sonata-allegro in Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony. When Glinka founded the Russian school with his opera "A Life for the Czar," it was so largely based on folk-songs that the critics called it *"Musique des Cochers";* but a whole nation went wild over it. After a transition period, represented by Dargomyzsky and Serov, the school of native music was especially cultivated by five men—Balakirev, Borodin, Cui, Mussorgski, and Rimsky-Korsakov. Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky were held to be too cosmopolitan. Tchaikovsky especially was greater than the limits of nationalism would permit, although he could handle the folk-song as strongly as any of them when he wished. The five national composers, however, held it their first duty to use the folk-song style. Oriental melodies were sometimes used, as in Balakirev's "Islamey"; but the Russian predominated. A new generation of composers has grown somewhat away from the strict national ideas. Glazunov was never a decided follower of folk-ideas,

but the creator of a melodious style of his own. Liadov varies between folk-songs and symphonic poems of decided programme tendencies. Rachmaninoff is a disciple of Tchaikovsky, and yields to the desire for modern tone-pictures; while Scriabine imitates the orchestral style of Debussy, but with more virility if not more musical sanity.

The folk-song in the hands of great composers is a double source of strength; it brings the composer in touch with his public, but it also shows that that public is musical and capable of being educated to a high standard. Russia and the Scandinavian lands are examples of this musical capability, while Italy has no good folk-song school, and England has almost forgotten hers. In our own country, Dvořák showed us what could be done with the plantation style, but our Indian music is not well enough known to form the basis of any real school.

The past of England has been glorious. Before the year 1100 she developed a New Organum from that of Guido by adding contrary motion to the parallel and oblique motion of the system he developed from Hucbald. In the next century England saw the invention of measured notes and the development of counterpoint, as shown by the famous canon "Sumer is icumen in," dating from about 1215. Dunstable's later school led the world in the fourteenth century, and another famous English school of counterpoint flourished in Elizabeth's time. The rise of sonata and opera, furthered in England by Purcell, was succeeded by a long decay which made it possible for Dvořák to say, "The English do not love music; they respect it." As for counterpoint, no composer now gives it a

leading place, and we have to return to Bach for it.

The academic conventionality of England's recent "renaissance" has now given place to more advanced work. Elgar has been the leader, and his variations still win praise everywhere; but in his first symphony he has echoed Vincent d'Indy's austerity without the Frenchman's inspiration or conciseness. His violin concerto, similar in style, is full of difficulties. Like Saint-Saëns, he seems to prize technique unduly, as though wishing to alter the proverb and claim that "virtuosity is its own reward." Coleridge-Taylor, the first great negro composer, revels in rich harmony and orchestration, as shown by his "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." Others of the composite modern school are Bantock, Holbrooke, and Delius. Bantock's works show richness of color, good ideas, and an Oriental fancy, united with a complex style. Holbrooke at first showed the ugliness of Strauss without his inspiration, but is now writing more pleasing music. Delius has a style somewhat like Debussy, but can compose broad and effective works like "A Mass of Life." Cyril Scott writes piano pieces in the Debussy vein, but his larger works do not succeed. Edward German deserves decided praise for reviving the old English folk-song style, which he does in a remarkably dainty and graceful fashion.

Italy is now fairly awakened from a period of musical decay. All that she could show in the first half of the nineteenth century was a meretricious school of opera, carried to success by the singers or by comedy in the libretto, but musically worthless. Sgambati led the revival of instrumental music in Italy. In the sixties taste was so poor that a Beethoven sym-

phony given by him drew scarcely any auditors; and Pinelli gave a concert, with sixty musicians, that brought in only fourteen francs to pay them. Royal patronage could not prevent opposition to orchestral music and German influence, but gradually the higher school won its way. Where Sgambati worked alone at first, we now find Martucci, Franchetti, Bossi, Wolf-Ferrari, Pirani, Busoni, and others. Aside from opera, in which he too plays his part, Wolf-Ferrari is the most interesting figure. His cantata "La Vita Nuova" is a charming union of modern harmony and ancient simplicity. Martucci, famous as a pianist, has played his own concerto with excellent results. Busoni does the same, though he has been active in many fields. Pirani, living in Heidelberg, celebrated that center of learning in a symphonic poem. Bossi, who is an organist, has written many large works for his instrument and an immense symphonic poem for voices and orchestra—"Paradise Lost." Franchetti, highly praised by Italian critics, is known for both orchestral and operatic music. Italian oratorio has been revived by Perosi.

Modern opera has been slow in developing, because Wagner's tremendous genius set a standard which others have striven to reach—and failed. But German influence came slowly to Italy, and the change there was gradual. Ponchielli made the first advance over the Rossini school when he wrote "La Gioconda." Boito's "Mefistofele" proved a dignified and worthy work, which is only now coming into its deserved prominence. Verdi's growth from "Don Carlos" through "Aïda," "Otello," and "Falstaff" is a matter of history. The development of the short opera began with Puccini, whose "Le Villi" was produced in 1884.

A MODERN MINSTREL

But Mascagni brought it to world-wide notice with his "Cavalleria Rusticana," and gave it a crude strength of treatment, both in music and subject, that has made him known as the founder of the realistic "verismo" school. Leoncavallo at once followed it with "I Pagliacci," musically a much stronger work. Others are still imitating the style, but neither of these two has been able to win further success, and no new developments seem to come from the school. Giordano, Tasca, Coronaro, and Cilea have written works of some power, but Puccini in the serious field and Wolf-Ferrari in comic opera have both drawn away from the cruder side of realism. Verdi spoke of Puccini as his successor, and his words have come true. Puccini's "Edgar" and "Manon Lescaut" are not great successes, but "La Bohème," "Tosca," and "Madame Butterfly" have captured the world, and "The Girl of the Golden West" is not far behind them. But when all is said, Puccini seems sometimes a great talent rather than a genius. He uses the continuous melodic recitative in good declamatory fashion; he is a master of orchestration, and subordinates the instruments to the voice very skilfully; he employs a rather involved harmony, but it wears well and shows a real individuality. He chooses librettos that interest for their own sake, and would help to carry poorer settings to success. His music is often great, but it shows art rather than virility in its continuous symphonic accompaniment. But if sometimes unequal, Puccini is usually very great;

> And if his art as artifice you score,
> Where have you seen such artifice before?

The greatest of the works mentioned above is "La Bohème"; and to make poverty in a garret interesting

on the operatic stage is surely an achievement of real art.

French opera shows the two extremes of Massenet and Debussy. The latter's "Pelléas and Mélisande" has all the most pronounced Debussy qualities; and his refined subtleties and shadowy delicacy are certainly well suited to the subject. Once he thought of writing a "Tristan and Isolde," but the idea was laid aside—perhaps wisely. Dukas, admired for his orchestral picture "L'Apprenti Sorcier," has produced the opera "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," which is growing in favor. Massenet clings to a simpler style that is pretty but very thin, though his "Navarraise" belongs to the "verismo" school. Bruneau is an apostle of realism, but rather heavy-handed. Chabrier's "Gwendolen" is a legendary work in Wagnerian style. Vincent d'Indy's "Fervaal" is in the same field, while his "L'Étranger" is a work of mystic symbolism. Charpentier's "Louise" is a strong opera, in part a protest against the hard lot of working girls, with poverty always driving them into danger. It has a prose libretto.

In Germany, of the operas since Wagner, many are heard but few are repeated. Kistler, Schillings, and others have striven unsuccessfully to imitate the Wagnerian manner, while Siegfried Wagner has failed altogether. Bungert's hexalogy, "The Homeric World," deals with subjects from the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," but does not seem very successful. Kienzl's "Evangelimann" has met with more recognition, having been given in hundreds of places and translated into several languages. It is based on a real incident of the eighteenth century, the hero being wrongly imprisoned in place of his brother. Of somewhat more recent

date is D'Albert's "Tiefland," an often-given work describing a love that retreats to the hills in order to escape the intrigues of a wicked lowland alcalde. Among the younger men, Leo Blech has taken a prominent place with his bright "Versiegelt." In other lands, the lively style of Smetana's "Bartered Bride" makes many wish that his later operas were better known. Dvořák won some success in opera, while Fibich has written also great melodramas (with spoken words) like "Hippodamia." The melodrama is a comparatively untried affair, and may become important in the future. Strauss used it excellently for the piano in his "Enoch Arden," while Schumann's "Manfred" is a classic in the form of elocution against musical accompaniment.

Hungarian opera composers include Erkel, Zichy, Hubay, and the more recent Rekai. Among the Poles, Paderewski's "Manru" is not proving popular, and his symphony shows extreme seriousness. In Russian opera, Glinka is popular, Dargomyzsky Wagnerian, Rubinstein too symphonic, Tchaikovsky light, Cui conventional, Borodin national, Rimsky-Korsakov effective, Mussorgski intense. Glazunov has aided a reaction in favor of the ballet, while Arensky clung to opera with his "Nal and Damajanti." Tanejeff's "Oresteia" is slow-moving, but lofty and dignified. Rachmaninoff's "Avaricious Knight" is strong, but gruesome.

In 1893 Humperdinck sounded a new note with his beautiful "Hänsel und Gretel." It showed that operatic music could be written along legitimate lines, without any imitation of Wagnerian mannerisms, and deeper in character than the highly spiced "verismo"

effects. It is one of the most charming of all stage works, and perhaps the most important German opera since Wagner's time. "Königskinder" is a more recent success in the same vein. The renown of "Hänsel und Gretel" led Goldmark to try the school with his "Heimchen am Herd," but Goldmark was already known for his "Queen of Sheba," and his "Merlin" contained much beautiful music. His later works include "Die Kriegsgefangene" (Briseis), "Götz von Berlichingen," and "The Winter's Tale." Strauss has followed his "Salome" and "Elektra" with a comic opera, "Der Rosenkavalier,"' in which his orchestral power and pictorial ability are employed in a quieter style than usual. The merits and defects of Strauss show in his serious operas. He builds great structures, but often with poor material; he uses his ample power and drowns the singers; and he loses reserve in vehemence. But his descriptive ability is eminently in place, and, even though he may be a great individual rather than the founder of a school, his operas have almost surely come to stay.

Modern song shows the most finely artistic character. The best examples are the lyrics of Strauss, which contain many gems "of purest ray serene." Some of his songs seem too modulatory or fragmentary at first, like "Nachtgang," but repeated hearing and familiarity with the words bring out the unity. There is no doubt about the instant beauty of "Die Wasserrose"; but all the songs are finely effective. A chiseled beauty of detail, as in "Traum durch die Dämmerung," makes some critics think them unemotional; but this is not really true unless all art is expected to be of the "Sturm und Drang" period. The

rare charm of the songs shows that if Strauss sometimes uses ugly themes for the orchestra, he does so from choice and not necessity.

Other German song-writers include Hugo Wolf, Weingartner, and Mahler. In France, Debussy shows his usual ethereal delicacy, which gives excellent and beautiful results. Fauré is not far behind. Elgar writes lovely lyrics in England, his "Sea Slumber Songs," with orchestra, being a noble group. Coleridge-Taylor, Bantock, German, Quilter, and others also do worthy work. Coleridge-Taylor has followed his "Hiawatha" set with other cantatas, while Elgar's "Apostles" and "The Kingdom" and Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" are great modern choral-orchestral successes.

ANECDOTES OF MUSICIANS

*ANECDOTES OF MUSICIANS

WHIMS OF COMPOSERS

COMPOSERS sometimes have peculiar ideas as to the places or circumstances in which they must work in order to obtain the best results.

Haydn thought he could not compose unless he had on the ring which Frederick the Great sent him; and, besides this, the paper on which he wrote must be white and of the best quality. Gluck wrote best when seated out in the middle of a field. Rossini was most productive of good music when "lined within with good sack wine"; and he and Paesiello both enjoyed composing while in bed.

Sacchini enjoyed having a pretty woman by his side —by the way, several of the great composers had no aversion to such an accompaniment, whether composing or not—and his pet cats must be playing around him. Mozart could compose beautiful music while playing billiards or bowls. Zingarelli prepared himself for writing music by reading the Scriptures or some classic author, and Sarti liked best a funereal gloom lighted only by a single taper.

Beethoven could compose best during or after a brisk walk in the woods and fields, and many of his

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greatest works were inspired by the beauties of nature.

Cimarosa and Méhul were opposites in this matter. The former wished to be surrounded by a dozen gabbling friends. The light conversation and flow of spirits (probably of two kinds) seemed to inspire his music. On the other hand, Méhul once went to the chief of police of Paris and asked to be imprisoned in the Bastille. That personage in surprise inquired the reason. Méhul said he desired to get away from the noise and bustle of the city, and to escape from the good graces of his friends for a time, that he might give his whole mind uninterruptedly to composition. It is needless to say that his wish was not granted. Few would wish to be surrounded by the walls of the Bastille, unless it were to write a tragic overture or a funeral anthem.

Wagner thought he must be clothed in the costume of the age and place in which was laid the plot that he was then working on. He also desired a perfectly quiet and uninterrupted time in which to write. His family was denied admission to his study and he would not even see any letters that came for him; his meals were passed in to him through a trap-door.

HANDEL'S PERSUASIVENESS

There was a day when players and singers so ruled directors and composers, that they hardly knew whether they could call their lives their own. But that day is past, and Handel was one who prominently assisted in bringing about the new order of things. Two instances will serve to show how he controlled his unruly singers.

When Carestini was given the beautiful aria "Verdi prati," in "Alcina," he sent it back to Handel saying it was too trivial for him to sing in public. Handel rushed off to the singer's rooms and, foaming with rage, yelled to the astonished Italian:

"You tog! Don't I know bedder ash yourself vat ish best for you do sing? If you do nod sing all de song vat I gifs you, I vill not pay you ein stiver!"

Nor could this choleric composer be bullied by the weaker sex. At a rehearsal of one of his operas, the great soprano Cuzzoni gave him great trouble by her impudence. Finally she refused to sing a certain aria. Handel concluded that the time had come to see who was master; so he rushed on to the stage and, catching the astonished prima donna around the waist, dragged her to an open window, crying: "I always knew you was a very teufel, but I vill show you I am Beelzebub, de prince of de teufels!" Then he threatened to throw her out headlong unless she promised to sing the song. Cuzzoni was frightened half to death, and begged to be released, promising to do anything he might require.

MAKING THE DUMB SPEAK

It does not always do to estimate the value of things by their size. Some of the choicest of valuables are wrapped in the smallest parcels. And the best brains and keenest intellects are frequently the possessions of the most unpretentious-looking folks. The Sicilians tell a pretty story about the Abbé Perosi, the young Italian priest-composer. The unpretentious little cleric was wandering about a cathedral examining every-

thing, and was an absolute stranger. He fell into conversation with the custodian, who confided to him plaintively that no one, not even the organist himself, understood the "action" of their remarkably fine instrument. On hearing this, the visitor diffidently asked if he might be allowed to try the organ. After some demur, consent was given. Perosi sat down and began playing very quietly. One by one he pulled out stops and rendered combinations which had never been known before. The rolling volumes of sound filled the hearers with amazement. Like lightning the report spread, and tidings of the wonderful music soon crowded the cathedral. They then learned the name of the player.

DON'T STOP!

"Iphigénie en Tauride" is probably the most perfect example of Gluck's school in making the music the full reflex of the dramatic action. While Orestes sings in the opera "My heart is calm," the orchestra continues to paint the agitation of his thoughts. During the rehearsal a musician failed to understand the exigency, and ceased playing. The composer (who frequently conducted in nightcap and dressing-gown) cried out in a rage, "Don't you see he is lying? Go on, go on; he has just killed his mother!"

NEW RÔLE

The world is pretty familiar with stories of Handel's irascibility of temper. This temperament, however, was balanced by an exceptional proportion of that rare compound common sense, and this would

suggest that the all-powerful harmonist did not rage furiously without cause. In instance of his equable mind there is a story. It is not often that composers will crouch before their librettists; yet, when composing "The Messiah," Jennens, the compiler of the words, found fault with some of the settings, which were "not so good as he [Handel] might and ought to have written." Handel took the criticism mildly. "Be pleased," he wrote to Jennens, "to point out those passages in 'The Messiah' which you think require altering." This was done, and the composer made many alterations and improvements from time to time.

A MUSICAL SURNAME

Rossini's memory was anything but retentive, especially in respect to the names of persons introduced to him. This forgetfulness was frequently the cause of much merriment whenever he was in company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough, and at once greeted him: "Ah! my dear Mr. ——" for the life of him Rossini could get no further; but to convince his friend that he had not forgotten him, Rossini began whistling Bishop's glee "When the Wind blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart"—as Bishop has been called —immediately appreciated.

It is a fortunate thing for musicians that their memory of music is not so unreliable as it would seem to be in respect to many of the mundane conditions in which they live and move—particularly in an age which is given over to feats of musical memory in every branch of the art. Otherwise, where would a Bülow be? His feats of musical memory were, as many will

remember, simply stupendous. One day a young composer called on Bülow to ask his opinion of a pianoforte concerto, when the latter stated he was too busy to look at it at the moment, but would do so at his leisure. At a party that evening Bülow was asked to play, and to the amazement of the young composer, who was present, he sat down and played the entire concerto from memory. When he was director of the famous Meiningen Orchestra, not content with conducting without a score, he endeavored—but without success—to induce the members of his band to learn their music by heart.

BEETHOVEN DISCORDS

Like most men who are quite unable to take care of themselves, and still less qualified to foster, care for, and love a wife, Beethoven was ever on the lookout for a partner. Once or twice a Mrs. Beethoven was on the very verge of becoming a realization and a positive fact. Happily the business did not come off —fortunately for the ladies. His temper and peculiarities made it impossible for him to live peaceably with mankind. Had he poured the vials of his wrath upon a Mrs. Beethoven in anything like the measure that he adopted with his servants, there would have been squalls and a particularly uncomfortable time for the better half. His diary tells us: "Nancy is too uneducated for a housekeeper—indeed, quite a beast." "My precious servants were occupied from seven o'clock until ten trying to light a fire." "The cook's off again —I shied half a dozen books at her head." "No soup to-day, no beef, no eggs—got something from the inn

at last." These are samples of comments upon domestic surroundings abounding throughout his letters.

A WHOLE REST

NOWADAYS, when in so many homes there is the inevitable piano with its inevitable music, the domestic instrument is often regarded as a nuisance rather than a comfort, especially in suburban districts. Disturbed minds looking for some abatement of the evil may be glad to know of the method adopted by Weyse, the eminent Danish composer. Of course no good results are likely to accrue unless the remedy be as thorough as was Weyse's. He was much worried by the mournful and incessant tinkling of a superannuated piano, the property of a family resident upon the floor immediately beneath his apartments. Morning, noon, and night he was disturbed by the melancholy strummings, which he said caused him to lose some of his happiest inspirations. One evening, as he sat in his study, deeply excogitating a *Leitmotiv* for the second movement of his new symphony, a burst of more than usually discordant sounds came from the abominable instrument below, at once scattering his ideas. He was desperate, and, attired as he was in dressing-gown and slippers, hurried down-stairs and rang his persecutor's door-bell. He was admitted to the room containing the terrible piano, and found there a large and gay company, which welcomed him with effusion. After bowing gravely to his host and hostess, he sat down before the open piano without uttering a word, and played one of his own fantasias, a particular favorite of the Copenhagen public. When he had concluded he shut the instrument, locked it, put

the key in his pocket, and again bowing to the master and mistress of the house with a sardonic smile, departed as he had come, in profound silence. For the remainder of that night at least the engine of his discomfiture was mute.

NO MORE PEARLS

The detestable habit of looking upon instrumental music as a mere cover for conversation, which, even now, has not died out in certain social circles, seems formerly to have been very prevalent in various parts of Europe. Most of the poor musicians dependent upon the smiles and fees of their patrons tolerated the nuisance. Some would not—Handel for instance. In Beethoven the offenders met a tartar. While playing a duet with Ries at the house of Count Browne, at Vienna, Beethoven was disturbed by the conversation of a young nobleman with a lady. Suddenly he lifted Ries's hand from the instrument, saying in a loud voice, "I play no longer for such hogs." Nor would he, though importuned. This has been brought against him as a breach of good manners, but surely the insult to the musician was at least an equal breach of good taste!

A SCRIPTURAL REMINDER

Josquin de Près, chapel-master to Louis XII of France, was an ecclesiastic as well as a musician, and when he was first admitted into the service of this excellent prince, had been promised a benefice. The promise, however, was forgotten, and Josquin, being inconvenienced by the shortness of the King's memory,

took the liberty of publicly reminding him of his promise. Being then under command to compose a motet for the royal chapel, he chose part of the 119th Psalm for his subject: "Oh, think upon thy servant as concerning thy word!" which he set in so exquisite and supplicating a manner, that his Majesty took the words to heart and soon bestowed the promised preferment. For this act of generosity, Josquin, with equal felicity, composed, as a hymn of gratitude, another part of the same psalm: "O Lord, thou hast dealt graciously with thy servant."

But that Josquin was not entirely dependent upon the words for his musical inspiration is abundantly proved by another composition of his to the syllables, "La, sol, fa, re, mi." Josquin, tired of the royal procrastination already mentioned, applied to a friend at court to use his interest in his behalf. But the friend was quite as bad as the King. He was always protesting his zeal to perform the service when a favorable opportunity presented itself, constantly concluding with the assurance, "I shall take care of this business —*let me alone.*" At length Josquin, tired of this vain and fruitless pledge, took the oft-repeated words of his friend, "laissez moi faire" (*lais-se fai-re moi*), which, by a slight facetious alteration, became the syllables of the scale, and set them to music. The result was admirable.

OPPOSITE POLES

"Eagles do not bring forth doves" is a somewhat trite axiom. We should not expect therefore to find *acquilæ* such as Wagner and Schumann agreeing for any length of time together. Each once described

the other. "Schumann," quoth Wagner, "is a highly gifted musician, but an *impossible* man. When I came from Paris, I went to see Schumann. I related to him my Parisian experiences, spoke of the state of music in France, then of that in Germany, spoke of literature and politics; but he remained as good as dumb for nearly an hour. One cannot go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Now for Schumann's side: "I have seldom met him; but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unceasingly, so that one cannot endure it for very long together."

OVEREXERTION

The habit, at one time so prevalent among composers, of writing their music down with slight indications to the singer, soon had its natural consequence in the fashion for singing for mere display of skill. Happily the rage for vocal fireworks is passing away, and the "fritterers" or "embroidery-workers" in music now find little opportunity for show. Weber had a firm, yet gentle, method of protest against what he held to be a musical abomination. On one occasion he was present at a rehearsal when one of the principal singers was indulging his decorative propensity. Quietly looking at him, Weber said: "I am very sorry you are giving yourself so much trouble." "Oh, not at all," was the cheerful reply. "But you are taking great pains," he said. "Why sing so many notes besides those in the book?"

A SHARP BARGAIN

HAYDN was one of those who shuddered at the idea of calmly subjecting himself to the impulses of Briton, Pole, or Greek when armed with a tool which might momentarily be poised and descend upon him as an instrument of destruction. He therefore shaved himself. When in London in 1787, he lodged in High Holborn, opposite Chancery Lane. One morning, Bland—a cute music-publisher—looked into the composer's room and found him in the act of shaving. As usual, the razor was unworthy its work. "I would give my best quartet for a good razor," testily growled Haydn. Bland took him at his word. He bolted to his room in the same house, grasped his finest piece of cutlery, and presented it to the composer. Haydn retracted not a syllable. He went to the drawer of his escritoire, pulled out the manuscript of his latest quartet, and coolly handed it over to Bland. That composition is to-day enjoying the familiar name of the "Rasiermesser," or "Razor Quartet."

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT

FIFTY years' sojourn in the capital of France was not without its effect upon Cherubini. He learned much of the ways of Parisian society, its characteristic wit, and its mode of dealing with friends and foes. One day a friend presented himself before the master with a score, said to be Méhul's. After examining it, Cherubini remarked: "It is not Méhul's; it is too bad to be his!" "Will you believe me, M. Cherubini, if I tell you it is mine?" said the visitor. "No! It is too good to be yours!" replied Cherubini.

"LIKE ZWEI GOTTS"

Pachmann, the pianist, is so full of whimsicalities, of grimaces and odd doings, and withal is such a superb player, that he has been characterized by one epigrammatic writer as "having the soul of an angel in the body of an ape," and by another as "a combination of specialized wisdom and undifferentiated dam-foolism."

An instance of this latter element of his character took place after a recital of his in New York. A pianist of some note went on the stage to congratulate him on his brilliant performance. He found Pachmann pacing up and down the stage exclaiming in fury:

"Ach Gott! Dese Amer*iken* beeples, how dey do—dey know not mus*eek!* I vill go back to my Jerman*ie*. Here dey know notings. I blay like von gott and vat dey do?"

Taking his hand, the visitor tried to assuage his wrath by saying, "Yes, yes, Mr. Pachmann, you did play like a god."

Whereupon the irrepressible combination of egotism and genius burst forth:

"Blay like *von* gott! I blay like *zwei* gotts, and dey do notings!"

A SUDDEN CURE

He who undertakes to manage an opera troupe chooses a road beset by thorns. Opera singers, especially if their salaries be high and they feel they can afford to follow their own sweet wills, generally do about the exact opposite of what a sensible person

would predict. The manager must be ready for any emergency and be surprised at nothing.

At one time when Madame Gerster was billed to sing in St. Louis, she suddenly sent word to the manager that she was ill and unable to sing her part in "Lucia," which must be given that evening. He suspected the indisposition to be not very serious, but requested a medical certificate to put before the public to satisfy them for the non-appearance of the songstress. Gerster declined to be seen by a physician, saying her word was as good as her bond, and that when she said she was ill, that settled it.

The manager insisted upon calling in a physician, who asked to see her tongue. So, as she was leaving the room, she derisively stuck out her tongue at him, with the exclamation, "There!" The doctor at once wrote out a certificate, saying that the epiglottis was irritated, the uvula contracted, and the tonsils inflamed.

When Gerster was shown this certificate she grew quite angry, and insisted upon singing that night, "just to show what an ass that doctor was."

All the same, the doctor sent in his bill for $60.

KEEP IN WITH THE ACCOMPANIST

It is good policy for a singer to keep "on the good side of" his accompanist. A really fine accompanist is a *rara avis*. Besides the technical skill necessary to a soloist, an accompanist must have the finest musical feeling and discrimination, and at the same time sacrifice himself to the interests of the singer.

And often the accompanist has to shoulder the sins of the singer. It is an easy way to relieve one's self from the blame of a "bad break" to charge the fault to

the accompanist. A singer once tried this with Handel, and declared that if Handel didn't accompany him better he would jump over on to the harpsichord where the player sat, and smash it. Said Handel:

"Let me know ven you vill do dot, and I vill adverdise id. I am sure more beoble vill come to see you shump as vill come to hear you sing."

A JOCULAR BOOMERANG

Composers are not always keen to tell stories at their own expense or at that of their compositions, but the following related by Leoncavallo, the prominent composer of the modern Italian school, he deemed too good to keep, though at the time it put him in the light of a first-class plagiarist.

Being one day in the town of Forli, he heard that his opera "I Pagliacci," that work which has given him so much fame, was to be produced, and he decided to hear it incognito. That the composer was in town, was not generally known.

At the opera his seat was beside a bright-eyed and enthusiastic young lady, who, when she saw that the composer did not join in the general applause, but remained quiet, turned to him with the question:

"Why do you not applaud? Does it not suit you?"

The composer, much amused, replied: "No, on the contrary, it displeases me. It is the work of a mere beginner, not to call him anything worse."

"Then you are ignorant of music," she said.

"Oh, no," replied the composer.

Then he proceeded to enlighten her on the subject, proving the music worthless and entirely without originality.

"See," said he, "this motive is ——," and he hummed lightly a short melody; "this aria is stolen from Bizet, and that is from Beethoven." In short, he tore the whole opera into pieces.

His neighbor sat in silence, but with an air of pity on her countenance. At the close, she turned to him and said: "Is what you have said to me your honest opinion?"

"Entirely so," was the reply.

"Good," said she, and with a malicious gleam in her eyes left the theater.

Next morning, glancing over the paper, his eye fell upon the heading, "Leoncavallo on his 'Pagliacci'"; and reading further, he was rather startled to find the conversation of the evening before fully reported and accredited to the proper source. He had, unfortunately, played his little joke on a lady reporter, who had proved too smart for him.

Leoncavallo swore off from making disparaging remarks concerning his own works to vivacious young ladies, no matter how handsome or how enthusiastic they might be.

SCHUBERT'S "SERENADE"

Franz Schubert, like Beethoven, was accustomed to carry with him a note-book in which he could jot down musical ideas as they happened to occur to him. Wherever he happened to be, in the city or the fields, in the tavern or the beer-garden, did a valuable idea occur to him, out came the note-book and it was hastily scratched down for further treatment. When he was seized by an idea it must go down on the first scrap of paper that came to hand. This was the manner in which that beautiful and well-known "Ständchen" first

appeared, though it is also told of "Hark! hark! the Lark."

One Sunday, during the summer of 1826, Schubert, with several friends, was strolling about among the suburban villages in the vicinity of Vienna. As was their custom, they stopped at a beer-garden where they sat chatting and enjoying the good company they found. Schubert picked up a book of poetry one of his acquaintances had laid down, and, after turning over the leaves, suddenly stopped, and pointing out a poem exclaimed: "Such a delicious melody has just come into my head; if I but had a sheet of music-paper with me!"

One of his companions hastily drew a few staves on the back of a bill of fare and passed it to him, and in the midst of the hubbub of a German beer-garden Schubert wrote out that beautiful melody that has pleased such a multitude of music-lovers since his day.

MERCY TWICE BLEST

As an illustration of Madame Malibran's kind-heartedness we may cite the following incident: Only about a year before her death she was engaged by an Italian professor to sing at a concert he was giving, and at her regular terms of twenty guineas. For some reason her concert was a financial failure. The teacher called on her the next day to explain this, and to see if Malibran would be content with a smaller sum. But no, she declared she must have the full amount.

The Italian slowly counted out twenty pounds and then looked up and asked if that would do.

"No, another sovereign," she said. "My terms are twenty guineas, not pounds."

So he put down another pound, sighing to himself as he did so, "My poor wife and children." Then Malibran took up the money and pretended to depart, but turned around and put it all back in the hands of the astonished professor, saying:

"I insisted on having the full amount that the sum might be all the larger for your acceptance."

BERLIOZ AND THE CRITICS

It is very easy to criticize, especially to make adverse criticism. A critic may tear to tatters in ten minutes a composition which represents a composer's best thought for ten years. Many of the so-called musical critics have not a tithe of the learning or natural ability of the men whose works they deride. This being the state of affairs, it behooves a composer to be able to defend himself with his pen as well as with the music-score.

A few of the greater lights have been quite able to take their own part in an argument. Berlioz and Wagner were especially given to polemics. Berlioz was particularly caustic in his writings, and Wagner was well able to defend his position in the musical and even in the political world. It is not often that we find a great composer and a prominent critic and musical writer in the same person. But Berlioz was a critic and liked to make fun of the lesser critics, as a big fish would worry the smaller fry.

One of his plans to prove the incompetence of his brother critics was, to say the least, original. He wrote a work of much value and interest, called "The Flight into Egypt," and put it on a programme as the work of one "Pierre Ducre," who was stated to have lived in the seventeenth century. The composition was, of

course, in the antique style of that day. The critics gave glowing articles concerning the valuable work Berlioz had unearthed, and went so far as to give historical details of the life of the composer and to speak of hunting up more works from his pen. When the admiration was at its height, Berlioz stepped in and claimed the work as his own composition and showed such a person as Ducre to have existed only in imagination.

The critics could then hardly withdraw their unanimous approbation. So Berlioz had his work favorably criticized and brought prominently before the public, getting a share of public attention that it would not have received but for its supposed antiquity.

HOW HE PLAYED SECOND FIDDLE

The following story places Paganini in a better light than this musical miser was accustomed to appear. And really one is led to wonder which is the true Paganini—the miser or the kind artist giving his talent to assist a poor servant-girl. One morning the maid who waited on him in Paris came to him, weeping, and told how her lover had been conscripted and sent away to the war, and she, of course, was too poor to buy a substitute for him.

Paganini resolved to aid the girl and took a unique way to do it. He procured a wooden shoe and so fashioned it that it could be strung up and played like a fiddle. Then he advertised that he would give a concert and play five pieces on the violin and five on a wooden shoe. Of course, this strange announcement drew a good house. The violinist had given the girl tickets to the concert, and after it was over he went

to her, and pouring twenty thousand francs into her lap, he told her that she could now purchase a substitute for her sweetheart and with the remainder set up housekeeping. He also gave her the wooden shoe that had brought her such good fortune and told her to sell it. Of course, this curious instrument brought her a goodly sum, which she added to the amount that was to bring her domestic happiness.

HAT IN HAND

That huge basso of stentorian voice, Lablache, was "a fellow of infinite jest" as well as occasionally one of poor memory. This was once shown in a laughable way, the occasion being his reception by the King of Naples. As Lablache was seated in the reception-room awaiting his turn to pass into the King's presence, he noticed a draught from the open doors and begged to be allowed to keep his hat on to ward off any evil effects.

A few moments later his turn came for admittance, and as the usher beckoned him he hastily caught up a hat that was lying close by, and forgetting that his own hat was on his head, carried the borrowed one with him into the King's presence. His Majesty greeted him with a hearty laugh, which soon brought Lablache to a realization of his ludicrous appearance at a royal reception. But not chagrined by the matter, he brought his ready wit to bear, and bowing to the King declared:

"Sire, your Majesty is quite right; even one hat would be too much for a fellow who has lost his head!"

NATURE'S INSPIRATION

Many a composer has been indebted to some sound or tone in nature for the suggestion of musical ideas.

Nature suggests and man elaborates the melody, though some writers would have us believe that the composer is simply the amanuensis of nature, in many cases. But we must remember that music is art, and that nature supplies nature, not art.

A good composer will turn to account a suggestion from any source, however humble. Mendelssohn took pleasure in acknowledging his debt to nature in these matters. While Mendelssohn was not a Beethoven, while he could not so well depict the rugged, the grand, the heroic, as did that musical Jupiter, yet Mendelssohn was the tone-poet of the forest and field, the bright sun, and the blue sky.

A friend of his relates how they were walking in the country one day, and getting tired, threw themselves on the grass in the shade and were there pursuing their conversation. Suddenly Mendelssohn seized him by the arm and whispered, "Hush!" A moment later the composer told him that a large fly had just then gone buzzing by and he wished to hear its sound die away in the distance.

Mendelssohn was at that time working on his overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and not long after it was completed. He then showed his friend a certain descending bass modulation with the remark, "There, that's the fly that buzzed past us at Schönhausen."

A SHAKER

Queen Victoria was in her day an excellent pianist, and possessed of a remarkably correct ear. Baroness Bloomfield, in her "Reminiscences," relates how on one occasion the Queen asked her to sing, and she, with

fear and trembling, sang one of Grisi's famous airs, but omitted the shake, or, as we should say in this country, the trill, at the end. The Queen's quick ear immediately detected the omission, and smilingly her Majesty said to Lady Normanby, the singer's sister: "Does not your sister shake?" To which that lady promptly replied: "Oh, yes, ma'am; she is shaking all over."

PRAISE INDEED!

When in London, Haydn once visited the studio of that celebrated portrait painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He there saw a picture of Mrs. Billington, one of the best known singers of her day. Reynolds had represented her listening to the song of the angels. On being asked for his opinion of the painting, Haydn remarked: "Yes, it is a beautiful picture; it is just like her; but there is one strange mistake."

"A mistake! How is that?" exclaimed Reynolds, who could hardly believe his ears.

"Why," said the gallant composer, "you have made Mrs. Billington listening to the angels, when you ought to have painted the angels as listening to her!"

BETTERING THE INSTRUCTION

A peripatetic pianist was grinding out the inevitable "Intermezzo" beneath Mascagni's window one morning, and was giving it at such a rapid tempo that the composer could no longer stand quietly and hear his composition murdered. Rushing into the street, he seized the handle of the instrument and turned it at the proper pace, explaining to the astonished organ-grinder that he had composed the piece, and would like to show him how it should be given. The man was angry at

first, but when he realized the honor he had received by having a lesson from Mascagni himself, he evidently conceived an idea—he broke into a broad grin. The next morning he appeared before the composer's house with a huge placard in front of his organ, inscribed "Pupil of the celebrated Mascagni."

A CLERICAL RETORT

Good old Father Taylor, when pastor of the Seamen's Bethel, in Boston, was once preaching on "social amusements." As it happened, but unknown to the speaker, Jenny Lind, who was then singing in America, was in his congregation. He roundly denounced card-playing, dancing, the theater, etc., but in speaking of music gave it his unqualified approval. After dwelling on the power of music in the religious service, he paid tribute to the generosity of the great vocalists, especially to "that greatest and sweetest of them all, now lighted on our shores."

At this point he was interrupted by a boor seated on the pulpit stairs, who shouted out to know if any one who died at Jenny Lind's concert would go to heaven. Taylor's prompt reply was:

"A Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, but a fool will be a fool wherever he is—even if he is on the steps of a pulpit."

"ALL'S WELL THAT ——"

There are few, if any, walks of life in which men, and women too, are not called upon at some moment or another to exercise what we might almost term a God-given power of independent action, quite over and above their normal round of routine method. There

are moments when we are summoned to exercise our own judgment, and are, as it is said, "put upon our mettle." Such moments are precious opportunities in the lives of every one, inasmuch as the proper use of them is often the making or marring of a lifelong career; and such opportunities rightly tackled are sure steps to success.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan, in the struggling years of his career, once showed great presence of mind, which saved the entire breakdown of a performance of "Faust." In the midst of the church scene, the wire connecting the pedal under Costa's foot with the metronome stick at the organ broke. Costa was the conductor. In the concerted music this meant disaster, as the organist could hear nothing but his own instrument. Quick as thought, while he was playing the introductory solo, Sullivan called a stage hand. "Go," he said, "and tell Mr. Costa that the wire is broken, and that *he is to keep his ears open and follow me.*" No sooner had the man flown to deliver his message than the full meaning of the words flashed upon Sullivan. What would Costa, autocratic, severe, and quick to take offense, say to such a message delivered by a stage-hand? The scene, however, proceeded successfully, and at the end Sullivan went, nervously enough, to tender his apologies to his chief. Costa, implacable as he was, had a strong sense of justice, and the great conductor never forgot the signal service his young friend had rendered him by preventing a horrible fiasco.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

Hummel was one of the most prominent European pianists of the early part of the last century. But

he was a very plain and ill-favored sort of a fellow, throwing even Schubert into the shade in this respect. In 1822 Hummel went to Russia, in the suite of the grand duchess, and there his reception was one of the most flattering and brilliant kind. But there was one thing that marred that cordial reception at Moscow, and that was that the greatest composer and pianist of all Russia did not call on him. This personage was no less than John Field, the Russianized Irishman, the pupil of Clementi.

Finally, Hummel concluded that if the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain, and he started out to find Field. When he arrived at Field's rooms he found him giving a lesson and was compelled to await his pleasure. Hummel, with his thick-set body and plain features, and poorly dressed, looked like some German farmer. Field, on the other hand, was elegant in bearing and courtly in manner.

At the close of the lesson, Field turned to his visitor with a gruff "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I have heard so much of your playing that, as I was in Moscow on business, I thought I would come in and make your acquaintance, and hear some of it myself. I am very fond of music and understand it a little."

Field smiled at this request, coming, as it seemed, from some village tradesman who dabbled in music; but he sat down to the piano and played some of his own elegant compositions in his best style. The stranger warmly applauded and thanked him. Then Field, thinking to have some fun, asked the supposed rustic to take his turn at the piano; but Hummel declared he never

THE BLIND FIDDLER

From the Painting by Sir David Wilkie

played without his notes, that he only played a little on the organ now and then, and so on.

But Field insisted, and as his clumsy visitor sat down to the piano, Field leaned back to enjoy the fun. And he did enjoy it, but in a different way from what he expected. Hummel took one of the themes that Field had just finished playing, and developed it into a brilliant fantasia in which were displayed all the intricacies of technique and beauties of expression.

Field was thunderstruck. He sprang to his feet and, catching his visitor by the shoulders, he gave him a shake and then embraced him in the hearty European fashion, crying, "You can't fool me! You are Hummel. No other man in the world can improvise like that!"

With that introduction it is needless to say that the two pianists became fast friends.

SAVED HIS FIDDLE

One of Ole Bull's favorite violins was a Joseph Guarnerius, called the "King Joseph," for the greatest violins of the old makers are known and named as individuals. It is not to be wondered that he was willing to brave a good deal to preserve this violin, for, irrespective of its worth as a producer of beautiful tones, there was some four thousand dollars invested in it.

On one of the great violinist's concert trips in this country, he was a passenger on an Ohio river steamboat. In the fashion of those days the boiler burst, tearing away the forepart of the boat and setting the cabins on fire. Ole Bull found himself choking, deafened, blinded, in the midst of shrieking women and howling children, and surrounded by smoke, flame, and

shattered timbers. Did he turn his attention to saving the mothers and little ones? The action of the man was characteristic.

Oblivious to all else, he rushed to his cabin, seized his precious Guarnerius, and putting it between his teeth leaped over the guards into the muddy water and swam to shore. There he tenderly examined his precious fiddle to see that it was not harmed. Ole Bull was nothing to Ole Bull at that moment. His beloved instrument occupied his mind to the exclusion of all else. The only "King Joseph Guarnerius" might have been lost!

PREOCCUPATION

In the history of absent-minded and forgetful men (that remains to be written) Beethoven must certainly have a prominent place.

It is related of him that about the time he was engaged in the "Pastoral" symphony he went into a restaurant and ordered dinner, but as there was some delay in serving the meal, his mind reverted to his composing; and when the waiter came and offered dinner, he waved him away, saying, "Thank you, I have dined," and laying down the price of the meal took his departure.

A friend once presented Beethoven with a noble steed and he took a ride around town. After riding it a few times, he proceeded to forget its very existence, and made his journeys on foot or in coach. But he had a servant who was not so neglectful of his opportunity. This man took the horse under his care and used it as his own, after finding that Beethoven no longer inquired for it. He put it up at a stable and carefully paid the bills, lest his master should be re-

minded of its existence. Then, to reimburse himself for his trouble and expense, he frequently hired the horse out as he had opportunity and pocketed the proceeds.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT

The technique of the schools that had preceded Chopin was inadequate to the performance of his compositions, so much so that even as great a player as Moscheles confessed himself unequal to the task of properly playing Chopin's music.

It is related that Chopin went to Kalkbrenner, a celebrated pianist and teacher of Paris, hoping to get some valuable technical instruction from a man of such celebrity. Kalkbrenner criticized his playing severely and advised Chopin to attend his classes in the Conservatoire to learn the proper fingering. Chopin answered this advice by placing one of his own études on the piano and asking Kalkbrenner to play it. But the arrogant old fellow was utterly unable to do it, for he found his old style of technique inadequate to the demands made upon it by the music of the younger composer.

SPOHR AS A HORN-PLAYER

Besides being a violinist and composer of note, Spohr was a man of much resource, and had a goodly fund of humor. He tells us that in 1808, when Napoleon entertained various sovereigns of Europe at Erfurt, there were announced to be given before these potentates some of the great French tragedies, by actors brought from Paris for the occasion, prominent among whom was the great Talma. Spohr and some of his pupils

took a pedestrian trip from Gotha to Erfurt, more in the hope of seeing this celebrated French tragedian than the assembled sovereigns.

On their arrival they found, much to their chagrin, that the common people were not to be admitted to the theater, as every seat was reserved for the royal personages and their suites. This was a dilemma, but Spohr was equal to it. He had come there to see Talma, and see him he did. He sought out four musicians of the theater orchestra and bribed them to allow himself and his pupils to take their places in the theater. But even then he was met by another obstacle. Three of these musicians were violin or cello players. So far as they were concerned all was well, for Spohr's pupils could play those instruments. But the fourth was a horn-player; and here came the trouble, for none of the four visitors could play that instrument.

There was nothing for it but Spohr must learn to play the horn; so he set about it, practised all day, and by evening was ready to play his part. At the theater they were placed with their backs toward their royal audience, and forbidden to look around to satisfy their curiosity concerning the rulers of the earth. But Spohr was also equal to this emergency, for he had provided himself with a small mirror, and by this means was able to see at least the reflections of the sovereigns of Europe. But he finally became so absorbed in the magnificent acting of the tragic artists that he handed over the mirror to his pupils and gave his entire attention to the stage.

The severe practice that he had been through in learning to play the horn at such short notice, resulted in a pair of swollen and painful lips. On his return to

Gotha, when his young wife expressed surprise and alarm at his negro-like appearance, he coolly told her that his lips had come to that condition by the frequent kissing of the pretty Erfurt women. But when the truth came out the joke was on him.

IN BÜLOW'S CLASS-ROOM

Hans von Bülow, the famous pianist and teacher, was even more severe with his pupils than Liszt. Tears were not infrequent in Liszt's class-room, and yet his gallantry and winning personality did much to dull the sharpness of his cutting criticism.

Not so with Bülow. His classes were large, and he called out whom he chose to play what they had prepared. The rest sat trembling in expectation of their turn. An awkward English girl once went to the piano and, because of her great fright, managed to play her piece with so large an assortment of blunders that the irate Doctor cried out: *"Ach, Gott!* you play the easy passages with a difficulty that is simply enormous!" This saying might well be kept as a stock quotation with every teacher, so frequently is it applicable.

HANDEL'S DUEL

Not many of the great composers have gone down in history as having taken part as one of the principals in a duel. Among them, perhaps this honor must be awarded solely to Handel. The cause of this affair was to be found in one of the curious customs of his day.

It was the custom for the director of an opera to play the accompaniments on a harpsichord which had its place on the stage. Distinguished personages who were

present often claimed a seat on the stage and felt free to interpose a running fire of audible conversation and comment. This is now relegated to that part of the audience who have little musical understanding and less of good manners.

In the early part of Handel's career he was associated with a composer named Matheson, a man of talent, but of no great depth, but from whose writings we may catch some enjoyable glimpse of the customs of his time. On the occasion in question, in Matheson's opera of "Cleopatra," the composer was acting the part of Antony, and Handel was seated at the harpsichord. When Antony died, early in the opera, Matheson came into the orchestra and desired to take Handel's seat as director. There was some excuse for this wish, as Matheson had been the regular director of the opera.

But Handel, with that irritability which characterized him later in life, crustily refused to give up his place, whereupon a violent quarrel ensued, and as they were leaving the theater Matheson gave him a hearty slap in the face. Handel drew his sword, Matheson defended himself, and a duel was fought then and there. Luckily, perhaps, for musical literature, Matheson's sword was broken against a metal button on his opponent's coat, and the honor of each was vindicated! Soon after, the two composers were at peace and hearty good friends again. This was a good example of a discord, prepared and resolved.

DISQUALIFIED

Dr. Arne was once placed in a somewhat similar situation to that of Solomon when the two women each claimed the child. His disposition of the case was as

fair as that of the King, only the distribution was more even, as even as Solomon threatened to make the division of the child in question.

He had been called upon to decide on the merits of two singers. Their merits, by the way, were based largely on their own appreciation of their powers, rather than on that of other people. After hearing them, Dr. Arne cried out to one of them:

"You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life!"

"Then," exclaimed the other, "I win."

"No," answered the just judge, "you can't sing *at all!*"

"SILENCE WHERE NO SOUND MAY BE"

Grétry, the French opera composer, was a man of considerable wit and enjoyed a good joke. He was able to take a hand in a bit of fun when occasion offered. At one time, when going on a trip through Switzerland, he met with a German baron who proposed that they should travel together.

As soon as they had begun their journey, Grétry began a conversation with his lordship, saying, "Ah, sir, how enchanted I am with—"

"Sir," interrupted the baron, "I never talk in a carriage."

"Very well," said Grétry, and subsided into quiet.

The baron had evidently considered that he had a garrulous traveling companion, and that it was best to shut him up in the beginning of the journey.

That night when they halted at an inn and had divested themselves of their dusty traveling robes and were comfortably settled before a roaring blaze, the baron turned to Grétry, saying:

"Now, my dear sir, how glad I am that—"

"Sir," said Grétry sharply, "I never talk in an inn."

The nobleman saw the joke, and the two then entered into friendly conversation.

The next day they were ascending Mount Cenis. Grétry espied a small cross stuck in the ground and inquired of the guides what it meant. He was answered sharply with one word, "Silence!"

"How now," thought our Frenchman, "are these some more German barons?"

But he kept quiet until the end of their climb, when the guides told him that any conversation or noise might, by the vibration of the air, loosen some of the masses of snow and cause an avalanche.

THE "DEAR SAXON"

An interesting story is told of one of Handel's experiences when he was in Italy. The Italians so enjoyed his wonderful powers of playing that they gave him the title of "the dear Saxon." He entered in a friendly rivalry with Scarlatti, in Venice, and after many trials of skill the general verdict was that the Italian excelled on the harpsichord, but the German carried away the palm on the organ.

Some time afterward Handel was invited to a masked ball, and in the course of the evening he sat down at the harpsichord, and astonished all those present by his masterly improvisations. Presently Scarlatti came in, also *en masque*. Walking quickly to the instrument he listened a moment, and then called out, "It is either the devil or the Saxon!"

Handel achieved this enviable reputation when only twenty-one years of age.

ACCENT

The matters called "time" and "accent" in music are stumbling-blocks for many a pupil and for many people who profess to understand the tone-art. If music-students have trouble in understanding these subjects, it is small wonder that so stupid a body as the average court jury should need a detailed explanation of these somewhat common technical terms; and it would need a musician who not only understood his subject, but one who was able to express his ideas in clear, terse language, and to employ apt illustration, to elucidate the matter.

Such a musician was found, when, in 1833, there came up for trial before an English court a case of violation of copyright, and Cooke, the composer, was called as an expert witness. In the course of the examination the following dialogue took place:

"Now, sir," said the lawyer, "you say that these two melodies are identical but different; what am I to understand by that, sir?"

"What I said," replied Cooke, "was that the notes in the two arrangements are the same, but with a different accent, one being in common, the other in triple, time; consequently the position of the accented notes is different in the two copies."

"What is musical accent?" glibly inquired the counsel.

"My terms for teaching music are a guinea a lesson," said Cooke, much to the enjoyment of the spectators.

"I don't want to know your terms for teaching; I want you to explain to his lordship the Judge and to

the jury what is 'musical accent.'" Here Sir James Scarlett, the questioner, grew warm and inquired:

"Can you see it?"

"No."

"Can you feel it?"

"Well," drawled Cooke, "a musician can."

Again the lawyer put the question and the court required it to be answered.

"Will you explain to his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent?"

"Musical accent," replied the witness, "is emphasis laid on a certain note, just in the same manner as you would lay stress on any word when speaking, in order to make yourself better understood. Let me give you an illustration, Sir James. If I were to say, 'You are a *jackass,*' the accent rests on jackass; but if instead I said, '*You* are a jackass,' it rests on you, Sir James; and I have no doubt the gentlemen of the jury will corroborate me."

WEBER TO A BAWLING CHORUS

Appropriateness of expression is a thing foreign to many choir singers and choristers. Many cultivate the fortissimo habit until all hopes for a pianissimo or even a piano passage vanish. Outside of the excellent effect of an occasional change from a strong, lusty tone to a subdued and quieter passage, there is another matter to be considered, that of suiting the sound to the sense —the volume of tone to the sentiment expressed by the words.

A chorus was once heartily rebuked by Weber

in a manner that no doubt left a permanent impression. He was conducting a rehearsal of his "Jubel Cantata" in London. In the course of this work occurs a beautiful prayer for chorus. The singers attacked it with a loud and lusty tone, in a "hammer-and-tongs" style, when suddenly Weber called a halt, saying:

"Stop! do not sing like that. Would you bawl in that manner in the presence of God?"—words that might appropriately be framed in almost every choir-loft.

Not only in chorus and choir, but especially in church and Sunday-school do we find people singing prayerful words in a manner which cannot be better described than in Weber's language—"bawling in the presence of God."

AN INTERRUPTED OPERA

Mozart once created quite a sensation in a theater he was visiting. It was at Marseilles. He had gone to the opera incognito to hear one of his own works performed. All went well till, in a certain passage, through some error of the copyist, the orchestra played "D" where Mozart had written "D sharp." This change of one note made a decided difference in the harmony, and turned the superior harmonic effect intended into something very ordinary.

No sooner was this done than Mozart sprang to his feet, crying out: "Play D sharp, will you; play D sharp, you wretches!" It may be imagined that such actions produced quite a sensation. The orchestra and singers stopped their performance and the audience began to hiss him down and cry, "Put him out!" and he

was about to be summarily ejected from the theater, when he announced who he was.

When it was known that it was Mozart, the tumult subsided, and cries of "Mozart! Mozart!" rang through the house. The very ones that were about to expel him now conducted him to the orchestra, and he was compelled to direct the opera, which was taken up anew. This time the missing D sharp was played in its proper place and produced the intended effect. At the close of the opera a perfect ovation was tendered the composer, and the people were not content until they had escorted him in triumph to his hotel.

"IL TROVATORE"

If the following story of Verdi is true, it speaks better for his discernment as to the popular musical taste than it does for his care for the artistic standard of his works. But it probably should be taken *cum grano salis.*

It is related that when Verdi was putting the finishing touches to his "Il Trovatore" he was one day visited by a friend, an able and conscientious musical critic. Verdi played him several portions of the work and asked him his opinion of them. First came the "Anvil Chorus." "What do you think of that?" asked the composer.

"Trash!" laconically answered the critic.

Verdi chuckled to himself and said, "Now look at this, and this, and this," at the same time showing other numbers.

"Rubbish!" came the answer.

Verdi showed his delight at these answers to such a

degree that his friend demanded to know what he meant by such conduct, when the master replied:

"My dear friend, I have been composing a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody save the great critics and classicists like you. Had I pleased them I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organed all over Italy."

And such proved to be the case.

SAVED

The favorite compositions of the public are frequently not the favorite ones of their composers. And very frequent is it that works to which the composer has given the most time, labor, and thought find less favor in the eyes of the public than others which are not so satisfactory to the writers.

An example of this is seen in Beethoven's well-known song "Adelaïde." Just as he finished writing this song a friend of his, a Herr Barth, called on him and found him with the manuscript, still wet from the pen, in his hands.

"Here," said Beethoven, holding out the score to his visitor, "look at that; I have just written it and don't like it. There is hardly enough fire in the stove to burn it, but I will try," and he was about to commit it to the flames, when Barth got his permission to try the song. Barth sang it, and liking it very much, persuaded Beethoven not to destroy it. "Adelaïde" is now perhaps the best known of all Beethoven's songs.

BRIGNOLI'S ENGLISH

Not every singer, even though he be able to excite the plaudits of thousands by his song-language, can succeed in making a hit by spoken language. The well-known singer Brignoli seemed to be successful in both lines, as witness the following. It became necessary, one evening, for some one to apologize for the non-appearance of the prima donna, as she was suffering from a sore throat. The manager sent Brignoli before the curtain to make the necessary excuses. So the tenor went forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to zay zat Madame N—— ees a leetle hoarse zees evening."

Peals of laughter greeted this announcement; the tenor looked puzzled, and, thinking the people had misunderstood him, he roared out:

"I zay zat Madame N—— ees a leetle hoarse zees evening!"

This was greeted by another explosion of mirth; then, to cap this lucid explanation, some one in the gallery roared out, "Then if she is a little horse why not trot her out?" That explained to the puzzled tenor the cause of the laughter and he was then able to join in the fun.

THIS TOO TOO SOLID FLESH

The great basso Lablache, besides being a very tall man, was remarkably large and heavy. In fact, he was so large that, when living in London, he had a cab of extraordinary size built for his use, as the ordinary "growler" persisted in breaking down under his weight;

and it was considerably more trouble to get out from a wrecked vehicle than it was to get into it. It is told that when he was one time singing in Havana, as he was riding along the street in a cab, the bottom of the carriage was crushed through by his heavy weight, letting his feet down on the ground. The cabman knew nothing of the accident but continued to drive on, serenely unconscious of his employer's plight. So there was nothing for the elephantine basso to do but to run along, keeping up with the cabby's pace, all the while calling to the driver to stop. Those who saw Lablache's plight had a hearty laugh at the spectacle of those fat legs sticking out from under the cab.

At another time he was cast in an opera for the part of a prisoner who had wasted away by years of incarceration in the dungeon. When this mountain of flesh came walking down the stage singing, "I am starving," the whole house broke into a roar of laughter, and the obese basso had to make an ignominious exit, followed by the shouts of the audience.

OFFERED HER HIS SEAT

The public performer is frequently pestered for complimentary tickets to his concerts or recitals. Often some chance acquaintance, or even total stranger, unblushingly proffers his request for complimentaries.

Not every artist can keep his good humor under such provocation, or come out of the ordeal as neatly as did Rubinstein when once a woman rushed up to him and said:

"Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to meet you; all of the tickets are sold and I have tried in vain to pur-

chase a seat to your recital. Have you not a seat you could let me take?"

"Madame," replied the great artist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, but you are welcome to that if you will take it."

"Oh, thank you, a thousand thanks, Mr. Rubinstein. Where is it?"

"At the piano," was the smiling reply.

NOT THE GEESE THAT SAVED ROME

Bülow was a master of satire and irony, as the orchestras and choruses which came under his direction could well testify.

On one occasion he rebuked the feminine half of an oratorio chorus which he was rehearsing. While the tenors and basses were singing their parts the sopranos and altos indulged in conversation. They were called to order several times, but paid no attention. Finally Bülow rapped upon his desk and called out, "Ladies, Rome does not have to be saved to-night," and the "cackling" ceased.

RICHARD WAGNER AND THE NUMBER 13

If the number 13 is, as many people believe, an unlucky one, certainly the life of Richard Wagner should have been full of ill-luck; for this cabalistic set of figures turns up at all times and places in his biography. While Wagner had, during some periods of his life, a hard battle with the non-appreciation of his fellow-musicians, we would hardly like to believe, after reading the last thirty years of his biography, that his

life was an utter failure! So perhaps there is not so much bad fortune in the number 13 as the superstitious would have us believe. But the recurrence of this number so frequently is a peculiar coincidence. A statistically inclined writer has made the following list:

Wagner was born in 1813 and died on the 13th of the month; there are 13 letters in his name, and the sum of the figures in 1813 equals 13. The full date of his death was the 13th day of the second month in '83; it makes 13 twice—viz., first 13, and again 2+8+3=13. He composed 13 operas or music-dramas. His first and determining impression in favor of a dramatic career was formed on the 13th of the month. He was influenced in his choice emphatically by hearing Weber's "Freischütz," and by Wilhelmine Shröder-Devrient. The latter went upon the stage on the 13th of October, 1819, and the "Freischütz" was completed on May 13, 1820, and first performed in Dresden, Wagner's home, in 1822 (1+8+2+2=13). Weber died in Wagner's 13th year. Wagner's first public appearance as a musical personage dates from the year 1831 (1+8+3+1=13), he being at this time a music-student in the Leipzig University.

The stage at Riga, where he became a director, was opened on the 13th day of September, 1837, and he there began the composition of "Rienzi," which he completed in Paris in 1840 (1+8+4=13). On the 13th of April, 1844, he completed his "Tannhäuser," and it was performed in Paris on March 13, 1861, and on the 13th of August, 1876, he began the first presentation of his "Bayreuth dramas," the "Nibelungen Ring."

Wagner was exiled from Saxony for 13 years.

The 13th of September, 1882, was his last day at Bayreuth before leaving for Venice. Wagner saw Liszt for the last time in Venice on January 13, 1883, and finally he died on the 13th of February, in the 13th year of the new German confederation.

A LITTLE TRICK OF PAGANINI'S

The most brilliant period of Paganini's life was from 1814 to 1818. He was in high favor in Italy and was then more free with his talent than later in life. He was poor at that time and was largely occupied with gambling and with falling in love, but at the same time he was prodigal with his music, whether it be in the palatial dwellings of the aristocracy or on the streets.

Together with an excellent guitar-player named Lea, he would wander all night long playing under the windows of their friends and improvising the most fascinating duets. Then when tired they would drop into the nearest inn and refresh themselves in a way not unheard of by many other musicians.

One evening a rich gentleman begged the pair, Paganini and Lea, together with a cellist named Zeffrini, to serenade his lady-love. They consented. Before beginning to play, Paganini quietly tied an open penknife to his right arm. Then they commenced. Soon the E string snapped.

"That is owing to the damp air," said the violinist, and kept on playing on the other three strings.

A few moments later the A broke and Paganini exclaimed, "Just see what the dampness is doing this evening!" But he went on playing. Finally the D

snapped, and the love-sick swain began to be fearful for the success of his serenade. For what could Paganini do with only one string on his violin! But Paganini simply smiled and went on with the music with the same facility and strength of tone that he had previously used on all four cords. The penknife was more to blame than the dampness of the air.

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